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From a contemporary silhouette.

MRS. JORDAN AS A YOUNG DANDY.

ROMANTIC LONDON

BY

RALPH NEVILL

Author of "Night Life," etc.

CASSELL & COMPANY LTD

LONDON, TORONTO, MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY

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CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
1	Mayfair	1
2	Round about St. James's Street	25
3	Piccadilly (1)	54
4	Piccadilly (2)	72
5	Rural London	85
6	The River Bank	118
7	Memories of the Past	136
8	The City of London	166
9	Mediaeval London	186
10	Some Theatrical Favourites	218
	Index	241

ILLUSTRATIONS

		TO FACE PAGE
1.	Mrs. Jordan as a young dandy . . *Frontispiece*	
2.	Entrance of Oxford Street or Tyburn Turnpike, with a view of Park Lane . . . . . 24 *Rowlandson, Delin. London, Published April* 1, 1798, *by R. Ackermann, Strand. Schutz, Sculpt.*	
3.	Entrance of Piccadilly or Hyde Park Corner Turnpike, with a view of St. George's Hospital . . . 54 *Dagoty, Delin. & Sculpt. Published Aug.* 1, 1797, *by R. Ackermann.*	
4.	The Promenade in St. James's Park, 1790 . . . 106 *After Dayes.*	
5.	View of London Bridge from the Surrey side, 1616 . 130	
6.	Lord Mayor's Procession, Westminster, 1844 . . 168 *After D. Roberts.*	
7.	Richard Whittington . . . . . 184 *R. Elstrack, Sculpt.*	
8.	View of the Tower of London . . . . . 206 *J. Gendall, Delt. London, Published Oct.*, 1819, *by R. Ackermann, Strand. D. Havell, Sculpt.*	

CHAPTER I

MAYFAIR

THERE appears to be some curious law of cities which causes them to spread in certain directions. Thus while Paris has lately been moving out towards the Champs Elysées, which magnificent Avenue is fast becoming what the Boulevards once were, London ever stretches itself out towards the West, while once fashionable localities, such as Soho used to be, have long lost their vogue. The Bloomsbury and Bedford Square districts which were covered with well-built houses between 1790 and 1810 were bereft of their old-fashioned solid respectability in the Victorian Era. At the present time, however, the neighbourhood is to some extent regaining its social prestige. The date when this part of London first began to enter upon a period of slow decay was about 1828, when a great movement towards the West End set in. At the beginning of the nineteenth century much of the rank and fashion of the town lived there, as may be observed from the fine architecture and internal decorations of old houses in Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, and Bedford Square.

Meanwhile the aristocratic neighbourhood of Mayfair is gradually being affected by the commercialism which is such a feature of the present age; even Berkeley Square may before long become invaded by shops; for the present, however, the latter still retains most of its fine old houses, many of which are associated with famous people. This old Square was built in 1698 and called after Lord Berkeley of Stratton: its centre, however, was not adorned with shrubs and trees till the middle of the eighteenth century. The plane trees here are about the finest of their kind in London and, though some of them are very old, do not seem to show signs of decay. The oldest were, it should be remembered, planted by Mr. Edward Bouverie, who lived in Berkeley Square from 1765 to 1785. His residence was at No. 13, which, after the late Lord Carnarvon ceased to live in it, was renumbered No. 12*a*, a concession to an old superstition which continues to influence people even in this practical age.

As late as the 'eighties of the last century all sorts of strange stories used to be told concerning No. 50 Berkeley Square. It was rumoured, for instance, that a young maid-servant had gone mad on account of something dreadful which she had seen in one of the upper rooms and that a young man, who had determined to solve the mystery, had been found dead in a room into which he had locked himself. Strange noises, it was declared, were constantly heard at night by the neighbours, although the house appeared to be quite deserted; and it was also hinted that a gang of coiners carried on their nefarious operations in it,

obtaining access by some secret means. The real truth about this house was that these strange rumours had arisen through the eccentric ways of a certain Mr. Myers whose father had married a Lady Mary Nevill, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Abergavenny. This marriage had, in its day, been very much resented by the Nevills, who considered it a great *mésalliance*, and during the life of Lady Mary's husband and also of her son the two families never spoke.

The son of this marriage, young Mr. Myers who had taken No. 50 in the middle of the last century, when about to be married, got the house on very advantageous terms, as there was already some idea about that it was haunted. This did not affect him, and he made every preparation to receive his bride in it—ordered furniture, carpets, pictures, china, everything—but a few days before the day fixed for the wedding the lady to whom he was engaged threw him over and married another man, which upset him so terribly as to shake his intelligence and render him exceedingly eccentric if not mad. From that day forth he remained in the house, leaving everything in exactly the same state as when he had heard the news which had ruined his life; the furniture was left just as it had been moved in, whilst some of the carpets were not even unrolled, and remained for years tied up just as they had left the warehouse. Gradually the whole house fell into a state of disorder and decay, nothing being ever done to it. During the day Mr. Myers (whose presence in the house was not believed in by the neighbours)

remained quiescent, but at night-time he would flit about, rambling from room to room, producing in his nocturnal progress the weird sounds which occasioned so much gossip. Deserted and mournful by day, its windows black with the dust of years, the old house would occasionally appear to be lit up at the dead of night. No one was ever seen to go out of it, though coals and provisions were observed to be delivered to a servant whose reticence baffled all enquiry. As a matter of fact, I believe that Mr. Myers really did not leave the house at all for about twenty years; his sister, however, used very occasionally to pay him a visit, but when she did it was done in a manner to avoid attracting attention.

In course of time he died, and left everything to her. She sent a house agent to inspect the house, with a view to discovering whether it would be worth while putting it into thorough repair for the remainder of the lease. The agent afterwards declared that he had never seen anything like the dreadful state of dilapidation which prevailed—everything neglected and mouldering into dust—it seemed indeed impossible that any human being could have lived in such a state of squalor and decay. This man closely questioned the two old maid-servants he found in the house, saying, "Well, is it true that strange things happen here and odd noises can be heard?" In reply, they denied ever having heard anything at all, and when he further enquired, "Do you never see ghosts?" they burst into a laugh, saying, "We never see'd none." Old Miss Myers, the eccentric owner's sister (whom

I well remember, she having become on good terms with the Nevill family before her death), could not bear to hear the story of the "haunting" mentioned. During her lifetime the house, I remember, continued to be shut up, but since her day it has had several tenants, including the late Lady Selkirk, none of whom, to my knowledge, ever complained of having seen anything uncanny or strange.

The scantily-draped lady who furnishes a somewhat intermittent supply of water in Berkeley Square is, from an artistic point of view, comparatively harmless as compared with many other drinking fountains scattered about London. Nearly all of these are dreadfully ugly, and positively without a redeeming feature. Nine out of ten in the metropolis are as insipid in appearance and tasteless in design as the ugliest modern villa, in which all the rules of architecture are wildly set at defiance. Even the best fountain of all, Eros, which before the present alterations stood at Piccadilly Circus, is lacking in proportion, the base being much too large for the figure at the top; whilst others, like that erected in 1875 at Park Lane, can lay no claim at all to being works of art.

Berkeley Square has seen very splendid sights in its time—the stately chariots of the eighteenth century having been driven round it just as were the fine barouches which were so popular with the aristocracy of the mid-Victorian Era. It was, and still is, the darkest Square in London, a fact which, it has maliciously been said, makes it highly popular with dashing young ladies who, in the intervals of balls, like driving

slowly round it with some favourite partner. The interior of Berkeley Square, which never seems to have anyone in it, is not so unconnected with romance as might be imagined. In the rather dilapidated-looking old summer-house in the centre, a charming Victorian resident in the Square, one summer evening, caught her husband dallying with a lady of considerable beauty and charm. Furious with rage, the volatile husband, who was rich, was given the option of making his angry spouse a present of several thousand pounds or being dragged through the Divorce Court, then, owing to the publicity which prevailed, a very unpleasant ordeal for men like himself looming largely in the public eye. It did not take him long to make up his mind, and having paid up he lived happily with his wife till her death. She left everything she had to him, so he was no worse off in the end!

At the corner of Berkeley Square and Berkeley Street, an old red-coated crossing sweeper and messenger used to stand. Though he had been an old soldier, I believe, his coat had nothing to do with the Army. Lord Cork, who lived in Charles Street round the corner, was a great hunting man and used to bestow his discarded "pink coats" upon the old pensioner, who thus struck a note of colour not unpleasing in his surroundings, at that time rather drab, much of Berkeley Street being occupied by the stable buildings attached to the aristocratic mansions of Dover Street which lay on the rising ground above. At the corner of Hay Hill, for instance, was Mexborough House, a fine old building with a courtyard, dating from the

eighteenth century. Among its outbuildings was the last cow-house in the West End of London, a survival from the time when the aristocracy of Mayfair kept its own cows which were sent into the park to graze during the day and brought home at night.

In Berkeley Square have resided many brave men and beautiful women. Here about 1782 lived Mrs. Robinson under the protection of Charles James Fox. She had, however, to leave the country some time later to escape from her creditors, her affairs having become involved. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, shortly after her return to England, died in this Square, which has seen many fair ones come and go.

Horace Walpole lived at No. 11 Berkeley Square, having moved there from Arlington Street, in 1779. He left this house to his niece, Lady Waldegrave, but it afterwards got back into the hands of the Walpole family, the present writer's mother having been born there in 1826. She used to say that her father, the third Earl of Orford, eventually lost this old house during a night's play to one of the Barings. This was Mr. Henry Baring, the father of the late Lord Cromer and of the first Lord Revelstoke. The house is now occupied by Mr. and Lady Margaret Watney. My mother used to speak of a massive iron chain which could be stretched across the inside of the doorway, put up, it was said, at the time of the Gordon riots: I do not know whether it still survives? After her father had lost No. 11 Berkeley Square, he rented for a time Mexborough House, in Dover Street, the fine old mansion alluded to before. This house belonged to

the third Earl of Mexborough, whose son, the fourth Earl, married first the writer's aunt, Lady Rachel Walpole, who died young, and afterwards Miss Raphael, a wealthy Catholic heiress, who had a number of children, one of whom, Lady Anne Savile, became Princess Loewenstein-Wertheim. As is only too well known, this lady, though of a gentle and very feminine disposition, took a violent fancy for flying, with the eventual unfortunate result that she set out to cross the Atlantic by air in September, 1927, since which time nothing has been heard of her or of the two airmen who undertook to fly the St. Raphael—her machine. Her father, the fourth Earl of Mexborough, born in 1810, lived to be the last survivor of the old unreformed House of Commons elected before the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832.

Though a number of picturesque houses and landmarks have been obliterated during comparatively recent years, the neighbourhood of Mayfair still contains a good deal which recalls interesting memories of the past. Lansdowne Passage, for instance, though recently remodelled and deprived of the old door and iron bar (now in the London Museum, I believe) which separated it from Berkeley Street, is associated with the exploit of the highwayman who, when nearly captured at the bottom of Hay Hill, rode his horse through the Passage and escaped into the open country, which was then pretty close to the other end. Berkeley Street, even before its recent widening, had been gradually changing into a regular thoroughfare, filled with flats and shops. The destruction of the

Devonshire House garden, though perhaps unavoidable, is a real misfortune for the residents in this part of London which has, so to speak, lost one of its lungs, in addition to being deprived of an open space full of trees and verdure which can ill be spared at a time when such pleasant amenities are daily becoming rarer.

Berkeley Street was one of the two streets built by Lady Berkeley in 1684 under the directions of John Evelyn. It is described by Hatton in 1708 "as the first street from Berkeley House toward Pickadilly." Pope lived at No. 9, and was succeeded by General Bulkeley, who died about 1815. Mr. Chaworth was carried to a house in this street after his duel with Lord Byron, the great-uncle of the poet, in a room at the "Star and Garter Tavern" in Pall Mall late in January, 1765, the result of a quarrel during a dinner of the Nottinghamshire Club which met at this hostelry once a month.

The dinner in question took place on the 26th of January, 1765, soon after four o'clock, the rule of the Club being that "the bill and a bottle" should be brought in at seven. Up to that time general conviviality and good-humour had prevailed, but a member, Mr. Hewet, having broached the subject of preserving game, irrespective of the law for that purpose, Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron took different sides, the former insisting on severity against poachers and unqualified persons, and Lord Byron declaring that the way to have most game was to take no care of it at all. Mr. Chaworth, as a proof that he was right, declared that Sir Charles Sedley and himself had more game on

five acres than Lord Byron had on all his manors! Lord Byron, in reply, proposed a bet of 100 guineas, but this was not laid. Mr. Chaworth then said, that were it not for Sir Charles Sedley's care and his own, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate, and his Lordship asking with a smile what Sir Charles Sedley's manors were, was answered by Mr. Chaworth—Nuttall and Bulwell. Lord Byron agreed about Nuttall, but added that Bulwell was his, upon which Mr. Chaworth heatedly replied: "If you want information as to Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean Street, and, I doubt not, will be ready to give you satisfaction; and, as to myself, your Lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley Row!"

The subject then gradually dropped, and Mr. Chaworth, having paid the bill, went out, and was followed by another member, Mr. Donston, whom the former asked if he thought he had been short in what he had said? Mr. Donston replied, No; though too much had perhaps been said about such a matter. Anyhow, he did not believe that Lord Byron or the rest of the company would think any more of it. Lord Byron, coming out of the Club-room, found Mr. Chaworth still on the stairs; and either challenging Mr. Chaworth, or Mr. Chaworth challenging him, both bade a waiter to show them an empty room, which the waiter did, placing a small tallow-candle, which he had in his hand, on the table; he then retired, leaving both gentlemen in the room.

A few minutes later the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain. The waiter who answered it came down-

stairs very frightened and told his master that he had found the two duellists standing close together: Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his sword in his right; Lord Byron's left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, and Mr. Chaworth's right hand was round Lord Byron's neck, and over his shoulder. The former desired Mr. Fynmore, the landlord, to take his sword, and Lord Byron delivering up his sword at the same moment, a surgeon was sent for, and came immediately. Meanwhile, six of the Club members entering the room, Mr. Chaworth said that "he could not live many hours; that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow-candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron had asked him if he had addressed the observation about the game to Sir Charles Sedley or to him?—to which he had replied, 'If you have anything to say, we had better shut the door'; that while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw, and in turning he saw his Lordship's sword half-drawn, on which he whipped out his own sword and made the first pass; that the sword being through my Lord's waistcoat, he thought that he had killed him; and, asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron, while he was speaking, shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the belly."

When Mr. Mawkins, the surgeon, arrived, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting by the fire, with the lower part of his waistcoat open, his shirt bloody, and his hand upon his stomach. The latter enquiring if he was in immediate danger, and being answered in the

affirmative, he desired his uncle, Mr. Levinz, might be sent for. In the meantime, he stated to Mr. Mawkins that Lord Byron and he (Mr. Chaworth) had entered the room together; that his Lordship saying something about the game dispute, he, Mr. Chaworth, had fastened the door, when, turning round, he perceived Lord Byron with his sword either drawn or nearly so; on which he instantly drew his own and made a thrust at him, which he thought had wounded or killed him; that then perceiving his Lordship shorten his sword to return the thrust, he thought to have parried it with his left hand, at which he looked twice, imagining that he had cut it in the attempt; that he felt the sword enter his body, and go deep through his back; that he struggled, and being the stronger man, disarmed his Lordship and expressed his apprehension that he had mortally wounded him; that Lord Byron replied by saying something to the like effect; adding that he hoped that he would now allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom?

Later on, Mr. Chaworth, appearing to grow stronger, was removed to his own house, additional medical advice being sent for. Nothing, however, could be done for him, though he continued sensible till his death. Mr. Levinz, his uncle, meanwhile appeared with an attorney, to whom Mr. Chaworth gave very sensible and distinct instructions for making his will. The will was then executed, and the attorney, Mr. Partington, committed to writing the last words Mr. Chaworth was heard to say. This writing was handed to Mr. Levinz, and gave rise to a report that a paper

was written by the deceased, and sealed up, not to be opened till the time that Lord Byron should be tried; but no paper was written by Mr. Chaworth, and that written by Mr. Partington was as follows:

"Sunday morning, the 27th of January, about three of the clock, Mr. Chaworth said, that my Lord's sword was half-drawn, and that he, knowing the man, immediately, or as quick as he could, whipped out his sword, and had the first thrust; that then my Lord wounded him, and he disarmed my Lord, who then said, 'By G——, I have as much courage as any man in England.'"

Lord Byron was committed to the Tower, and was tried before the House of Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 16th and 17th of April, 1765. In due course his defence was put by him into writing, and read by the clerk. The Peers present, including the High Steward, declared Lord Byron, on their honour, to be not guilty of murder, but of manslaughter; with the exception of four Peers, who found him not guilty generally. On this verdict being given, Lord Byron was called upon to say why judgment of manslaughter should not be pronounced upon him. His Lordship immediately claimed the benefit of the 1st Edward VI, cap. 12, a statute by which, whenever a Peer was convicted of any felony, for which a commoner might have Benefit of Clergy, such Peer, on praying the benefit of that Act, was always to be discharged without burning in the hand, or any penal consequence whatever. The claim of Lord Byron being accord-

ingly allowed, he was forthwith discharged on payment of his fees.

The exemption which Lord Byron successfully claimed was not, it may be added, absolutely put an end to till the reign of Queen Victoria.

Mr. Chaworth was the descendant of one of the oldest houses in England, a branch of which obtained an Irish peerage. His grand-niece, the eventual heiress of the family, was Mary Chaworth, the object of the early unrequited love of Lord Byron, the poet. Strangely enough, there was the same degree of relationship between that nobleman and the Lord Byron who killed Mr. Chaworth, as existed between the latter and Mary Chaworth's father.

Berkeley Street before 1721 was the boundary of London, all beyond its Piccadilly end previous to that date having been the great Western Road, which was without a pavement. For many years no houses were built west of Berkeley (afterwards rebuilt as Devonshire) House, the ground being occupied by the warehouses and yards of various statuary merchants whose wares apparently seem to have been of indifferent quality. Horace Walpole said: "Among a hundred statues, you shall hardly see one even tolerable, either in design or execution; nay, even the copies of the antique are so monstrously wretched, that one can hardly guess at their originals."

Hay Hill, in spite of its sylvan name, was not called so on account of any crops gathered on its summit, but because the Aye bourne, changed by pronunciation into T'Aye bourne or Tyburn, once flowed near

it. Hay Hill, though peaceful enough to-day, has seen stirring scenes, for here, in 1554, there was a severe skirmish between Queen Mary's troops and the insurgents, under Sir Thomas Wyatt, the younger, who was defeated and beheaded on Tower Hill. His head was brought to the scene of his treason, and exhibited on the gallows, at Hay Hill, on the 11th of April, but it was shortly afterwards taken down by some of his adherents.

The reputation of this part of London was very bad as late as the eighteenth century.

In 1774 a party of people driving in a coach were attacked and robbed on Hay Hill; and George IV and the Duke of York, when very young men, were made to stand and deliver by highwaymen who stopped their hackney carriage at this place. George IV always used to declare that the man who robbed him was none other than Champneys the singer. The real reason, however, why no great stir was made about this affair, was that the Prince would have been forced to account for his whereabouts in the early part of the evening just before the robbery took place, which for certain reasons of his own he was unwilling to do.

There is a good deal of historical romance attached to a number of names of streets in the older parts of London, some of which date from the days when the outskirts of the city were still semi-rural in character. In the West End, Brook Street, Hay Hill, Mill Street, and Farm Street are conspicuous instances of this. Mount Street commemorates a fortified mound or bastion thrown up at the time of the Civil War for the

defence of London, while Davies Street close by takes its name from the father of Mary Davies, the heiress who in the eighteenth century married Sir Hugh Grosvenor. A romantic story was woven about this match, Sir Hugh having been supposed to have first been attracted to his bride (the daughter of a rich farmer, Mr. Davies, who lived at Bourdon House) when she brought him out some milk to assuage his thirst one hot summer's day. Nothing could have been further from the truth!

Mr. Davies never had anything to do with farming except in the way of buying or selling land, he having been a scrivener or lawyer who accumulated wealth mainly by shrewd dealings in what the Americans call "real estate." In the course of these transactions he seems to have exchanged some land at Millbank for a farm then on the outskirts of London, the fields of which are now covered by the district near Berkeley Square. Mr. Davies, it would appear, was not too well pleased with his bargain, the farm in question lying too far from the metropolis for building development. Having, however, many other irons in the fire, he gradually became a very rich man, in consequence of which his only daughter Mary, known to be a great heiress, was noted down as a matrimonial prize of the most valuable description.

Though much is heard about the exclusive ideas of the British aristocracy of that period, there is no doubt that Mary Davies could have married pretty well anyone she liked, Sir Hugh Grosvenor having been considered extremely lucky to have got her. There

would not appear to have been any particular love-making in this affair, which was more or less entirely managed by solicitors who, no doubt, made a good thing by drawing up the deeds which in course of time were to so greatly enrich the Grosvenor family. As a matter of fact, though professing a contempt for trade, the aristocrats of the past were generally ready enough to marry tradesmen's daughters provided the latter had plenty of cash. A proof of this is Hogarth's *Mariage à la Mode*, in one plate of which a proud old nobleman (with a coronet on his crutch) is shown setting off his family tree against a number of bags of gold which are to be the marriage portion of his son. The peer in question, it is said, was a likeness of Lord Scarsdale, the most magnificent nobleman of his day, who, among other properties, possessed a fine house in Kensington on the site of which "Pontings" now stands. The Lord Scarsdale in question, it may be added, had nothing to do with the Curzons, his family name having been Leake.

The inhabitants of all the streets about Mayfair formerly had their favourite tradesmen whose establishments had been patronized by their families often for several generations. Shops of this kind were occasionally rather unattractive-looking and dingy; but their proprietors, as a rule, sold excellent wares, and took great trouble to please the aristocratic patrons whose families had dealt with their grandfathers before them. At the present day, while commercial establishments have invaded Grafton Street and the other streets in its vicinity, most of these old-fashioned shops

have disappeared, their business having decayed with the advent of the stores and other huge emporiums which are ready to supply almost everything on earth. At the time when the West End, or at least Mayfair, was a sort of family living apart from the rest of London, Society had quite a number of usages the origin of which probably dated back to the eighteenth century. One of the chief of these, during the height of the London season, was eating ices outside the still-existing Gunter's in Berkeley Square. Here, on a hot summer's afternoon, were to be seen a considerable number of barouches drawn up near the railings of the Square, whilst the occupants regaled themselves upon the refreshing contents of a long glass brought out by a waiter from the well-known establishment on the other side of the road—this custom endured up to quite recent times.

Gunter's is certainly the oldest confectioner's shop in the West End, if not in the whole of London, having been started in 1757 at No. 7 Berkeley Square, by an Italian pastrycook named Dominicus Negri. In 1777 the firm became Negri and Gunter, and two years later Gunter alone. In 1835 No. 8 was added to the establishment, the interior of which was remodelled according to the prevailing taste of that epoch.

At the top of Charles Street, Berkeley Square, there stood Berkeley Chapel, an old-fashioned place of worship, the interior of which used to remind me of a print by Hogarth. Within were a gallery and pews with cushions; the whole aspect of the place indeed carried one back to the easy-going, comfort-loving

eighteenth century! Not far away, in Charles Street, was the Cosmopolitan Club, with a very distinguished membership. The object of this institution was good conversation and the exchange of ideas—perhaps it was the disappearance of both from modern life which caused the Club's extinction?

In the 'seventies and 'eighties gorgeous carriages with two footmen standing behind and coachmen with spun-glass wigs were often to be seen in the streets of Mayfair. I remember seeing carriages with postilions in blue silk jackets and white beaver hats pulling up outside the old Inn, opposite No. 45, our house in Charles Street. This sort of equipage was then already obsolete except at weddings, the last person, I fancy, who was habitually driven by a postilion having been the late Sir Walter Gilbey. I am not, however, sure whether Lord Lonsdale does not still keep up this picturesque custom? Charles Street was full of carriages and fine horses in the early 'eighties when, during the season, a dignified butler and two footmen stood ready at almost every door to receive visitors coming to pay calls. Occasionally some excitement would be aroused by the arrival at Lord Cork's of a smart coach and four driven by Mr. Long (afterwards Lord Long), who used to call in order to take his fiancée, Lady Doreen Boyle, for a drive to Hurlingham or one of the other resorts then popular with owners of fours-in-hand. Those were the days before the fronts of so many houses in the street had been altered and for the most part spoilt. An exception was the case of the two houses which Lord Revelstoke

threw into one (now Dartmouth House), adding an elaborate and rather artistic Renaissance façade, together with some very elaborate wrought-iron railings, which cost no less than £6,000, I believe. Internally, however, the remodelled mansion was scarcely a success, the levels of the various floors not having been changed, with the result that the spacious new rooms were scarcely satisfactory. Charles Street has had a number of distinguished residents, including Lord Lytton, the author of "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," etc. I well recall how furious my mother was on hearing that the County or Borough Council proposed to rename the old street after this noble author. She set out to defeat the proposal, and going from house to house set such an agitation on foot as caused the people who had suggested the alteration to abandon the idea. Picturesque features of Mayfair in the 'seventies, and I think even as late as the early 'eighties, were the milk girls or women who, dressed in a quaint garb which included a shawl, carried cans of milk slung from a yoke on their shoulders. Most of them came from a milk-shop in Queen Street, in the window of which was a delightful golden cow, a sort of emblem, which at that time was almost always to be found in dairies. The milk-shop and its pretty cow have long since disappeared, the house it occupied being now a post office. Charles Street, it may be added, in all probability derived its name from Charles Earl of Falmouth, brother of the first Lord Berkeley of Stratton. Many distinguished people have lived in Charles Street, intellectual and unintellectual, an instance of

the latter having been Beau Brummell, who once lived at No. 44, and of the former, Sydney Smith, who resided at No. 33, when he was Minister of Berkeley Chapel, the fashionable place of worship, already mentioned, which has long been pulled down in order to make way for new buildings. Though a number of the houses in Berkeley Square and Charles Street have been rebuilt or refaced, a good deal of wrought-iron work in the form of railings and extinguishers still remains. The latter, of course, date from the time when people were lighted home by men carrying flambeaux, or "links," as they were called, which had to be put out at doorways in case of fire. Though these torches have gone, the "linkman" as an institution is not extinct, a familiar figure outside West End houses at balls and parties being Mr. Richard Trebilcock, known as "Happy," the most celebrated linkman in London, as his father, also a linkman, was before him. In a glossy silk hat and red waistcoat this picturesque survival of another age carrying a square lantern with a candle inside passes half the night opening and shutting the doors of motor-cars just as his predecessors did those of the gorgeous chariots which have now been driven away for ever. "Happy's" candle lantern has taken the place of the torch or link of the eighteenth century. Well acquainted with the faces of the majority of people who attend fashionable parties, he has always a cheerful smile for everybody. Presumably he makes his job pay, still it must be hard work remaining on one's feet till the small hours of the morning when after the last motor-car has departed the linkman's task is ended.

In Charles Street is one of the few remaining old inns in the West End. This is the "Running Footman," the signboard of which represents a young man dressed in a kind of livery, and a cap with a feather in it; he carries the usual pole and is running; and beneath is, "I am the only running footman," which may relate to the superior speed of the runner. The face may be a portrait of a celebrity? This sign recalls an epoch when the travelling equipage of the nobility required that one or more men should run in front of the carriage, chiefly as a mark of the rank of the traveller; they were likewise sent on messages, and occasionally for great distances.

Running footmen were wont to sustain their energies by drinking a mixture composed of white wine and eggs—a small supply of both being frequently carried in the large silver ball which topped their tall canes. About seven miles an hour was by no means an unusual speed for them to attain, but when put upon their mettle they would do even better.

In the eighteenth century these men were frequently matched to run against horses and carriages, and one of the last recorded contests of this sort was between a celebrated running footman and the Duke of Marlborough, some time before 1770. The wager was that the footman would run to Windsor from London quicker than the Duke could drive there in his phaeton and four, both to start at the same time. The result was that his Grace just (but only just) won, whilst the poor footman, worn out by his tremendous

exertions and very much chagrined at his defeat, died from the effects, it was said, of over-fatigue.

Some of these men wore no breeches at all, but a sort of short silk petticoat kept down by a deep gold fringe.

In the North of England the calling of running footmen was not totally extinct till well into the middle of the last century; as late as 1851 the Sheriff and Judges were announced, on the opening of a North of England Assize Court, as being preceded by two running footmen, whilst about the same date the carriage of the High Sheriff of Northumberland, on its way to meet the Judges of Assize, was attended by two pages on foot, holding on to the door handles of the carriage and running beside it. These running footmen were dressed in a short livery jacket and white trousers, and wore a jockey cap.

The running footman required to be a healthy and active man; he wore a light black cap, a jockey coat, and carried a pole with, at the top, a hollow ball, in which he kept a hard-boiled egg and a little white wine, to serve as refreshment on his journey; and this is supposed to be the origin of the footman's silver-mounted cane. Old Q,[1] the Duke of Queensberry, who died in 1810, kept a running footman longer than anyone else in London, and attached great importance to the man being of smart appearance and fast upon his legs. His Grace would make novices exhibit their paces, by seeing how they could run up and down Piccadilly, he watching them and timing them from

[1] See pages 78–80.

his balcony. The Duke, who was fairly generous to his servants while alive, left them little or nothing in his will. He does not seem to have cared what happened to those he left behind, for his doctor, who had visited him continually by night and by day, only obtained his fees, amounting to several thousand pounds, by going to law with the executors.

ENTRANCE OF OXFORD STREET OR TYBURN TURNPIKE, WITH A VIEW OF PARK LANE, 1798.

CHAPTER II

ROUND ABOUT ST. JAMES'S STREET

IN spite of the restless spirit of the age, Bond Street and St. James's Street retain their old popularity with the well-to-do classes. The former Street, in particular, is the favourite haunt of a certain kind of well-dressed woman whose life, as a cynic once said, consists "in buying everything she does not want, paying for nothing she can help—smiling upon all mankind but her husband and being happy everywhere but at home!"

There are, however, romantic memories connected with Bond Street, where many generations of beautiful women have won the approval of the bucks and beaux with whom that thoroughfare was a favourite lounge. As late as Victorian days a lady of great beauty, having, for a wager, dressed herself up as a flower girl, sold violets in Bond Street one evening without anyone finding out who she was. Her good looks, however, attracted attention, her basket having been emptied in a few minutes. This was the same lady who, while on a visit to Constantinople, so won the admiration of the Sultan that he conferred upon her the "Order of Virtue"—but of

the second class only, some of her malicious friends said!

In Old and New Bond Streets a great number of houses with interesting associations have been rebuilt; a few, however, survive. Savory and Moore's, for instance, has a dignified old shop-front dating from the early part of the last century, while Ellis's book-shop in the same street has not been altered. In Old Bond Street one of the few survivals of a past age is Mitchell's, which still retains a tiled roof. This old-established library, I believe, published and sold lithographs of Count d'Orsay's portraits for that brilliant if impecunious dandy. I remember as a child seeing this library in what, I suppose, was its original condition, with old woodwork, and a number of the above-mentioned portraits. These, though anything but perfect from an artistic point of view, give a good idea of the aristocracy of the "curly" 'forties.

A still flourishing establishment at the top of Old Bond Street is Stewart's, which, I believe, claims to have been a baker's shop since 1688. Be this as it may, it seems to have migrated from another site to the present one, where in 1780 it acquired a great reputation for its "Uxbridge Rolls." At that date West End tradesmen prided themselves upon their aristocratic clientele. "Do you know anything about gout?" enquired a mild provincial, whose trip to London had given him a twinge, of a well-known chemist in St. James's Street, at that time a favourite lounge of men of fashion. "Do I know anything

about gout?" was the reply. "Why, the best gout in London passes my shop every day."

The relations between men-about-town and West End tradesmen have often given rise to amusing incidents and smart repartees, one of the best of which perhaps was the retort of a fashionable bootmaker who, in reply to the somewhat unreasonable complaints of a big-footed client, said, "After all, sir, you must remember I'm here to make boots, not battleships."

There used to exist a refuge at the top of St. James's Street with its base inscribed "Pierpoint's Refuge, 1864." This refuge, which appears to have been removed about 1887, was put up, it is said, by a Colonel Pierpoint, a member of a Club in Pall Mall, living near Half Moon Street, who was afraid of being run over while going to or from his home. He therefore asked the Metropolitan Board of Works to let him put up the refuge at his own expense. The Board agreed, stipulating that they should approve of the design. According to a story which may or may not be true, the refuge proved fatal to its originator, Colonel Pierpoint having been run over by a cab while looking at it. The refuge, it may be added, was supposed to have been the first installed in a London street.

The last of the old-fashioned hostelries in this part of the West End was the "Bath Hotel," which was pulled down to make way for the palatial Ritz Hotel, which now spreads over the site of the rambling old building. Hatchett's, not far away on the other side of the road, was still a great sporting resort in the

early 'eighties, associated as it was with the "Old Times" coach and that mighty jehu, "Jim Selby," who made a record as a coachman. Before the old house was pulled down, country squires from generation to generation were wont to stay there. The erection of the new building, however, scattered old clients whilst, apparently, not attracting new ones, for Hatchett's as an hotel is now but a memory of the past, though an excellent and comfortable little restaurant still does very good business upon the same site.

During the middle of the last century the three great sporting hostelries of the West End were Hatchett's, Limmer's and Long's, all three of which have now disappeared, Long's having been the last to go. In its hey-day it was purely a man's hotel, the feminine element making its appearance there only a few years before its portals were closed. Youthful men-about-town used to be fond of dropping into the smoking-room on the right of the entrance, which morning and evening was the resort of many jovial souls, Long's being, even as late as the 'eighties, the headquarters of many sporting men when they came up to town. The cooking at Long's, though not so pretentious as that to be obtained at modern palatial restaurants, was excellent in its own way. One or two dishes, indeed, such as devilled soles, were nowhere else to be equalled. Another feature was the peculiar blend of whisky and soda concocted by the head waiter, William, a great character, who had a way of mixing this drink which old frequenters will still remember;

it may perhaps have been some special whisky or some particular kind of soda, but Long's whiskies and sodas were, without doubt, the very best in London.

An interesting survival of the past in St. James's Street is Lock's, the hatter's, shop, which retains a quaint front and window with small panes which, it is to be hoped, will not be allowed to disappear. Berry's, an old-established wine merchant's with a reputation of the highest kind, has also a shop-front of an attractive kind. Originally this would seem to have extended to the neighbouring house which at present has a shop-window of the usual modern kind.

St. James's Street is full of memories of gaming and gamesters, White's, Brooks's, the Cocoa Tree and even Boodle's having been the scene of much high play in the eighteenth century. The highest gambling of all, however, took place in the house which is now the Devonshire Club, in the days when the celebrated Mr. Crockford (who built it) was in control.

Crockford started in life as a fishmonger, at the old bulk-shop next door to "Temple Bar Without," which he left to keep gaming houses in the West End. For years high gambling had gone on at such places—fluctuating both as to locality and amount—till gradually it began to flag. Such was the state of affairs when Mr. Crockford laid the foundation of the most colossal fortune that was ever made by play. He began by taking Watier's old Club-house, in Piccadilly, with a partner named Taylor. The two set up a hazard-bank, and won a great deal

of money, but quarrelled and separated at the end of the first year. Taylor stayed where he was and, having a bad year, failed, but Crockford, who had moved to St. James's Street, had a good year, and immediately set about building the palatial mansion which bore his name. According to the opinion of that day, no sovereign in Europe could have expended more money on the internal decorations, or provided a better chef than Ude. To keep the company as select as possible, the establishment was regularly organized as a Club, and the election of members vested in a committee. "Crockford's" became the rage, and the votaries of fashion, whether they liked play or not, hastened to enrol themselves on its books. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, though (unlike Blücher, who repeatedly lost everything he had at play) that great soldier was never known to play deep at any game but war or politics. In the well-proportioned rooms card-tables were regularly set out, and whist was played occasionally; the real *raison d'être* of the establishment, however, was the hazard-bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. Here the Earl of Thanet lost £23,000 at one sitting, beginning at twelve at night and ending at seven the following evening. He and three other noblemen could not have lost less, at one time or other, than £100,000 apiece. Others lost as much in proportion or out of proportion to their means, and a number of impoverished estates and ruined families were the direct outcome of the great gaming-house

which made Mr. Crockford a millionaire. The latter, of course, had to make a considerable allowance for bad debts—a vast sum, perhaps half a million, being sometimes due to him. Most, however, of his debtors were able to raise money, easy credit being one of the most fatal of his lures. He retired in 1840, "much as an Indian chief retired from a hunting country where there is not game enough left for his tribe."

Crockford's old bulk-shop, west of Temple Bar, was taken down in 1846. It is engraved in "Archer's Vestiges of London," Part I. A view taken in 1795 shows the house with one tall gable to the street; but the pitch of the roof had been diminished by adding two imperfect side gables. The heavy pents originally stretched over each of the three courses of windows; the front being a timber frame filled up with lath and plaster, the beams made of deal, with short oak joints. The whole building presented a capital example of the old sixteenth-century London bulk-shop with a heavy wooden canopy projecting over the pathway, and turned up at the rim to carry off the rain endwise. This shop had long been held by a succession of fishmongers; and Crockford would not permit the house-front to be altered in his lifetime. From the trade he had carried on there he was known in gaming circles by the sobriquet of "the Fishmonger."

During the eighteenth century St. James's Street saw a good deal of high play at the clubs frequented by men of fashion. At White's, indeed, the large sums lost and won attracted considerable attention,

and numerous sarcastic allusions appeared in the Press as well as humorous skits.

About the best example of these was an address supposed to have been written by Colonel Lyttelton, brother of Sir George Lyttelton, in 1752, on His Majesty's return from Hanover, when numberless Addresses were presented. White's was then a chocolate-house, near St. James's Palace, where certain aristocratic patrons had formed a Club of their own.

THE GAMESTER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.

"MOST RIGHTEOUS SOVEREIGN,—

"May it please your Majesty, we, the Lords, Knights, etc., of the Society of White's, beg leave to throw ourselves at your Majesty's feet (our honours and consciences lying under the *table*, and our fortunes being ever at stake), and congratulate Your Majesty's happy return to these Kingdoms which assembles us together, to the great advantage of some, the ruin of others, and the unspeakable satisfaction of all, both us, our wives, and children. We beg leave to acknowledge your Majesty's great goodness and lenity, in allowing us to break those laws, which we ourselves have made, and you have sanctified and confirmed: while your Majesty alone religiously observes and regards them. And we beg leave to assure your Majesty of our most unfeigned loyalty and attachment to your sacred person; and that next to the Kings of Diamonds, Clubs, Spades, and Hearts, we love, honour, and adore you."

To which his Majesty was pleased to return this most gracious answer:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—

"I return you my thanks for your loyal address; but while I have such rivals in your affection, as you tell me of, I can neither think it worth preserving or regarding. I look upon you yourselves as a *pack* of *cards*, and shall *deal* with you accordingly."

Later on White's moved up the street to the premises which it still occupies. The present façade, however, dates only from the middle of the last century, when, in order, I suppose, not to be outdone in splendour by the palatial building (now the Devonshire Club) erected by Crockford across the way, the house was entirely refaced and altered, some rather artistic reliefs by Sir George Scharf covering up the windows of an upper story, which was removed in order to give added height to the great Saloon on the first floor which was embellished with a barrel ceiling. At the same time practically all the old fittings of the interior were swept away, Victorian mantelpieces being substituted for those which dated from the eighteenth century. The old well in the courtyard at the back of the Club-house was, however, not touched. It was supposed to have semi-medicinal virtues, and up to the 'eighties, when the courtyard was made into a billiard-room, old members continued to drink a glass of water from it every morning.

At White's is the original table which was formerly the property of the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks.

This was purchased by the late Mr. Algernon Bourke in Glasgow, to which town it had drifted after the break-up of the Society in the 'seventies. On its top are carved a gridiron, mitre and cap. Rich, Hogarth, Wilkes, and many other celebrated men, often sat at this old table, which is of oak and capable of considerable expansion, a circumstance that rendered it peculiarly suitable in an old-world dining club, of which a long table was such a prominent feature.

The Bow Window at White's, in which certain old members in Victorian days had their own especial chairs, occupies the place of the original doorway, which was removed in 1811, when the entrance was moved to the left. The steps which led up to the old door can still be seen.

A fine and original façade in St. James's Street is Boodle's, the house of which was built about 1765 by John Crunden, assisted, it is said, by the designs of Robert Adam. The late Mr. Spiers, Curator of the Soane Museum, told me that the magnificent Saloon, though admirably decorated in the Adam style, was not the work of that gifted architect but had probably been the masterpiece of one of his pupils. Be this as it may, between 1821 and 1824 certain alterations and additions were carried out from the designs of John Papworth, an architect of that day.

Boodle's in old days played a great part in fashionable West End life. One of Gillray's caricatures, entitled "A Standing Dish at Boodle's," represents Sir Frank Standish sitting at a window of this Club,

which, it may be added, was noted for the large number of Baronets who were members. It was, indeed, said that anyone uttering the words, "Where is Sir John?" in the Club rooms would immediately find himself surrounded by a crowd of members. This Club-house really consists of two houses, the blocked-up portico nearest to St. James's Palace having been the entrance to the Savoir Vivre, a smaller coterie or club, absorbed into Boodle's about 1811. It is a good thing that the exterior of this fine edifice was spared during some alterations made a few years ago. The old dining-room was then destroyed and a new one (in no particular style) built adjacent to the great Saloon on the first floor, which was restored. At the same time new mantelpieces of a rather ornate kind were substituted for the old black ones which had been in the morning-rooms downstairs for something over a hundred years. The latter, if not perhaps very beautiful, were eminently suited to the style of decoration of the rooms which till their "restoration" remained perfect specimens of interior decoration of a club-house of Regency days.

Boodle's, like White's, possesses an old betting book containing wagers made by members of the Club in past days. This, together with some curious old lists and documents bearing upon the history of the Club, is preserved in the Saloon upstairs. Up to quite recent years the word "Committee" did not figure in the book of rules, the Club, from time immemorial, having been governed by "Managers," an old-fashioned term which has been dropped!

Arthur's, on the other side of the road, has recently undergone renovation of a very conservative and artistic kind, the original scheme of decoration having been followed with a close attention to detail beyond all praise. The Club-house was built by Mr. Hopper in 1825, though probably a certain portion of the original coffee-house, erected in 1736, was incorporated in the new building. A room on the ground-floor (at the back of the house) is said to have been the gaming-room of White's Club during its tenure of the premises up to 1755; but if this is the case the decorative frieze and ceiling must have been added later, as in style they belong to the nineteenth century. During the rebuilding of 1825 everything seems to have been sacrificed to the staircase, which now occupies the very large hall, crowned by an elaborately-designed dome.

There is no tradition at Arthur's of high play at hazard, but whist was once very popular. "Sheep points and bullocks on the rubber" were, it is said, quite common in the days when so many country gentlemen were members.

Brooks's was originally in Pall Mall, on or near the site of the present Marlborough Club, and the precise date of its removal into St. James's Street cannot be positively fixed. In any case the existing house was built by Brooks, from designs by Holland, the architect, in 1778, and in a letter to George Selwyn, dated in October of that year, T. Townshend—afterwards first Viscount Sydney—says: "As a proof of our increasing opulence, I need only show the New

Opera House, which is now fitting up at a monstrous expense . . . and Brooks's new house, fitted up with great magnificence, which is to be opened in a week or ten days." It was in consequence of these great expenses that the annual subscription was doubled.

As a building, Brooks's is a handsome and suitable Club-house, which from time to time has sustained a number of alterations, most of them of a judicious kind. The balcony on the first floor, formerly such a feature of the façade, has long been removed.

Lower down St. James's Street the Cocoa Tree Club is remarkable for the golden tree which, spreading up through two floors, can be seen from Piccadilly. In the trunk of this tree, I believe, was in past days a sort of concealed trap-door by which cards, dice and other appurtenances of gaming could be dropped down to the basement in case of a raid. The Cocoa Tree originated from the Tory chocolate-house of the same name which flourished in the days of Queen Anne. This was converted into a Club, probably before 1746, when the house was the headquarters of the Jacobite party in Parliament. It is thus referred to in the above year by Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu: "The Duke has given Brigadier Mordaunt the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. 'That I will, sir,' said he, 'and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa-tree.' "

About 1780 very high play prevailed there.

Writing to Mann in February of that year, Horace Walpole says:

"Within this week there has been a cast at Hazard at the Cocoa-tree (in St. James's Street), the difference of which amounted to one hundred and fourscore thousand pounds. Mr. O'Birne, an Irish gamester, had won one hundred thousand pounds of a young Mr. Harvey of Chigwell, just started into an estate by his elder brother's death. O'Birne said : 'You can never pay me.' 'I can,' said the youth; 'my estate will sell for the debt.' 'No,' was the reply; 'I will win ten thousand—you shall throw for the odd ninety.' They did, and Harvey won."

Though never as fashionable a resort as White's or Brooks's, the Cocoa Tree was frequented by many artistocratic sportsmen. Here it was that Sir Harry Vane came after the victory of his famous horse Hambletonian in the great match with Mr. Cookson's Diamond in 1799.

"At the Cocoa Tree," wrote Horace Walpole in 1770, "Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath: 'Now, if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions.' "

The Conservative Club, a fine modern building of dignified proportions with an admirable frontage, is one of the ornaments of St. James's Street. Well designed by Sydney Smirke and George Basevi in 1845, the top part is Corinthian, with columns and

pilasters, and a frieze sculptured with the imperial crown and oak wreaths. The lower order is Roman-Doric, and the wings are slightly advanced, with an enriched entrance porch north and a bay-window south. The interior of the entrance hall was artistically painted in colour by Mr. Sang, whose designs some years ago, having been destroyed by one committee, were not very long afterwards restored by another. Mr. Sang, fortunately, was still alive to carry out the work, which he did in a very admirable manner.

The Thatched House Club probably derives its rural name from an inn which had existed in the days when St. James's was a public hospital, and not a palace. At the time when the Court was settled there this tavern was frequented by persons of fashion, and grew gradually in importance. Nevertheless, in 1711, it appears still to have been a very modest hostelry, and even when the Thatched House had grown into a recognized rendezvous of wits, politicians, and men of fashion, Lord Thurlow alluded to it, during one of the debates on the Regency Bill, as an "ale-house." In the days of Pitt and Fox, however, it had become one of the chief taverns at the West End, and had added to its premises a large room for public dinners.

The original Thatched House Tavern was demolished in 1814. The ground-floor front consisted of a range of low-built shops, including that of Rowland, the fashionable hairdresser of Macassar fame. The newer Thatched House Tavern stood on the site

of the present Conservative Club, to build which it was pulled down in 1843, when it was moved to another house a few doors nearer to the gate of the palace.

The Thatched House Club will probably be long remembered by lovers of Art as having been the abode of the great collector, the late Mr. George Salting, whose rooms above the Club were filled with priceless pictures and *objets d'art*.

The West End Club as we know it to-day evolved from the coffee-house of the eighteenth century when every profession, class, and party had its favourite meeting-place. St. James's Street was then full of such resorts, the "St. James's" and the "Smyrna" having been the headquarters of the Whigs, as "Ozenda's" and the "Cocoa Tree" (which still exists) were of the Tories. Here and at White's gamblers congregated to shake the dice-box till the early hours of the morning.

In the early eighteenth century men of all classes with money to spend frequented coffee-houses, the transition of the latter to clubs taking place somewhat later. One of the first coffee-houses to change appears to have been Tom's, which in 1764, by a guinea subscription, among nearly seven hundred of the nobility, foreign ministers, gentry, and geniuses of the age, became a meeting-place for subscribers only. In the same way, White's and the Cocoa Tree changed their character from chocolate-house to club. When once a house had customers enough of standing and good repute, and acquainted with

each other, it was quite worth while—considering the kind of people who, on the strength of assurance, tolerable manners, and a laced coat, often got a footing in these houses while they continued open to the public,—to purchase power of excluding all but subscribers. As has before been said, every man-about-town had his own especial coffee-house which he frequented. The company was then very mixed, no decently attired lounger being excluded. At many resorts, indeed, the haughty nobleman or country squire was not to be distinguished from the genteel thief and daring highwayman. "Pray, sir," says Aimwell to Gibbet, in Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*, "ha'n't I seen your face at Will's Coffee-house?" The robber's reply is: "Yes, sir, and at White's too."

In Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," the scene of which is said to have been laid in a still existing though much altered room at Arthur's (which was then White's), a highwayman is shown among the crowd.

The West End coffee-houses were often disturbed by the eccentricities of the "bloods." A wild band, for instance, frequented the Royal Chocolate-house in St. James's Street, where on one occasion a dispute at hazard produced a quarrel, which became general throughout the room; and, as they fought with their swords, three gentlemen were mortally wounded. The affray was at length ended by the interposition of the Royal Guards, who were compelled to knock the parties down indiscriminately with the butt-ends of their muskets, as entreaties and commands were of no

avail. On this occasion a footman of Colonel Cunningham's, greatly attached to his master, rushing through the brawl, seized and literally carried him out by force without injury.

Before 1715, the number of coffee-houses in London was reckoned at two thousand. Every profession, trade, class, party, had its favourite coffee-house. The lawyers discussed law or literature, criticized the last new play, or retailed the freshest Westminster Hall "bite" at Nando's or the Grecian, both close on the purlieus of the Temple. Here the young bloods of the Inns of Court paraded their Indian gowns and lace caps of a morning; and swaggered in their laced coats and Mechlin ruffles at night, after the theatre. The Cits met to discuss the rise and fall of stocks, and to settle the rate of insurance, at Garraway's or Jonathan's; the parsons exchanged University gossip, or commented on Dr. Sacheverel's last sermon at Truby's or at Child's in St. Paul's Churchyard, while officers mustered to grumble over their grievances at Old or Young Man's, near Charing Cross. It may be added that everywhere, except at a few of the most aristocratic coffee or chocolate houses of the West End, smoking was allowed. A penny was laid down at the bar on entering and the price of a dish of tea or coffee seems to have been twopence; a charge which covered newspapers and lights.

The St. James's Coffee-house was a famous Whig resort from the time of Queen Anne till late in the reign of George III. It was the last house but one

on the south-west corner of St. James's Street, and is thus mentioned in No. 1 of the *Tatler*: "Foreign and Domestic News you will have from St. James's Coffee-house." The St. James's was much frequented by Swift; letters for him being left here. In his Journal to Stella he says: "I met Mr. Harley, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself? He had seen your letter through the glass case at the Coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand!" The letters from Stella were enclosed under cover to Addison. Elliot, who kept the coffee-house, seems to have been regarded as a friend by certain clients. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, November 19, 1710, records an odd instance of this familiarity: "This evening I christened our coffee-man Elliot's child; when the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat amongst some scurvy company over a bowl of punch."

This coffee-house, owing to its proximity to St. James's Palace, was much frequented by smart officers. The celebrated Dr. Joseph Warton used to breakfast in the St. James's Coffee-house, surrounded by officers of the Guards, who listened with the utmost attention and pleasure to his remarks. Old prints right up to the beginning of the last century show the neighbourhood of St. James's full of officers in gorgeous uniforms—as a matter of fact, a military career up to a comparatively recent period was one of the few professions which young gentlemen not desirous of being entirely idle could adopt. At that time, of course, the Army could be quite easily

entered by any dunce. The Purchase System prevailed and was only abolished about fifty-six years ago. An ensign's commission in a regiment of the line seems to have cost something under £500, the cavalry cost more, and to obtain a cornetcy of hussars entailed the payment of about £800.

Though at the present time this system seems outrageous, it did not work so badly in practice. Moltke, admittedly a highly trained and scientific officer, once, I believe, declared that the abolition of Purchase would mean the ruin of the British Army! Probably he thought it produced brave, dashing officers likely to be popular with their men. Certainly not a few of the aristocracy who had purchased their commissions served their country well. In the Purchase days regulations about age were not very strict—for instance, Lord Cardigan, of Balaclava fame, did not go into the Army till he was twenty-seven. His promotion was very rapid.

A cornet in 1824, he became a lieutenant in the next year, a captain in 1826, a major in 1830, and a lieutenant-colonel in 1834—thus, in the short space of ten years, rising to the command of a regiment. Purchase officers, it should be added, when they had means, often spent their money very freely. Lord Cardigan, during his Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 11th Hussars, is said to have expended no less than £10,000 a year upon that gallant regiment.

St. James's Street in the eighteenth century was the scene of many gay escapades, and even in modern

times wild young men have played strange pranks there—hansom-cab racing and the like!

The late Marquis of Queensberry once offered to bet that he would walk naked in the middle of the day from Brooks's to the Bachelors' in Hamilton Place. The bet having been taken, Lord Queensberry got hold of an old four-wheeler cab and, having cut part of the bottom out, so arranged the sides that anything underneath was more or less invisible. This having been done, he entered the "growler" outside Brooks's, took off his clothes inside, and, the driver having been instructed to drive slowly, walked naked completely sheltered by the framework of the cab to the appointed goal, where, having put on his clothes again, he got out and triumphantly claimed the sum he had won.

The neighbourhood of St. James's Street is full of interesting memories: at No. 4 Bennet Street, for instance, lived Lord Byron in the years 1813–14, when he composed "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," and "The Corsair." In his letters Byron sometimes called the street "Benedictine Street." Byron's rooms, it may be added, were a few years ago tenanted by that charming writer and most agreeable of men, Mr. Maurice Baring.

In King Street Louis Napoleon had rooms during the period in which he was a somewhat discredited exile from France, scarcely anyone at that time believing that the heavy-eyed and short-legged Frenchman would ever succeed in making himself Emperor of France!

A West End landmark in the same street is Christie's, which has seen so many treasures change hands.

Here was sold on Friday, May 20, 1927, Gainsborough's portrait of James Christie, founder of the firm of Christie, Manson and Woods. The latter was born at Perth in 1730, of English and Scottish parentage, and died in 1803. Having served as a midshipman, he later settled in London as an assistant to an auctioneer in Covent Garden named Annesley, and about 1766 he started business on his own account, at the rooms at Pall Mall formerly occupied by the print-seller, Richard Dalton. In 1770 he removed to 125 Pall Mall, previous to his final move to the present auction rooms in King Street. This portrait was the property of a descendant, Mr. James A. Christie, M.P. Painted in 1778, it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the same year.

The original Christie was a tall man, with elegant and persuasive manners, which he brought to bear with such skill upon his business that he gained the honourable title of the Prince of Auctioneers. He was friendly with Reynolds and Gainsborough, and the latter was a constant visitor both at his table and at his sales, previous to his final change to the present auction rooms in King Street, St. James's.

The first catalogue was issued by Mr. James Christie in 1766, the office of the firm then being in Castle Street, Oxford Street, and the "Great Room" where sales took place in Pall Mall. The business premises were next door to where Gainsborough, the painter, then lived, and Christie introduced to the

latter some of his best clients. In recognition of this it was that Gainsborough painted the fine whole-length portrait of Mr. James Christie, mentioned above. In 1897 an admirable marble medallion of the founder of the firm, sculptured by Mr. Brock, R.A., from a drawing by Rowlandson, was set up over the inner doors leading to the auction rooms in King Street, St. James's.

Christie's in its early days sold practically any class of property: coffins, sedan-chairs, dripping-pans, barrel-organs, razors, and even pigs and poultry figure in some of the oldest catalogues. In 1795, Christie's sold seventy-two tons of "excellent meadow-hay" to the Duke of Queensberry, who paid £247 16*s.* for it. Though prosperous from the first, Christie's gradually acquired the monopoly of the sale of the finest pictures and *objets d'art*. For many years past property of great value, together with many famous and priceless collections, have passed through the famous firm's hands; indeed few of the great families of England have not at one time or other sent priceless and historical heirlooms to the rooms in King Street.

It was at Christie's that Mr. Jones,[1] the donor of the collection now at the Victoria and Albert Museum, acquired the knowledge which enabled him to accumulate that wonderful assemblage of French furniture and china which he bequeathed for the benefit of the nation in a will made some three years before his death. For a comparatively long period of time

[1] See page 68.

before he commenced to buy, Mr. Jones was in the habit of making a careful and constant inspection of the various *objets d'art* sent to these auction rooms to be put up for sale. In this way he refined his taste and became a fine judge of those particular forms of art which are so richly represented in the collection now at South Kensington.

Some of the famous sales which have taken place at Christie's have been tinged with romance. Among the Eglinton jewels dispersed in 1894 were a necklace, ear-rings, and brooch said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. These jewels were of enamelled gold set with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. According to a tradition the necklace, together with the picture by Holbein in Eglinton Castle, were given by the ill-fated Queen to Mary Seton, one of the Queen's "Marys." The necklace and picture are said to have come to the Montgomeries through the marriage of one of them with the heir of the Setons in or about 1611. It would, however, seem more probable that Hugh, the fifth Earl of Eglinton, made a settlement of the Earldom of Eglinton, together with the property attached thereto, upon his cousin, Sir Alexander Seton of Foulstruther, and the deed is dated August 1, 1611. At the time of the sale it was said that the father of the possessor of the jewels had discovered the Mary Stuart necklace and the Holbein picture in the muniment room at Eglinton Castle.

In July, 1927, was sold at Christie's a delicate finger ring which was said to have been given to the

ill-fated Earl of Essex by Queen Elizabeth with the promise that no matter how deep his sin she would, on receiving it back, grant him a free pardon. This is said to have been on the eve of Essex's departure for Cadiz, he being then thirty-four years younger than Elizabeth!

The ring which is said to have been connected with this tragedy brought five hundred and twenty guineas, though not so many years before Lord Michelham had paid three thousand for it! This fluctuation in price may have been due to a lessened reverence for romance or perhaps to scepticism: in any case the ring is now in the London Museum.

Lord Cholmondeley, who died in 1770, has left a record that, when exploring an old house in Essex Street, he found scratched on an ancient window with a diamond, the following letters:

I. C. U. S. X. and E. R.

This he translated as "I see you Essex and Elizabeth Regina," the inference being that the unknown writer from a window overlooking old Essex House had seen the Queen and Essex in a compromising situation, and had recorded the fact.

Be this as it may, Lord Essex seems to have returned in no mood to dally with the old Queen. Indeed, during a political discussion about Ireland, Essex turned his back upon Elizabeth, whereon her Majesty, who always acted quickly, slapped his face in public. Though the aged Monarch loved the young gallant, she let him be led to the Tower and waited. Mean-

while he sent her a letter which is in the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane. Written on September 6, 1600, it runs:

"Haste paper, to that happy presence whence only unhappy I am banished. Kiss that fair correcting hand which lays new plasters to my lighter hurts, but to my greatest wound applieth nothing. Say thou comest from shaming, languishing, despairing Essex."

The Queen seems to have taken no notice of this romantic missive, and Essex continued to languish in a despairing state for another five months when, according to a legend originated, it is said, by Lady Spelman (a granddaughter of Sir Robert Cary), he managed to send the ring (sold at Christie's) to Lady Scrope, sister of the Countess of Nottingham, who receiving it by a mistake was persuaded by her husband, who was no friend of Essex, to hide the trinket. Essex was "privately" executed at the Tower on February 25, 1601, and two years later when the Countess of Nottingham lay dying she asked the Queen to come to her and, telling the story of the ring she had failed to deliver, begged for mercy. Elizabeth, it is said, wild with rage, shook the dying woman in her bed, and screaming at her that God might forgive her, but that she never would, angrily departed. Returning to her palace the Queen surrendered herself to utter despair, passing days and nights seated on the floor with fixed eyes and a finger pressed on her mouth. Twenty days later she died.

The truth of this romantic story has been questioned by serious historical critics who have declared that Queen Elizabeth never repented of the death of Essex, whom she considered to be a wrong-headed traitor, while her death was really caused by a long-standing disease which had well-defined symptoms.

Be this as it may, Lord Essex had certainly given the Queen good cause to show displeasure. In Ireland, the "cursedest of all islands" as he called it, he had concluded "a disgraceful wilful and traitorous treaty" with one of England's most inveterate and dangerous enemies. Returning home against express command, he had been with difficulty persuaded from landing in a state of open rebellion. Essex no doubt had his good points, but his submission to the mild and well-deserved punishment of confinement to his own house was not of long duration, and becoming incensed at his banishment from Court and the refusal of a renewed grant for the monopoly of sweet wines (then a valuable commercial concession), he broke out into open rebellion, the result of his own reckless and impatient spirit and the evil counsels of interested advisers. Leaving no stone unturned to attain his ends, he invited the Puritan preachers to prayers and sermons and plotted with the King of Scotland, while it was arranged at secret meetings at Drury House to seize Whitehall and compel the Queen to dismiss Cecil and other ministers hostile to his interests. Meanwhile it was settled that Sir Christopher Blount should seize the palace gates, while other conspirators got possession of the hall, the guard-room and pre-

sence-chamber; Essex, rushing in from the Mews with some hundred and twenty adherents, was then to compel the Queen to assemble a parliament to dismiss his enemies, and to fix the succession. All these plans were set before Essex in writing—he himself, the arch-conspirator, being never present.

The delay of letters from Scotland led to the premature outbreak of the plot. An order was at once sent summoning Essex to the council, and the Palace guards were doubled.

On Sunday, February 7, 1601, Essex, fearing instant arrest, assembled his friends, prepared to take up arms and sally forth to St. Paul's Cross, where the Lord Mayor and aldermen were listening to a sermon, and urge them to follow him to the palace. On the Lord Keeper and other noblemen coming to the house to know the cause of the assembly, Essex locked them into a back parlour, guarded by musketeers, and, followed by two hundred gentlemen, drew his sword and rushed into the street like a madman "running amuck."

Temple Bar was opened for him; but at St. Paul's Cross he did not find what he expected; the citizens crowded round him, but did not join his band. When he reached the house of Sheriff Smith, the crafty Sheriff had stolen away.

In the meantime, Lord Burleigh and the Earl of Cumberland, with a Herald, had entered the City and proclaimed Essex a traitor; a thousand pounds being offered for his apprehension. Despairing of success, the mad earl then turned towards his own

house, and finding Ludgate barricaded by a strong party of citizens under Sir John Levison, attempted to force his way, killing two or three citizens, and losing Tracy, a young friend of his own. Then striking down to Queenhithe, the earl and some fifty followers who were left took boat for Essex House. When, however, he had reached that mansion, he found that a treacherous confidant had made terms with the Court and released the hostages. Essex then, by the advice of Lord Sandys, resolved to fortify his abode, hold out to the last extremity, and die sword in hand. In a few minutes, however, the Lord Admiral's troops surrounded the building. A parley then ensued between Sir Robert Sidney in the garden, and Essex and his rash ally, Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton, who were on the roof. The Earl's demands were proudly refused, but a respite of two hours was given him, that the ladies and female servants might retire. About six the battering train arrived from the Tower, and Essex then wisely surrendered. As the night was very dark, and the tide not unfavourable to boats which might face the dangerous arches of London Bridge, Essex and Southampton were taken by water to Lambeth Palace, and the next morning removed to the Tower. Here Essex met his end, being, as has been said, executed "privately," by his own request, at the Tower, February 25, 1601. Meyrick, his steward, and Cuffe, his secretary, it may be added, were hanged and quartered at Tyburn.

CHAPTER III

PICCADILLY

(I)

THERE was real romance about the Piccadilly of a hundred years ago with its quaint old inns and picturesque coaches drawn by spanking teams on their way from or to the Gloucester Coffee House (now the Berkeley Hotel), the White Horse Cellars or the White Bear. "Telegraphs," "High-Flyers," "Magnets," "Independents," "The Wonder," and its rival "The 'No Wonder,'" both celebrated on the Western Road, the "Devonport Quicksilver" and other well-horsed coaches clattered along the old thoroughfare, the exact origin of whose name has never been definitely proved. The earliest mention of Piccadilly is to be found in Gerard's "Herbal," from which arose an erroneous idea that Piccadilly existed in 1596, when the work in question was published. As a matter of fact, it is not in the original edition of Gerard's "Herbal" that such a mention occurs, but in a much later one published in 1636, and edited by Thomas Johnson. It runs as follows:—"The little wild bugloss grows upon the dry ditch bank about Pickadella." The name "Piccadilly" it is almost

ENTRANCE OF PICCADILLY OR HYDE PARK CORNER TURNPIKE, WITH A VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, 1797.

certain first came into use about 1630 when a retired tailor, named Higgins, whose fortune had been in a great measure made by the sale of "pickadelles"—piccadillies or turnover collars—built himself a snug house in this locality which he called Pickadilla Hall: at the same time there is said to be no trace of "Mr. Higgins" in the parochial records of the day. On the other hand, a house somewhere near the top of the present Haymarket appears to have been known as "Piccadilly Hall." Here, apparently, gambling went on as it did at "Shaver's Hall," a most appropriately named gaming resort not very far away, very popular with the gallants of the seventeenth century. The hey-day of Piccadilly as a social lounge, however, was in the nineteenth century, when instead of being an outlying district it had become one of the most fashionable streets in London. Here during the 'sixties and 'seventies was to be seen a multitude of long-whiskered swells, the Lord Dundrearys who inspired George Leybourne with "Champagne Charlie," a music-hall ditty which achieved enormous popularity in its day. Many original figures have haunted Piccadilly, one of the last having been Lord Beaconsfield, who was often seen there, leaning heavily on the arm of his faithful confidant, Lord Rowton. As late as the 'eighties a familiar sight used to be a goat which strolled about the neighbourhood of the Park in a very nonchalant way. Its headquarters, I believe, were in one of the Rothschilds' stables where several of these animals were at one time kept, a couple figuring in a print of Hyde Park published by Barraud in 1864. Pensive

and unattended, it would wander down the old thoroughfare in which it was so perfectly at home, occasionally pausing to browse on such railings as, in spite of many former disillusions, seemed likely to afford some promise of refreshment. Occasionally, when bored with its ill-success in this direction, it would wander into clubs, in the hall of one of which it once ate up the tape; at another it walked upstairs into the coffee-room, and created a stampede. As a rule, however, seemingly conscious of its responsibilities as the last of the Piccadilly loungers, it was perfectly content to stroll from the Mews in which it had its home to some point of vantage where on sunny days it could bask in dignified contemplation of the passing throng.

A favourite lounging-place for idlers during the Victorian Era was the Burlington Arcade, which at one time acquired a reputation for being rather a fast resort, a number of the old bucks and beaux then to be seen about the West End making a practice of strolling about there and ogling all the pretty women they met. Though an effort was made to exclude doubtful characters, the guardians of the Arcade were not such dragons of virtue as those of the present day. An easy place to find, it was popular as a rendezvous for lovers, so much so indeed that one of the Lions Comiques—the Great Vance—sang a song about it as late as the 'eighties. Since those days, however, the old Arcade has become very staid and respectable—no one lounges there now!

Gone are the photographs of "Professional Beauties" such as once used to attract small crowds, in front of

certain little shops in the Arcade which specialized in such portraits. Miss Maude Branscombe's likeness was, I remember, especially popular, while photos of Mrs. Langtry and Miss Kate Vaughan must have sold by the thousand! The Victorian Era was noted for its beauties, some of whom created a sensation wherever they went. One of the most famous was Mrs. Thistlethwayte, who as a girl was well known for her exceptional beauty. About the year 1852 she created a sensation at the Opera, the whole house rising to its feet to watch her leave the theatre. Her eyes and forehead were beautiful beyond description; some idea may be formed of them from the well-known picture of the "Nun" for which she sat, and the photographs of which are still sold by thousands for scrap-albums. The finest picture that was painted of her was by Buckner, and it immediately made his reputation, though he never afterwards attained the same height of excellence.

The building of the Burlington Arcade, erected by Samuel Ware, who, as a boy, had been apprenticed to a chimney-sweep, gave rise to considerable comment, some of which was of a none too favourable kind. A writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1812, alluding to the new project, wrote:

"It is said that after numerous deliberations, Lord George Cavendish has determined to appropriate a proportion of the grounds connected with Burlington House for the gratification of the publick, and to give employment to industrious females. A line has been

marked out at the west end, extending north and south, in which will be a covered way or promenade from Piccadilly into Cork Street. This covered way will contain a double line of shops, for the sale of jewellery and other fancy articles, and above will be suites of rooms. What first gave birth to the idea was the great annoyance to which the garden is subject from the inhabitants of a neighbouring street throwing oyster-shells, etc., over the wall. The intended erections will prevent these nuisances in future and also block out their view of so delightful a place."

The Arcade was finished in 1819, since which date it has undergone little alteration except that a story has been added on the Piccadilly side and new railings substituted for old.

Originally a gorgeously dressed beadle was to be seen in the Burlington Arcade, but as time went on his garb was gradually modified. At the present time two officials in short serge coats and peaked caps have taken his place. The mania for uniformity is now slowly but surely stamping out every remnant of the picturesque. Up till the middle of 1927, the lodge porter of the Royal Academy in his long coat with brass buttons and a top-hat was quite a feature of Piccadilly. In August of that year, however, the authorities of the Royal Academy (who, professing as they do to have artistic interests at heart, should have known better) put this official into a garb closely resembling that worn by the guardians of the Burlington Arcade mentioned above. The absolute lack of appreciation

of the picturesque which distinguishes this century should not, however, surprise anyone who remembers that at the close of the War there was actually an agitation to prevent the Guards from resuming their time-honoured uniforms of red!

In connection with the Royal Academy it may be noted that people now no longer rush to see the picture of the year there as was once the case, notably in 1858, when the receipts amounted to an unprecedented sum, more than £9,000, taken in shillings at the door, a result mostly due to the attractions of Mr. Frith's "Derby Day," a picture that seemed likely to make a fortune for artist, owner, and engraver. Including copyright, Mr. Frith received for it £3,000. It gave the Royal Academy £2,000 in excess of their best years. Frith, it may be added, is one of the few modern artists whose pictures have to some degree kept their value.

To students of the social history of the past Piccadilly is full of shades. Here strolled Count d'Orsay, the cynosure of fashion in the "curly" 'forties. In Piccadilly, it is said, the exiled Louis Napoleon first set eyes upon his reputed half-brother, the Duc de Morny, who was to do so much for the Imperial *régime*. The Duke was a man-of-the-world who, though fond of pleasure, well understood how to put presumptuous people in their proper place. Dining one evening with a financier, whose love of giving himself airs was notorious, he observed that his host was drinking a different brand of wine from that offered to the rest of the party. Calling for a large tumbler, the Duke bade

a footman fill it to the brim with the particular vintage which had not been offered to the guests, and raising it to his lips pledged the scandalized millionaire, saying, "You need not have feared to have our criticism; it is quite a good wine!"

The Duc de Morny must have known London better than most Frenchmen of his day, for he paid frequent visits to Count Flahaut (his real father), who, during the time he was French Ambassador, lived at No. 106 Piccadilly. The Duc de Morny, who was not too rich, at one time sent over some pictures from France to be hung on the spacious walls of his father's house, the idea being that some visitor would take a fancy to them and make an offer! Count Flahaut was a very good-natured man and a fine specimen of the aristocratic Frenchman. Though he had been at Waterloo, he seems to have cherished no resentment against England, indeed one of the only accusations malicious Parisians could make against him was their Ambassador's lack of Chauvinism. Count Flahaut married a British wife and became the great-grandfather of the present Lord Lansdowne.

In Victorian days there were a few well-known men-about-town whose days were passed mainly in going from Club to Club, their visits being regulated with clockwork accuracy so as a certain amount of time might be passed at each. One of the last of these was the late Mr. Kenneth Howard, who for the last thirty years of his life never left London at all. For many years he had been in the Foreign Office, and at one time went out a very great deal. To hostesses he was

invaluable, for by nature the most suave, gentle and courteous of men, he was ever ready to assist them, and none better than he knew how to furnish a list of the most eligible young men for dances. Mr. Kenneth Howard always spoke of himself as a poor man, and lived a life singularly free from ostentation, but in spite of this he left a good deal of money at his death.

The neighbourhood of Piccadilly has always been popular with people who have money to lose or to spend, and many generations of bloods, bucks and dandies have successively lounged along the pavement on the other side of the road to the Green Park. All that, however, is now a thing of the past, the pavement in question being now occupied by men in soft hats and cloth caps, for the days of sartorial elegance are gone. The flame of dandyism, however, still burnt brightly in the 'eighties when, immaculately attired in frock-coats and top-hats, numbers of young men-about-town were to be seen strolling down Piccadilly, on their way to Long's or Hatchett's. Foreigners were rarer then than they are to-day, though some few were well-known figures in the West End. Also there were a number of broken-down sporting men, who, with more of a past than a future, eked out a precarious livelihood by betting and making themselves useful to the gilded youth of that easy-going age.

A great attraction of Piccadilly in the last century was the large number of fine equipages drawn by beautiful horses which delighted the eye during the season.

The advent of the motor-car, slowly though surely, put an end to this brave display, and at the present time a horse-drawn vehicle has become almost as rare as a sedan-chair. A four-in-hand, however, is occasionally seen, while during Ascot week men wearing grey top-hats and carrying race glasses prove that lovers of sport have not entirely deserted the old thoroughfare. Piccadilly, or rather some of the distinguished people who have lived in it, has ever been closely associated with the Turf, Old Q, the third Duke of Grafton and Lord Palmerston having all three been ardent supporters of racing. Curiously enough, neither the last nor the Duke of Queensberry ever succeeded in winning the Derby. The Duke tried over and over again to do so, and Lord Palmerston, it was notorious, would have given his eyes to carry off the blue ribbon of the Turf. The third Duke of Grafton, whose town house stood on the site of the present Turf Club at the corner of Clarges Street and Piccadilly, was a great deal more lucky, winning the Derby three times and the Oaks twice. Another Derby winner from Piccadilly must not be forgotten in the person of Lord Rosebery, who in the 'seventies lived for a time at No. 107, which had been the residence of his wife's father, Baron Mayer Rothschild, an ardent patron of the Turf who won the Derby and Oaks of 1871 with Favonius and Hannah—victories which gave him the greatest delight. The original Rothschild racing colours, it may be added, do not appear to have been the familiar blue and yellow, but rather "amber body, lilac sleeves and red cap" registered by the first Baron Rothschild

at a semi-private race meeting at Gorhambury in 1841, where his horse Consul won a small race.

Though Devonshire House from an architectural point of view was possibly no great loss, the old wall which formed the boundary of the courtyard was of considerable interest, the massive brickwork in question having screened Berkeley House (Lord Berkeley of Stratton's mansion) from the vulgar gaze as far back as in the reign of Charles II, when Pepys saw the first bricks laid. It was by far the oldest relic in Piccadilly, and it is a sad pity that some portion should not have been preserved. It is curious to remember that during the 'nineties, when a craze for cycling swept over the West End, the courtyard of Devonshire House was used by a few fashionable ladies (who had obtained leave from the Duchess) to acquire the art of riding a bicycle. At that time the elaborate ironwork gates which the last Duke brought from Chiswick and inserted in the middle of the old wall had not yet come to London, so novices could wobble and fall to their heart's content, no one in the street outside being able to see them. The gates in question, on the demolition of Devonshire House, were set up on the other side of the road in the railings of the Green Park.

Of the two pairs of urns which had surmounted the pillars enclosing the original doors of the courtyard, one pair was purchased by an American millionaire and the other by Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart., who at the same time acquired a quantity of the old stone coping and window-frames. These he has very cleverly incorporated in the new exterior casing of

brick with which he has embellished Trent Park, his beautiful country house in Enfield Chase. The old iron knockers of good design which hung on the entrance gates were, I believe, retained by the Duke—I remember that they were removed some time before Devonshire House itself was pulled down.

The death of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and the subsequent dispersal of the treasures contained in No. 1 Stratton Street, W., snapped a last link with Victorian days. Here his wife, the philanthropic Baroness, used, it is said, to let her friends know whether she was in or out by the position of a china cockatoo, which always hung in a front ground-floor window, and faced one way or the other according to a prearranged code. There is a legend that on one occasion the cockatoo in question did the public a very real service. A rough mob from the East End on its way to a meeting in Hyde Park was showing signs of becoming obstreperous when opposite No. 80 Piccadilly; its leaders, catching sight of the bird in the window, began to argue among themselves as to whether it was a real live one or not. Meanwhile the police succeeded in getting the procession in hand, those taking part in it going peacefully on their way after having given three cheers for the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. No. 80, which formed one house with No. 79, is said to have been the first stuccoed house built in London. Its strategic advantages in case of serious disorder were thoroughly recognized by the Great Duke of Wellington, who at the time of the Chartist riots posted a company of riflemen in the bow windows of the first floor with orders to fire up or down

Piccadilly should there be any serious disorder. No. 81 (now pulled down), which stood at the corner of Bolton Street, was at the end of the last century the residence of the late Monsieur Von André, a clever financier, the excellence of whose cook was thoroughly recognized by Society with a big S. Monsieur Von André, who was a genial and amusing host, told me that he had acquired the house on very easy terms because the old lady who had sold the lease to him had been so frightened by a stone having been thrown through one of the windows during the passing of a rowdy mob during the great Dock Strike that she was anxious to get rid of it at any price. About 1806 No. 81 was occupied by Watier, the Prince Regent's cook, who, with a couple of associates, ran it as a gaming-house, where very high play prevailed. Brummell once won fifteen hundred pounds here in ten minutes. Macao, a card game of some antiquity, was the specialty at this gaming-house and considerable sums of money were lost as well as won by the men of fashion of the day, who, when elated at night, sometimes threw empty wine bottles from the windows into the court-yard of Bath House on the other side of the way. About 1824 Watier seems to have retired, for in that year the house was occupied by a Mr. Joshua Taylor who, in partnership with the celebrated Crockford, opened a hazard-bank there. This, however, as has before been said, soon ended because the partners quarrelled and Crockford went off to St. James's Street, where he built the palatial gaming establishment which is now the Devonshire Club. From this time onward

No. 81 was inhabited as a private house, its last tenant before the demolition in 1926 having been the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which leased No. 80 as well.

Nos. 96 and 97 Piccadilly (which are now incorporated in one house, the Junior Naval and Military Club) were built upon the sites of the old White Horse Inn and of Carter's statuary yard. At No. 96 Sir Walter Scott often stayed with a friend of his who was Surgeon Dentist to the Royal Family; while No. 97 was for a time the residence of Tom Panton, a celebrated sporting character and a boon companion of the Prince Regent.

White Horse Street, which perpetuates the name of the old Inn mentioned above, was originally a lane leading into Shepherd's Market, a sort of urban backwater, some parts of which recall the London of Dickens which has now so largely passed away.

The Junior Constitutional Club, a palatial building in no particular style, occupies the site of several old houses in Piccadilly, in one of which (No. 102) lived from 1796 to 1798 the painter Sir Thomas Lawrence. At No. 103 Admiral Lord Nelson occasionally stayed with Sir William and Lady Hamilton. The former died here in 1803 holding Nelson's hand. In Mr. Arthur Dasent's most interesting book on Piccadilly, to which the author acknowledges his obligations, is a letter from the hero of Trafalgar dated from this house, then numbered "23 Piccadilly East." The four houses demolished to make way for the Junior Constitutional were all built about the close of the eighteenth century.

A distinguished political shade whose memory is

associated with Cambridge House, now the Naval and Military Club, is that of Lord Palmerston, who lived there from 1857 until his death. Talleyrand formed a high opinion of this English statesman the first time he met him. "Pam," as he was nicknamed, retained his bodily vigour and elasticity of mind to the end of his life and was certainly one of the most remarkable figures of the Victorian Era. Apart from the high political reputation which this statesman enjoyed owing to his uncompromising attitude towards foreign countries when English interests were at stake, he cherished an evergreen admiration for the ladies, which gained him the nickname of "Cupid." His amorous proclivities certainly enhanced his popularity with the general public, which at that period was still prone to be indulgent towards any gallantries in which male members of the aristocracy might be concerned. Lord Palmerston was also a great supporter of the Turf, his love of horses being proverbial: *Punch* indeed always pictured him with a straw in his mouth, and he was often seen riding to the House of Commons, the last Prime Minister who indulged in this old English habit.

Before taking up his residence at Cambridge House Palmerston had lived for a year at No. 144 Piccadilly, a house which had been built in 1795 from the designs of the Brothers Adam. Its first occupant, Sir Drummond Smith, also owned Tring Park, now the property of Lord Rothschild, the Crown Lease of No. 144 being bought in 1816, when Sir Drummond died, by Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, the great-grandfather of the present Lord Allendale. The Beaumonts are a north-

country family and closely associated with Hexham, towards the restoration of whose Abbey Church the grandfather of Lord Allendale contributed very largely —as much as £10,000, I believe. Unfortunately this princely donation did almost as much harm as good, those responsible for the restoration having completely changed the character of the east end of the Church, in addition to which much ancient work was defaced and even deleted. Of course the destruction wrought by these Victorian vandals was in no way Mr. Wentworth Beaumont's fault.

Next to the Naval and Military Club is a modern mansion which replaced the house in which Mr. Jones, whose fine collection is at the Victoria and Albert Museum, used to live. Born in the early days of the nineteenth century, this lover of art was originally a tailor at No. 6 Waterloo Place, with a branch establishment in Dublin. He appears to have specialized in uniforms, the writer having seen a book of coloured patterns showing naval officers' dress in the Admiralty library. In any case, having made a good deal of money, he retired and, after spending several years attending sales at Christie's, gained enough artistic knowledge to enable him to form a wonderful collection of *objets d'art*. Mr. Jones, indeed, was possessed of great discretion and taste; he was, however, lucky in living at a period when prices were not high. In 1850 he retired from his tailoring business, and fifteen years later purchased the lease of No. 95 Piccadilly, where he lived till his death in 1882. It was during his residence in this house that his collec-

tion was formed, every corner of it being filled with the most priceless works of art. The association of this site with collecting was to some extent continued by the late Colonel Leopold Seymour, who possessed a good many specimens of French eighteenth-century art acquired by his brother who had rebuilt No. 95.

At the time when the Jones Collection was left to South Kensington certain high officials there were inclined to treat the bequest with contempt, declaring that the Museum did not want "kitchen stuff." William Morris, it will be remembered, called the wonderful work of the old French *ébénistes* "Bankers' furniture," and a great number of Victorian art-experts were anything but appreciative of the styles in vogue during the reigns of Louis XV and Louis XVI.

No. 105, now the Green Park Hotel, was originally built by Novosielski about the year 1780, on the site of John Van Nost's figure yard, for the Earl of Barrymore, and was left unfinished on the death of that nobleman, after which Sir Robert Smirke added a Grecian-Doric porch. It was burnt, and, after being repaired, was opened as the "Old Pulteney Hotel." Here, in 1814, the Czar Alexander of Russia stopped during his stay in London, and on the 6th of June showed himself to the people from the balcony within a few minutes of his arrival. The Emperor was accompanied by his sister, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, who made it her object to disgust the Princess Charlotte with the Prince of Orange, then in England as a suitor for her hand. The Duchess invited the Prince to dine with her when he was to dance in public with

the Princess, and made him drink too much champagne. The Princess was naturally disgusted, and an opportunity was soon found by the Duchess to introduce Prince Leopold to her, and she was not long in making up her mind to prefer him to the unfortunate Prince of Orange. In 1823 the house was still the "Pulteney Hotel"; but in 1829 it was in the possession of the Marquis of Hertford. In 1851 the old building was partially pulled down, and rebuilt with Portland stone. The character of the front was retained, but much improved, and raised some fourteen feet, and the interior was entirely re-arranged. At one time this building was known as Hertford House.

After the death of the fourth Marquis of Hertford the house was put up for sale and eventually came into the hands of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., who lived in No. 105 till his death in 1896. Sir Julian was a clever and agreeable man who was for many years in the House of Commons. His ambition, it used to be said, was to have become Speaker, but it was never gratified. Living next door to the St. James' Club, a good deal of his spare time was passed there and he very generously presented to its members a pretty water-colour of a scene in Switzerland which is one of the treasures of the Club. After his death the lease of No. 105 was acquired by the Isthmian Club, which had been obliged to leave Walsingham House on account of the site being utilized for the Ritz Hotel. After the close of the Great War, the Isthmian having come to an end, the house remained empty till it was remodelled to be turned into the Green Park Hotel.

The rooms which formed part of the great saloon built for the fourth Lord Hertford by Cubitt in 1850–51 to house the pictures now forming part of the Wallace Collection have been turned into a luxurious suite. The ground-floor has also been greatly enlarged and altered, while the rooms in which Sir Julian Goldsmid gave serious dinners and entertained his political friends nightly resound to the strains of a Jazz Band and the tapping of the heels of couples revolving in the latest style of dance.

CHAPTER IV

PICCADILLY

(II)

BRICK STREET, which separates the St. James' Club from the Green Park Hotel, was formerly called "Engine Street" from some sort of mechanical apparatus which regulated the rise of the "Tybourne" stream which, running beneath this part of Piccadilly, was at times of exceptional rainfall apt to overflow. This rivulet, which rises in the northern heights of Hampstead, after skirting Hay Hill, passed at the back of Bolton Row and entered the Green Park, where it was spanned by a stone bridge. It has, however, long been covered over and now wends its way to the Thames in the prosaic form of an underground drain or sewer.

No. 106 Piccadilly, now the St. James' Club, was originally the town house of the Coventry family, who lived in it from 1764 till the early part of the last century, both the seventh and eighth Earls having died there. It was the sixth Lord Coventry who, after buying the partly unfinished mansion which Sir Henry Hunloke had built on the site of the old Greyhound Inn, brought about the abolition of the "May Fair" which for

years had annoyed the residents in this district owing to the perpetual noise and uproar which went on both by night and by day for an entire month. So great was the scandal produced by this time-honoured abuse that the Grand Jury of the City of Westminster characterized it as a "vile and riotous assemblage." It had indeed been prohibited in 1709, but after a few years revived. Though others had failed in their efforts to abolish the Fair, Lord Coventry succeeded, for no "May Fair" appears to have been held much after 1764, the date when No. 106 Piccadilly was taken over by its new owner.

In connection with rowdiness in old Mayfair it may be mentioned that on part of the site now covered by Carrington Street there stood in the eighteenth century the "Dog and Duck," an old wooden public-house, noted for the sale of "Right Lincoln Ale," behind which was a sheet of water 200 feet square, surrounded by a willow-shaded gravel walk ten feet wide. This was the notorious ducking pond, to which visitors were allowed to bring their dogs to assist at the capture of some unfortunate duck. Two-pence was charged by the proprietor for a ticket of admission, but the amount was allowed in the reckoning; and in a handbill, dated 1748, the reason of such charge is said to be in order to keep out "such as are not liked." The memory of this rather brutal diversion of another age is, it may be added, kept green by Ducking Pond Mews, which still exists (1927) in Shepherd's Market.

In Carrington Street lived the notorious and beauti-

ful Kitty Fisher, who once, it is said, ate a banknote worth a large sum placed between two pieces of bread and butter in order to astonish an admirer. Something of the same sort seems to have been done by the famous courtesan "la Paiva" for whom Count Henckel von Donnersmarck built the house which is now the Travellers' Club in the Champs Elysées, Paris. The "Paiva" once, it is said, consented to accept the advances of a certain French *viveur* on condition he gave her a large sum in notes. This he did, after which the "Paiva" refused him nothing. "Now," said she, "I am going to burn your notes just to show that I don't care about money!" This she proceeded to do. Her admirer, however, remained impassive and went away in high glee—he had given the "Paiva" sham notes!

To return to the story of No. 106 Piccadilly, when the Coventry family gave it up some of the fine old Adam mantelpieces and other decorative features were removed. Nevertheless, the interior of the house, which has been very conservatively treated since it became a Club, contains many interesting and artistic features, including a fine staircase and a magnificently designed ceiling. This is in the dining-room, which has been much improved of late years by a number of eighteenth-century pictures, including two famous groups by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The pictures in question are the property of the Dilettanti Society, which now has its "dinners" at the St. James' Club.

At these functions, which take place about six times a year, certain ancient usages are retained, including a

ceremonious initiation of new members. In addition to this, anyone calling the "Society" the Club, has to pay some petty fine, whilst the secretary when reading the minutes puts on bands. The presence of these somewhat ecclesiastical additions to costume, in one of the interesting portraits belonging to this Club, once caused the late Mr. Gladstone to take the picture for that of a bishop, a mistake which caused a good deal of amusement.

The St. James' Club, it may be mentioned, adheres to the practice, which seems to have prevailed ever since its foundation in 1859, of spelling its name with one s. This perhaps is not strictly grammatical, but in these days when everything has been standardized such a harmless protest against convention is something of a relief.

Years ago, when the present writer joined the St. James' Club, a story prevailed there that the wife of a former owner had a garden of her own railed off in the Green Park opposite, to which she could go by an underground passage beneath the street. I rather think that there was some idea of this lady having had romantic meetings with the Prince Regent, who had managed to get her allotted a portion of the Park.

The story in any case was a pure fabrication, no garden in the Green Park having ever existed opposite to No. 106. There was, however, a garden in the Park, lower down Piccadilly, attached to the old Ranger's Lodge,[1] and it is quite possible that some lady

[1] See page 92.

living at Coventry House (as No. 106 was originally called) may have been given a key entitling her to wander among the shrubs and parterres decorated with stone urns and fountains, one of which still survives near the site of the Adams mansion and grounds swept away in 1842.

One of the grimmer ghosts of Piccadilly is Marshal Blücher, who temporarily occupied No. 107 in 1814. Here he used to sit in an arm-chair at the top of the steps smoking a pipe and acknowledging the salutations of passers-by. Some ten years later Nathan Mayer Rothschild (the founder of the English branch of the family) came to live in the house, which since 1885 has sheltered the Savile Club.

At present the Savile Club, driven further afield by the invasion of hotels and business premises now swamping this part of the town, is migrating to new premises at No. 69 Brook Street, formerly Lady Harcourt's house. The traditions of this Club enjoin general conversation, good plain meals and a rigorous process of election, the membership being strictly limited. The late Lord Morley, Robert Louis Stevenson, W. E. Henley, Walter Besant and Frederic Harrison all belonged to the Savile, which, in difficult times, has continued to attract men of letters, artists and scientists who give the Club a unique reputation.

No. 116 Piccadilly, now the Club-house of the Junior Athenæum, was originally built by Mr. Henry Thomas Hope, whose daughter married the sixth

Duke of Newcastle. The period of its erection—1848–49—was not a very artistic one, according to modern ideas, but the façade in so-called French Renaissance style and the elaborate cast-iron railings with the Hope crest and motto were then greatly admired. Mr. Hope, who is said to have been annoyed by the proximity of a public-house which has now long ceased to exist, sold No. 116 to the Club (which is still housed there) in 1868. From the corner of Down Street to Park Lane the houses now largely occupied by Clubs have no particular history. The Cavalry Club at No. 127 contains, however, a most artistic memorial to members who fell in the Great War. This is a finely modelled statue of a riderless charger—"The Empty Saddle."

The towering block of flats at the west corner of Park Lane was erected on the site of Gloucester House, where for years had lived the old Duke of Cambridge till his death. This old mansion at one time belonged to Lord Elgin, who stored the famous Elgin Marbles there before they found a resting-place in the British Museum. The mansion, which had originally been built for the Cholmondeley family, early in the reign of George III, though not very remarkable from an architectural point of view, had a pleasing old-fashioned façade with one of those curious green painted balconies which seem to have made their way from the Brighton sea-front to London in the early part of the last century. Park Lane is, or was, full of them—people were fond of sitting out and seeing what was going on outside in former days, I fancy.

At No. 138 Piccadilly lived William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry, known to students of social history as "Old Q." "The star of Piccadilly," as he was also called, used, right up to the end of his life in December, 1810, to be seen seated in his bow window, the form of which (though No. 138, like No. 139, was refronted in stone at the end of the last century) still remains. On fine summer days, the Duke would remain for hours on his balcony, the rays of the sun being warded off by a footman with powdered hair holding a parasol over his master's head. On the pavement beneath stood the old Duke's favourite groom and henchman, Jock Radford, booted and spurred, ready to take such missives as his master might choose to dispatch or to run after anyone, generally of the female sex, whom the latter might wish to see. Though Old Q was certainly very fond of women and had no morals to speak of, it is probable that a great number of his amorous escapades were mere inventions of impecunious scribblers who found that stories about the old sybarite made excellent copy. The orgies, in which he is supposed to have figured up to extreme old age, seem indeed to have been largely fabrications; nor was he so entirely selfish as some contemporary writers would have us believe. Having heard after Nelson's death that Lady Hamilton was in sore straits, the Duke ordered his chef to send an elaborate meal round to her house in Clarges Street every day, in addition to which a carriage was placed entirely at her disposal. The Duke left Lady Hamilton an annuity of five hundred a year which she never

got, as owing to litigation his will was not administered till 1816, by which time the poor woman was dead.

So much has been written about Old Q that it would be superfluous to dwell any longer upon his very vivacious career. Though endowed with a clever brain, he devoted most of his life to the Turf and to women. As a racing man he had a great deal more success than his contemporaries—his famous chaise match having been a proof of his acumen and close attention to detail in matters where his pocket was concerned. As to his dealings with the fair sex, he appears to have been well able to take care of himself, for though his loves were many he was never involved in any scandal calculated to cause him serious inconvenience. He was of course denounced as a wicked old debauchee because he made no secret of his amorous proclivities and liked ogling pretty women from his balcony in Piccadilly. It is, however, not improbable that a great number of the ladies who passed his windows were only too anxious to catch the ducal eye. In any case, Old Q had the courage of his opinions and absolutely ignored the many attacks which were made upon his mode of life. Fond of music, he seems to have been always ready to help anyone in the operatic world who had fallen upon evil days. One of his many fads, it may be added, was a habit of always keeping £20,000 in cash upon his person. This, with a permanent balance of £100,000 at Coutts' Bank, it is pleasant to think, must have made him feel pretty comfortable! In death as in life Old Q remains

connected with Piccadilly, for all that is mortal of him rests beneath the communion table of St. James's Church, where according to his instructions he was buried without any inscription.

Connected with the memory of Old Q is one of the rather disreputable shades of Piccadilly—the Duke's private chaplain, Kidgell. This individual, who had been at Winchester College with his patron, does not seem to have had any particular religious duties to perform, Old Q having made no secret of his admiration for Voltaire, who, he declared, had done more real good by his writings upon tolerance than all the priests in Europe! Be this as it may, Kidgell undoubtedly proved himself useful in secular ways, being employed in a very confidential capacity when delicate matters had to be arranged. He it was who, when Keith, of the notorious Keith's Chapel in Curzon Street, was a prisoner in the Fleet, married the youngest of the three beautiful Gunning sisters to her first husband, the Duke of Hamilton, a kinsman of Kidgell's patron, Old Q: the ceremony, which though legal enough was something of a burlesque, being performed with the ring of a bed-curtain to seal the couple's marriage vows!

The most romantic shade connected with Piccadilly is that of Byron, who once lived at the house which is now No. 139, though in the poet's day it was 13 Piccadilly Terrace—or "the Terrace" as he sometimes called it. His friend Hobhouse arranged the lease for him and got the Duchess of Devonshire to agree to a rental of £700 a year. Remodelled in 1889 and

again during the Great War, the house has undergone considerable alteration, Byron's large bedroom on the first floor having been converted to other uses. At one time an unseen presence was said to haunt this room, the doors of which on certain nights opened in a weird manner, while a strange patter of footsteps was occasionally heard. The room which Byron used as a library still, I believe, survives. Here sat many famous people—Moore, Sheridan, Leigh Hunt, Rogers, the banker-poet, and others. It was in this library in the days when Byron was becoming estranged from his wife that the latter one day suddenly appeared. "Do I bore you?" asked she of the poet, who was sitting at his writing-table moodily looking through a mass of unpaid bills. "Damnably," was his reply.

The golden days when the poor woman had transcribed "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina" for her husband had gone, and the chapter of domestic troubles which eventually drove Byron from England begun.

Though his wife may have been lacking in tact, the poet had a highly capricious nature and a temper so uncertain that it was difficult to live with him; indeed it was said that the only way to pass the day tolerably well in his company was to contradict him the first thing in the morning, for if you did not conquer him he would conquer you! Byron, in short, was a tyrant, and for that reason got on badly with his social equals, who would not tolerate his caprices and whims. Nevertheless, there is an air of nobility in what he

wrote, while no one understood the tragi-comedy of poetry so well as he, the tragic and the comic being interwoven just as they are in real life. Whatever may have been the poet's deficiencies as a husband, there is no doubt that his wife was totally unsuited to him and he would certainly have been happier with anyone else. Byron himself used to tell a story of a little red-haired girl who, when a number of aristocratic ladies, in order to cut him after his quarrel with his wife, were crowding out of a room he had entered, gave him a familiar nod and said, "You should have married *me*, and then this would not have happened to you!"

A popular resident at No. 139 in Victorian days was the late Lord Glenesk, who, originally Mr. Algernon Borthwick, made the reputation of and improved the circulation of the *Morning Post*. Here he and Lady Glenesk gave many pleasant parties, both being very popular in "Society" (which was then really "Society") of that vanished day. Lord Glenesk was an exceedingly clever man and one of the brilliant coterie which brought out the *Owl*, a sort of cultured social sheet, which was published for fun rather than profit, any sums made by its sale being devoted to entertaining the friends of its staff. Lord Glenesk's son, who was unusually clever, unfortunately died young, but his daughter, Lady Bathurst, a most gifted and able lady, still survives.

Apsley House (No. 149 Piccadilly), which from its position a Frenchman writing to the great Duke of Wellington once called "No. 1 London," was built

by the Brothers Adam for Lord Apsley, afterwards Henry, second Earl Bathurst, somewhere about 1775. This nobleman, then Lord Chancellor, had a father aged ninety who drank a bottle of port after dinner, sat up to all hours and called his son "the old gentleman."

Lord Apsley was obliged to get hold of several plots of ground before he could begin his house. A widow who had a gatekeeper's lodge was bought out with comparative ease, but he had a good deal of trouble with an old lady who kept an apple-stall. It is said that George II, recognizing an old soldier named Allen as having fought at the battle of Dettingen, gave him this piece of ground at Hyde Park Corner, where the soldier's wife set up a stall which is marked in a print dated 1766. It was with this woman that Lord Apsley had so much bother, she filing a bill against him, as the result of which he paid her a considerable sum of money to relinquish her claim. A cynic alluding to this said, "Here is a suit by one old woman against another—the Chancellor has been beaten in his own court!"

The Marquis Wellesley purchased the house and was living in it in 1810. Later on, in 1830, it came into the possession of the Duke of Wellington, when it was remodelled and greatly enlarged. The old red-brick house was cased with Bath stone, by S. and B. Wyatt, at a cost of £130,000, which included all the alterations. During the Reform Bill riots, in 1832, the windows were broken, in consequence of which bullet-proof iron blinds were set up by the Duke, who,

pointing them out as an evidence of the gratitude of the mob, would never have them removed as long as he lived. In peace as in war there was no weakness or vacillation about the victor of Waterloo!

CHAPTER V

RURAL LONDON

HYDE PARK, which in these days is much frequented by all classes, has for a considerable period been recognized as open to all who care to enter. One or two attempts indeed to close its gates against the public have been actively resented, as a high-minded but injudicious Home Secretary of the last century discovered to his cost. From time to time there have been occasional riots in the Park—notably in 1855, when a Bill to prevent Sunday trading aroused much irritation, peaceful citizens being a good deal molested by these disturbances, which occurred several Sundays in succession. In 1862 there was also a riot in the same Park, which arose from a difference of opinion as to the French occupation of Rome. A free fight then took place between a number of working-men and a body of Irish Catholics, in the course of which a good many people were seriously injured. The breaking down of the Park railings during the Reform agitation was, however, a much more serious affair, quiet having been only restored by the arrival of the Life Guards, who dispersed the mob.

A Royal personage having enquired of Sir Robert Walpole what it would cost to enclose the Park, so as the public could not enter, Sir Robert replied: "Only three Crowns—England, Ireland and Scotland!"

The London Parks, indeed, have long been regarded as the property of the people, and are generally spoken of as such. Some years ago a purse-proud millionaire, having indulged in complaints at a dinner-party of the worry that the two parks attached to his country houses caused him, some one sitting at the other end of the table said in a loud voice which every one could hear: "My parks don't worry me, though I have many more than our host." The millionaire, taken aback at meeting some one, as he supposed, more affluent than himself, immediately enquired where these properties might be, and was completely silenced by the prompt reply: "Hyde Park, St. James's Park, the Green Park, and all the other Parks!"

It is worth remembering that Hyde Park, originally the absolute property of the Crown, was thrown open by Charles I, not owing to the force of circumstances, but quite of his own free will. This fine open space, the northern and eastern boundaries of which are said to follow the lines of two Roman roads, has a history dating back to the days of William the Conqueror, who gave the Manor of Hyde to Geoffrey de Mandeville, from whom it passed to the monks of Westminster. The latter found it useful ground for purposes of agriculture, while their Abbot did some hunting there, his example being later followed by Henry VIII, who, after the Dissolution of the Monasteries,

made it part of a great game preserve which extended as far north as Hampstead Heath. After his day, almost up to the time when Charles I opened the Park to the public, various Rangers looked after the sporting rights. Poachers constantly killed deer in its glades and many affrays occurred in which keepers were roughly handled, a number of individuals having been hanged in connection with the affrays which occasionally occurred.

Hyde Park has been the scene of many encounters; the last duel actually fought in it being said to have taken place in April, 1817, when, though shots were exchanged, no one was wounded. As late as 1822, however, a duel was fought in Kensington Gardens between the Dukes of Buckingham and Bedford. Duelling in England, though practically obsolete after the first quarter of the nineteenth century, lingered on up to about the middle of the 'forties, when an encounter between Lieutenant-Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro, in which the former was shot dead, led to a debate in the House of Commons, owing to the wife of the Colonel having been refused a pension. On this occasion Sir Charles Napier declared that but one way existed of effectually putting an end to duelling. "No duel should be allowed which was not fought across a table—only one of the two pistols used should be loaded with ball, and lots drawn to see who should have the loaded one. If this produced no result, then both pistols should be loaded with ball, and the survivor, should there be one, hanged." During the eighteenth century a sort of duelling fever

seems to have affected almost every class. In 1780 two negro servants fought a duel in Hyde Park, neither of the combatants, however, being seriously hurt;—an encounter which occurred some three years later between two footmen in the same place was of a much more serious character, for both were severely wounded.

At one time a portion of the Park was reserved for military executions,—this was situated close to where the Marble Arch now stands and opposite Tyburn Gate, which stood on the site of Connaught Place. In an old map the spot is marked with this grim legend—"Where soldiers are shot."

Near this spot were erected the only gallows ever set up in Hyde Park; this was for the purpose of hanging a Sergeant Smith who, two years previously, in 1745, had deserted to the Scottish rebels.

At the east end of Hyde Park once stood a fine avenue of walnut trees, but these were destroyed in the early part of the nineteenth century, when the wood was sold to be made into gun-stocks.

From time to time attempts have been made to limit the amenities of the Park by encroachments or building. Sheridan, taking part in a debate in 1808 on the question of erecting houses on a portion of it, jokingly suggested that both sides of Rotten Row might be built on,—thus gentlemen riding there might have the advantage of being gazed at by ladies in the balcony. Thanks to his efforts, and those of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Windham, and Mr. Creevy, the scheme was abandoned. A suggestion for the con-

struction of a terminus for the London and Richmond railway to be placed near Hyde Park Corner was once made, while that vivacious writer, Lord Castlerosse, recently pointed out in a Sunday paper what a good thing it would be to transfer the National Gallery to the same site.

The present naval uniform, I believe, owes its origin to one of the fair horsewomen who frequented Hyde Park. This was the Duchess of Bedford, whose riding costume—blue, faced with white—so captivated George II that he ordered the officers of the Navy to adopt those colours, which, with the exception of a certain period during the reign of William IV, who changed the facings to red, they have worn ever since.

In the 'sixties and 'seventies the Park on a summer's evening during the season was one of the sights of London. There could be seen all the youth, beauty, and rank of the West End gorgeously arrayed. Magnificent equipages drawn by fine horses formed a never-failing source of attraction to idlers, many of whom passed hours in watching the procession of carriages wending its way along. A writer of that day has well described the "heavy old family coaches," with coachmen and horses to match, and the most wonderful old ladies inside that ever were seen—barouches that crept out year after year with their panels revarnished and their brasswork relacquered, blooming afresh every "season" like a shoot of an old stump when summer approached, and disappearing again when it was over, together with the old ladies. There

was indeed a great variety in the style of the various carriages: new barouches, blazing with escutcheons like theatrical banners, and liveries almost like harlequins, just started by "stuck-up" people living on the borders of the exclusive world, constantly fighting to pass its frontier; mail-phaetons driven by men-about-town, who had gone round and round the Park for thirty years, and still clung to the peculiar dress of a vanished age; and lastly a number of quiet-looking little broughams containing mysterious fair ones about whom there were furtive rumours. At that period, of course, only private carriages were allowed to use the Park, hackney coaches having been prohibited since 1695, when some persons in masks had driven about and annoyed the aristocracy. The prohibition in question lasted for more than two hundred years, it having only been relaxed a few years ago when taxis were admitted to the Park.

Many picturesque figures have caracoled along Rotten Row—Count d'Orsay in faultless attire and Lord Cantelupe of the flowing locks. Here Lady Diana Beauclerk was wont to ride in a green velvet habit with the Prince of Orange cantering by her side. The Sovereign, it is not generally known, has the right of driving down the Row, a privilege of which Queen Victoria availed herself in the 'nineties to the astonishment of many.

In old days there was a good deal more romance connected with the love-making and engagements of young people than prevails to-day, and ardent swains would often send a little present to the lady of their

choice with the message that its acceptance would signify that their suit had proved successful, and its return the opposite. Before the Duchess of Beaufort's marriage, when she was Lady Georgina Curzon, a certain peer who was very much in love with her sent her a beautiful little riding-whip, together with an impassioned note, in which he said that he should be in the Park the next morning, when he would expect to learn his fate. This would be indicated by her riding-whip; that is to say, the presence of one he had sent her would mean acceptance, and its absence refusal. The young lady appeared in the Park next day, but, to his extreme disgust, her expectant swain saw that the riding-whip she carried was not his gift, whereupon, overcome with rage and mortification, he at once put his horse into a gallop, with the ludicrous result that his tight white trousers burst right up the side.

The Green Park, which was at one time known as Upper St. James's Park, was originally enclosed by a wall, no doubt to prevent the escape of the deer which used to be kept there. At the end of the eighteenth century, however, various improvements were gradually effected; the wall along Piccadilly being replaced by an iron railing, and flower-beds laid out. "The parterres in the Green Park," the papers in 1796 thought, "charmingly inviting."

The Tyburn stream which formerly meandered through this Park has long been converted into an underground sewer, nevertheless its ancient course has not entirely disappeared and may yet be traced

by a winding depression connected with the dip in Piccadilly.

A mysterious discovery was made in August, 1760. Some workmen, employed to cut a drain from Lord Cholmondeley's house in Piccadilly into the Green Park, found within the said Park, about six feet below the surface, a coffin with a human skeleton in it, supposed to have been buried upwards of twenty years. The bones were quite sound, but there was a contusion on the skull, which was conjectured to have occasioned death, and to have been the reason of the lonely burial there given to that body. No further particulars were ever disclosed about this mysterious affair, the authorities in those days being apathetic in matters of such a kind.

A feature of the Green Park up to the spring of 1842 was the Ranger's Lodge, built in the Adam style, which in that year was removed by Lord Duncannon, afterwards Earl of Bessborough, while its gardens were thrown into the Park. All that remains of the pleasant grounds is a mound where ice was once kept, and the fountain opposite, well within the Park railings, facing Down Street. The stags which formerly adorned the entrance to the Ranger's Lodge may be seen at Albert Gate.

During the alterations of 1842 was filled up a melancholy-looking stagnant pool at the north-eastern extremity of the Green Park—a piece of water which was a curious instance of the tenacity of popular memory of names. Till the day of its disappearance, it generally went by the name of Rosamond's Pond,

though the real Rosamond's Pond, which had been in St. James's Park, had ceased to exist fifty-seven years before. The pool in the Green Park had nevertheless been a fashionable resort towards the close of the eighteenth century, at the end of which on what was called the romantic shore of the basin, or reservoir, which was adorned with a stout, low, babbling fountain, all the beauty and fashion of the West End used to promenade.

During the alterations in the Green Park Sir Robert Peel, who was then Prime Minister, wished other alterations to be made in the shape of a terrace, adorned with fountains, statues, and flower-vases, from the gate at Hyde Park Corner to the houses at the eastern end; these, however, were never begun. At the upper end of the road skirting the garden wall of Buckingham Palace, now called Constitution Hill (but originally "the King's coachway to Kensington"), Sir Robert met his death on a June afternoon in 1850, when his horse, having shied at something, threw its rider over its head, an accident which led to a fatal termination a day or two later.

On Constitution Hill, by a strange coincidence, two attempts were made upon the late Queen Victoria by individuals who must have been slightly mad. These were Edward Oxford, on June 10, 1840, and John Francis, on May 30, 1842. A little more than a month later a hunchbacked youth also levelled a pistol at Her Majesty not very far away from the same locality. His name was Bean, and the outrage occurred whilst the Queen was proceeding from

Buckingham Palace to the Chapel Royal. A madman who entertained similar murderous designs also attempted to enter Buckingham Palace in 1839, but was fortunately seized by a sentry before he could do any harm.

Charles II appears to have been fond of strolling in the Green Park, for he was constantly losing his dogs there and advertisements for the recovery of these animals were common in the newspapers during his reign. One of his pets must have been a strange-looking creature if the description of it, given in the *London Gazette*, was correct:

"Lost four or five days since in St. James's Park, a Dog of his Majesty, full of blue spots, with a white cross on his forehead, and about the bigness of a tumbler. The persons who shall have found or taken up the said dog, are to give notice thereof to the porters of Whitehall."

Another canine pet of the King's, lost in St. James's Park, was advertised for in the *Mercurius Politicus*, June 28, 1660. It was evidently a great favourite, for, the week after, further enquiries appeared, printed in large italic type, and written in a humorous vein of raillery, which makes it look as though the advertisement had been written by the Merry Monarch himself. This makes it worth reprinting in its royal orthography:

"We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about

him, onely a streak on his Brest and Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesty's own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the Dog was not born nor bred in England and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitihal, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majesty? Must he not keep a Dog? This Dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg."

George II was frequently to be seen in the Green Park. He was a warlike King, and so fond of soldiers that he even had a troop of his heavy Horse Guards galloping at his heels when hunting in Windsor Forest. Reviews, indeed, seem to have been a great pleasure of his life. Small bodies of troops he frequently reviewed in the Green Park:

"Last Sunday at noon," says the *London Evening Post* for January 24, 1747, "the King, attended by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Harcourt, Lord Cadogan, and several other noblemen, reviewed Sir Robert Rich's Dragoons in the Green Park, near the late Queen's Library. The regiment was complete, excepting about twenty-four men who are either dead or sick, and their horses were led with boots hanging to their saddles—with this difference, that the toes of the boots of the sick men were pointed to the horses' heads, and those of the dead men to their tails. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was on horseback in

regimentals, and rode through the ranks, attended by the Duke of Queensberry, and several other persons of distinction. The regiment made a very fine appearance, and His Majesty was greatly pleased with them."

A halo of historic romance hovers over St. James's Park—Charles I was led to execution through the Mall—Charles II dallied with his ladies beneath the shade of the elms and the limes, and fed the ducks in the canal, followed by the pet dogs he was so apt to lose. This Park is connected with many historical characters mentioned by Larwood in his "London Parks":

"Lady Castlemaine, La Belle Stewart, Nell Gwynne, the Duchess of Cleveland, St. Evremond, Gramont, Evelyn, Pepys, Dryden, Queen Anne and the Marlboroughs, the beautiful Duchesses of Ormonde and of Bridgewater, Lady Sunderland, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Addison, Fielding, Steele, Swift, Richardson, St. John Lord Bolingbroke, who, statesman though he was, once figured in the nude in a drunken freak in the Park; Queen Caroline and her Marys, the beautiful Mary Bellenden and Mary Lepel, 'youth's youngest daughter'; Elia Lelia Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, who walked in the Mall with scarcely any clothing on; Horace Walpole, the two lovely Miss Gunnings—'those goddesses, the Gunnings'; the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire; the Duchess of Gordon, the Duchess of Rutland; Gainsborough, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Johnson, the Comtesse

de Genlis, Lady Anna Waldegrave, and Miss Keppel; Mme Roland and the Princesse de Lamballe—two prominent victims of the French Revolution—and Mrs. Fitzherbert."

A vast number of the most famous names in British social history are identified with the four long avenues which before the days of the Processional Road stretched from Buckingham Palace to Spring Gardens. It was in St. James's Park, indeed, that the fashionable world of past days strolled, flirted and even danced. Its gallants, however, did not fight there, for to strike a blow in a Royal Park was a criminal offence!

The neighbourhood of St. James's Palace and Park is said to have attracted the notice of certain charitable citizens some time previous to the conquest of England by William the Conqueror. Be this as it may, at a remote period certainly a philanthropist built a hospital for the use of fourteen leper women, endowed it with funds, and dedicated the property to St. James. The ground in the immediate neighbourhood—including the 155 acres now occupied by St. James's Park and the Green Park—was then marsh and meadow land, which remained in a semi-unreclaimed state, with little alteration, for over 400 years.

In 1532 Henry VIII obtained by exchange the Hospital of St. James, and having expelled the leper women—or other sick people, built a palace on the site, but the meadows and marshland already mentioned he reserved for the use of the Court as Royal parks.

At one period a portion of St. James's Park was called the Vineyard, or the Royal Vineyard. This was situated by the side of Rosamond's Pond, and existed as early as the time of James I, for that King kept his cormorants in the "Vine Garden." The Vineyard is again mentioned in 1732, and from contemporary evidence it is clear that refreshments were served in it, and that there were arbours for the accommodation of visitors. It still existed in 1749, for in the beginning of April in that year, the death is noticed in the papers of "Mr. Evan Jones, several years Master of the Vineyard in St. James's Park," who died at this establishment.

James I, following the example of Henry IV, who planted mulberry trees in all his royal gardens, took up silkworm culture as a hobby. Four acres of St. James's Park, on the site now occupied by Buckingham Palace, were walled in, levelled, and planted with mulberry trees, under the superintendence of Master William Stallenge, who, according to the Exchequer books, received £950 for the trouble and expense incurred in this undertaking, besides £120 a year in order to provide mulberry leaves, sweet-wood, etc., for the worms. This Master Stallenge, who was Comptroller of the Custom House, had, like many other gentlemen of that period, been a breeder of silkworms on his own account. He appears to have been successful to a certain extent, for he is recorded to have been successful in producing "fine silk for all uses," for which commercial triumph he obtained a patent of seven years from the King.

A fair trial appears to have been given to this silkworm speculation, for as late as 1629 there was a keeper to supervise the new industry. In that year Walter, Lord Ashton, was appointed "Keeper of the Mulberry Gardens in St. James's Park, and of the *mulberries and silkworms there*, and of all the houses and buildings to the same garden belonging." But the office could not have been a very lucrative one, for his Lordship not long after sold it for the sum of £406 to Lord George Goring.

St. James's Park up to a comparatively recent period was not open to members of the public unless they had business there or were furnished with a pass.

When Cromwell was Lord Protector he did not alter this custom, but he allowed a few persons whose back doors opened into the Green Park to use it. Among those was Milton, who had a house close to where Queen Anne's Mansions now stand.

In the seventeenth century the semi-rural character of the neighbourhood abutting upon St. James's Park began to be impaired. As early, indeed, as 1661 residents near Charing Cross petitioned the King that no further houses might be erected there, beyond that of Sir Charles Cotterell, Master of the Ceremonies to his Majesty, who, they said, had taken so extensive a plot of ground "that no more could be spared without inconvenience." No regard was paid to this request of the citizens, for the year after Thomas Elliott, Esq., a Groom of the Bedchamber, obtained a piece of ground to build a house on. The inhabitants of the district then began to be afraid that the whole Spring

Garden, perhaps the whole of Charing Cross, would be built over. Hitherto they had enjoyed an almost uninterrupted view of the waving trees in the Park and the Garden, but gradually the bricklayer and builder had begun to impair the amenities they had been used to enjoy. Pall Mall was changing into a street; St. James's Fields were gradually being covered with houses and squares, meanwhile bricks and mortar were fast covering the pleasant parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

Charles II did a good deal in the way of remodelling St. James's Park, portions of which were laid out in a formal manner. Ponds were turned into a canal and various other alterations made.

By the side of the south-eastern extremity of this canal there was a small island, intersected by a number of narrow channels of fanciful form. The island in question, covered with reeds, rushes, willows, and underwood, was tenanted by a colony of ducks, and contained also a decoy for catching wild-fowl. Called "Duck Island," it was under the supervision of a pond-keeper, with a salary of thirty pounds a year. Sir John Flock, who had been a constant follower of his Majesty in his wanderings abroad, was the first governor of this watery domain, and after his death it remained vacant for some time, until the Chevalier de St. Evremond obtained it in a clever way. Somewhat short of money, he had in vain solicited several of the Ministers for some assistance from the royal coffers, but suspecting that they had not done their best with the King, he waited for an opportunity to speak on his

own behalf, and, meeting his Majesty one day in the Park, threw himself on his knees and most humbly returned thanks for the office his Royal Highness had been good enough to bestow upon him. Quite unconscious of having done anything of the sort, Charles II declared he knew of no such appointment, nor had any application to him been made on the subject. "Your Majesty," said St. Evremond, "is all the more great in not remembering the instances of your benevolence: but these noblemen," pointing to two peers who were both present, "assured me they had solicited your Majesty for me; I know your royal kindness of heart, and cannot doubt that they have succeeded." "You shall succeed yourself," replied Charles, "if you will tell me what you desire, that is now in my power to grant." "I love," replied the cunning Chevalier, "feeding the ducks here in your Majesty's Park; make me Governor of Duck Island, and I shall be the happiest man in the three Kingdoms." The King used his royal prerogative, and St. Evremond was appointed on the spot.

The appointment of St. Evremond as Governor of Duck Island was one of those whims much to the Merry Monarch's fancy, for he took a pleasure in giving people imaginary titles. In 1662 one Dame Martha Jackson, a widow, was by him created "Gentlewoman of the Horse and Lady of the Crupper to the Queen, Countess of Pall Mall, Viscountess of Piccadilly, and Baroness of the Mews," in reward for what her ladyship had suffered for the service of horse and foot officers, and a shot in the thigh which she

had received from the ungallant Puritanical soldiers. Salaries no doubt were attached to both the Governorship and the office of Lady of the Crupper.

Charles II was extremely generous in granting privileges to his subjects, especially when doing so cost him nothing. In all probability the people who kept cows and sold milk in the Park had first to obtain the Royal permission to do so. Tom Brown, in the last year of the seventeenth century, describes members of Parliament strolling up and down the "Green Walk" being disturbed in their political discussions by "the noisy milkfolks crying, 'A can of milk, ladies! A can of red cows' milk, sir.' "

Morland painted a picture, which was engraved, of people drinking milk in St. James's Park, and this custom lasted till the end of the last century, the present writer remembering having as a child seen the cows in question, which were still a feature of the Park. They remained there, indeed, long after that, though only one family (of which more anon) continued to keep them.

A French visitor to London in 1772, describing St. James's Park, says:

"In that part nearest Westminster, nature appears in all its rustic simplicity: it is a meadow regularly intersected and watered by canals, and with willows and poplars without any regard to order. On this side, as well as on that towards St. James's Palace, the grass plots are covered with cows and deer, where they graze or chew the cud, some standing, some

lying down upon the grass. This gives the walks a lively air which banishes solitude from them when there is but little company; when they are full, they unite in one prospect the crowd, the grandeur, and the magnificence of a city as wealthy as populous, in the most striking contrast with rural simplicity. Agreeably to this rural simplicity, most of these cows are driven about noon and evening to the gate which leads from the Park to the quarter of Whitehall. Tied to posts at the extremity of the grass plots, they swill passengers with their milk, which, being drawn from their udders upon the spot, is served, with all the cleanliness peculiar to the English, in little mugs at the rate of a penny a mug."

In April, 1922, a link with old London was broken by the announcement that Mrs. Orford, the tenant of the bun and sweet shop near the Horse Guards' entrance to St. James's Park, was to lose her privileges, though the Orford family which owned it had sold refreshments on this spot for something like three hundred years. As a matter of fact, up to the time of the formation of the Processional Road to Buckingham Palace the family in question had also kept cows on another site, the supply of new milk to children and others having (as has been said) constituted a feature of the Park from time immemorial. The Orford family claimed, I believe, that an ancestress had received permission to sell milk and refreshments from Charles II himself, but apparently possessed no documentary evidence to that effect. Be this as it may,

when the Processional Road was being formed the cows and cow-houses were swept away and the Orford family given notice to quit. King Edward, who was always the soul of good nature, nevertheless insisted that a kiosk for the sale of refreshments should be given to the last two representatives of the family, who remained unmolested till the year (1922) mentioned above, when a new arrangement was made, and the annual right of catering for the public put up for sale and granted to the highest bidder.

The last sporting event which took place in St. James's Park was an otter hunt in 1739. One summer's day that year a large dog otter played great havoc with the fish in the ponds and canal, and eventually, as he would take no notice of the traps set for his destruction, a regular otter hunt was organized by the Ranger, then Lord Essex. At nine o'clock that fine morning Sir Robert Walpole's pack of otter hounds, which had been borrowed for the occasion, appeared upon the scene, and after a hunt which lasted two hours, the otter, having left the water and tried to run to the great canal, was speared by a Mr. Smith who hunted the hounds.

Since those days great changes have taken place in St. James's Park—Duck Island has been obliterated and Rosamond's Pond filled in, while the menagerie and the cages in Birdcage Walk have long ago disappeared. A statue of a gladiator, which stood by the Parade at the east end of the canal, has been removed to Windsor Castle, and the canal itself turned into ornamental water. The deer have also gone. Never-

theless, the general plan of the Park remains much the same as in the past, and up till the middle of the last century some of the trees which formed the Jacobites' Walk still stood.

When Rosamond's Pond was filled, in 1770, the house on Duck Island was spared for a time, for the King, having heard that Mr. Drury, who was keeper of the island, was sadly distressed at losing his house, kindly gave instructions that it should remain standing as long as its tenant lived. The wood, however, growing on the island and on the undulating ground around Rosamond's Pond, was to be felled and cleared away before Michaelmas, 1772. It must have been a luxuriant plantation, since the timber alone was sold for the sum of £500, which was one of the perquisites of the Ranger. "Surely," grumbled the newspapers, "this might help to pay for a little decent gravel, as well as for a few additional seats for the public, especially as the Ranger has a salary of £3,000 a year." But Lord Orford, the Ranger, who was never very famous for economy in his own establishment, did not seem to think that there was any money to spare. He even put the screw on, and issued an ukase that the milk-women henceforth should pay three shillings a week, instead of half a crown as heretofore, for the grazing of their cows on the grass plots between the avenues.

From one point of view St. James's Park may be called the Paradise Lost of the West End, of which for about 250 years it was the fashionable centre, frequented as it was by many succeeding generations by

day and by night, for they walked there, dined there, had supper there, danced there, sang there, played there, and raced there. All that was most powerful and fashionable in England frequented this old Park and was dominated by its charm.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century St. James's Park had ceased to be a fashionable lounge. Writing in 1817, Sir Richard Phillips said:

"My spirits sunk, and a tear started in my eyes as I brought to mind those crowds of beauty, rank, and fashion, which, till within these few years, used to be displayed in the Mall of this Park on Sunday evenings, and during the spring and summer. How often in my youth had I been a delighted spectator of the enchanted and enchanting assemblage! Here used to promenade for one or two hours after dinner the whole British world of gaiety, beauty, and splendour! Here could be seen in one moving mass, extending the whole length of the Mall, five thousand of the most lovely women in this country, all splendidly attired, and accompanied by as many well-dressed men. What a change, I exclaimed, had a few years wrought in these once happy and cheerful personages! How many of those who, on this very spot, then delighted my eyes are now mouldering in the silent grave? Alas! that gay and fascinating scene no longer continues, and its very existence is already forgotten by the new generation. A change of manners has put an end to this unparalleled assemblage, to this first of Metropolitan pleasures, though of

After Dayes.

THE PROMENADE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, 1790.

itself it was worth any sacrifice. The dinner hour of four and five among the great, or would-be great, having shifted to the unhealthy hour of eight or nine, the promenade after dinner in the dinner full-dress is consequently lost."

The Horse Guards' Parade seems from a very early period to have been associated with military display, a martial ceremony which was a mixture of the modern "trooping of the colours" and of mounting guard having been a familiar sight there during the eighteenth century.

In December, 1815, the First Regiment of Grenadier Guards was inspected on the Parade by the Duke of York, accompanied by the Austrian Archdukes John and Louis, who were then on a visit to this country. Two French eagles, taken at Waterloo, were on that occasion solemnly deposited in Whitehall Chapel; the names of Waterloo, Corunna, and Lincelles were for the first time seen inscribed on the standard, and the men appeared in new grenadier bearskin caps, similar to those they now wear.

Trophies of war, one of which was the Cadiz mortar, have at various times been set up more or less on the sites now occupied by statues of Lord Roberts and of Lord Wolseley. Charles II had an ancient cannon with a somewhat boastful inscription exhibited on the Parade, but it was a sad contradiction to the boast that either this very gun, or at all events one with a similar inscription, lay for many years for sale in the Admiralty Court at Rotterdam, having been captured

by the Dutch during their successful descent upon Chatham in 1667.

It is difficult to realize that a hundred years ago Kensington was considered to be quite rural and Holland House a country seat. Here during the last century lived the celebrated Lady Holland, with whose death disappeared the last of the "Salons." Lady Holland was a great lady of the old school—clever, full of information and anecdote, good-natured, and most charitable. With her snapped another old-world link. Before marriage Miss Augusta Coventry, only daughter of George William, eighth Earl of Coventry, she was born on May 11, 1812, being married to Lord Holland in 1833. The title having become extinct, Holland House passed into the hands of Lord Ilchester, in the hands of whose descendants it still remains.

Considerable romance is connected with the beautiful, talented, and ill-fated Marie Fox, whose youth and personal charms were at one time so great an attraction at Holland House, and about whose birth such a mystery prevailed.

The late Lord Bute, soon after he came of age, when he was the most-talked-about man in England, was declared to have been engaged to her, but as Lady Holland refused to disclose her parentage the match was broken off. Eventually Marie Fox married a German Prince, but only survived her marriage a very short while. All that was known definitely about this lady was that she was the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Holland, but as to who she was,

although all kinds of wild guesses were made, nothing definite could then be learned—Lady Holland never having given any information calculated to set the matter at rest.

For not a few survivors of the Victorian Era romantic memories are attached to the open-air exhibitions which used to be held at South Kensington and later on at Earl's Court, where about 1895 the Welcome Club was very popular as a dining resort. Here on summer evenings one could sit amidst twinkling lights and listen to a good band, stroll about the grounds or up and down the old-world street which took its character from whatever Exhibition might happen to be given that year. A certain amount of realism was imparted to this pleasant resort, supposed to be educational, by scenic mountains ingeniously contrived to exclude the world of London which lay immediately outside.

"A traditional link with the childhood of Queen Victoria was broken in August, 1927, when the combined post office and toyshop at the southern end of Queen's Road, Bayswater, was closed for ever. The old row of brick cottages, one of which housed the toyshop, was then pulled down, and new shops and flats built on its site. The Post Office will be reopened further north.

"It is said that the youthful Princess Victoria used often to drive out from Kensington Palace along what is now Queen's Road, but what was then called Black Lion Lane. It is said, too, that this old toyshop often

caught her royal eye and that the future Queen stopped her carriage there and bought dolls for her heart's delight."

At that period the roads round Kensington were, of course, safe enough, but such had not been the case in the eighteenth century, during the middle of which it was dangerous to drive out to the Royal suburb after nightfall, on the approach of which a bell was rung at Hyde Park Corner, so as travellers might proceed in a body and thus protect themselves from the attacks of highwaymen. In addition to the fear which such knights of the road inspired, wayfarers were exposed to molestation from roistering blades fresh from a carouse. This state of affairs, however, ceased after a Royal personage had been stopped and plundered one fine night on his return from hunting. The very next morning a troop of armed horsemen was established to watch over the security of the public streets, and henceforth better order prevailed.

South Kensington as a residential district only came into being about 1854, at which period the once rural Chelsea was already becoming crowded with the wretchedly poor, living in miserable dwellings, nearly all of which have since been swept away to make room for high-class residences. Clapham and Hackney then still contained fine villas and mansions, which were the abode of rich merchants, a class which to-day has migrated further afield out of London. The craze for rebuilding began about the end of the last century. In 1873 was demolished the last remaining

example of Sir Christopher Wren's work in Camberwell—an educational establishment; for years it had been celebrated as one of the foremost grammar schools in the country. This old mansion was identified with many interesting historical memories from the fact of its having at one time been the residence of Mrs. Thrale.

As London spread further and further into the country some strange villas were built. In 1856, for instance, an eccentric gentleman of fortune, named Saunders, took a fancy to build himself a house in the suburbs with stone from the fortifications of Sebastopol, which he himself had brought in a small yacht from the Crimea.

Formerly certain outlying districts, such as Norwood, were considered quite as health resorts, and as late as 1871, Brompton, lying low, was supposed to be a first-rate resort for consumptive people on account of its moist, warm air!

Highgate in old days was a popular resort for all classes of Londoners, a number of whom went there to carry out the old usage of "Swearing on the horns," a custom of uncertain origin which has now long become obsolete. This was a jocular usage of the place dating from far beyond the memory of man and very advantageous to landlords who, when coaches drew up at inn doors, gave pressing invitations to travellers to alight. After as many as could be collected had been assembled for purposes of refreshment, the subject of being "sworn at Highgate" was introduced, and diplomacy having picked out those who had not taken

the oath before, some would express a wish to submit to the ceremony. It often happened, however, that before these facts could be ascertained "the horns" were brought in by the landlord, and as soon as they appeared, enough were usually present to enforce compliance. "The horns" (generally a stag's, but at some Inns a ram's), fixed on a pole of about five feet in height, were erected, by placing the pole upright on the ground, near the person to be sworn, who was required to take off his hat, and all present having done the same, the landlord then, in a loud voice, swore in the "party proponent." What was called the oath was traditional, and varied verbally in a small degree. It has been taken down in writing from the lips of different persons who administered it, and after a careful collation of the different versions, the following may be depended on as correct. The landlord, or the person appointed by him to "swear in," proclaims aloud:

"Upstanding and uncovered! Silence!" Then he addresses himself to the person he swears in, thus:

"Take Notice what I now say unto you, for *that* is the first word of your oath—mind *that!* You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father, I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son (or daughter). If you do not call me father, you forfeit a bottle of wine; if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through this village of Highgate, and you have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you think proper to go into, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may

treat them as well, but if you have money of your own, you must pay for it yourself. For you must not say you have no money when you have, neither must you convey the money out of your own pocket into your friends' pockets, for I shall search you as well as them, and if it is found that you or they have money, you forfeit a bottle of wine for trying to cozen and cheat your poor old ancient father. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, except you like the brown the best; you must not drink small beer while you can get strong, except you like the small the best. You must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, except you like the maid the best, but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both. And now, my good son, for a word or two of advice. Keep from all houses of ill repute, and every place of public resort for bad company. Beware of false friends, for they will turn to be your foes, and inveigle you into houses where you may lose your money and get no redress. Keep from thieves of every denomination. And now, my good son, I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life. I charge you, my good son, that if you know any in this company who have not taken this oath, you must cause them to take it, or make each of them forfeit a bottle of wine, for if you fail to do so you will forfeit a bottle of wine yourself. So now, my son, God bless you! Kiss the horns or a pretty girl if you see one here, which you like best, and so be free of Highgate!"

If a female was in the room she was usually saluted; if not, the horns had to be kissed, an option at one

time not allowed. When the kissing was over the swearer-in commanded "Silence!" and then addressing himself to his new-made "son," said: "I have now to acquaint you with your privilege as a freeman of this place. If at any time you are going through Highgate and want to rest yourself, and see a pig lying in a ditch, you have liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together you must only kick out the middle one and lie between the other two! God save the King!"

This agreeable privilege of the freemen of Highgate was first discovered by one Joyce, a blacksmith, who at one time kept the "Coach and Horses," and added the new clause to the original oath.

When the situation of things and persons seemed to require it, the "bottle of wine" was sometimes compounded for by a series of sundry glasses of "grog" and in many cases a pot of porter.

It would seem that the custom of "Swearing on the horns" originated at the Gate-house Inn; where, as well as in other public-houses at Highgate, though not in all, deputies were employed to swear people in. An old inhabitant, who once kept a licensed house, told an enquirer: "In *my* time nobody came to Highgate in anything of a carriage, without being called upon to be sworn in. There was so much doing in this way at one period, that I was obliged to hire a man as a 'swearer-in': I have sworn in from a hundred to a hundred and twenty in a day. Bodies of tailors used to come up here from town, bringing five or six new shopmates with them to be sworn; and I have

repeatedly had parties of ladies and gentlemen in private carriages come up purposely to be made free of Highgate in the same way."

Officers of the Guards and other regiments repeatedly came to the Gate-house and called for "the horns." Dinner parties were formed there for the purpose of initiating strangers, and as pre-requisite for admission to sundry convivial societies, the freedom of Highgate was indispensable. Highgate, it may be added, takes its name from a gate which barred the way across the public road to London. This road ran through land belonging to the bishopric of London, and was made by permission of a bishop of long ago at a time when probably the whole of this spot, and the surrounding country, was covered with wood, and part of the great forest of Middlesex, which, according to Matthew Paris, was infested by wolves, stags, boars, and other wild beasts, besides robbers. This gate, from being on the great northern eminence towards London, was called the *high*-gate; as the land became cleared of wood, houses arose near the spot, and hence the village now called *Highgate*. It seems probable that the first dwelling erected here was the gate-house, and the tenant of the inn of that name used to hold it under a lease from the bishop, under which lease he also farmed the bishop's toll.

An old inn at Highgate where people were sworn on Ram's horns was the "Flask," which probably gives its name to Flask Walk. This old Inn, which has long been shut up, was at the top of Highgate Hill, close by the pond, which was formed there by a hermit, who

caused gravel to be excavated for the making of the road from Highgate to Islington, through Holloway. Of this labour old Fuller speaks; he calls it a "two-handed charity, providing water on the hill where it was wanting, and cleanliness in the valley which before, especially in winter, was passed with difficulty."

There was once a fine view of the Highgate and Hampstead Hills from the North of London, green pastures and hedgerows, long devoured by bricks and mortar, affording a delightful prospect to the eye. Hampstead has almost entirely lost its rural character, while at the present time (September, 1927) one of its landmarks is in danger of being destroyed. This is a picturesque little building at the Swiss Cottage junction of Avenue Road and Finchley Road, which was, up till 1840, a turnpike gatekeeper's house and afterwards a centre for the sale and distribution of dairy produce. Mr. Thomas, the first dairy occupier, used to milk his cows and churn his milk at Fitzjohn's Farm, the ground of which, situated on the hill going up to Hampstead, is now Fitzjohn's Avenue. Eighty years ago the Swiss Cottage was in the open country and the Finchley Road hedged in by woods and meadowland. Since those days, however, Hampstead has developed into one of the most populous suburbs of London and the Swiss Cottage stands at the junction of six roads crowded with traffic—thus does the juggernaut of bricks and mortar stamp out the rural amenities once to be found in the open country around London.

A modern development much to be deplored is the increasing number of large gardens and pleasant grounds which in suburban districts are being covered with houses. If the growth of London continues at its present rate, it is to be feared that a network of streets will eventually spread southwards right down to the sea!

CHAPTER VI

THE RIVER BANK

TIME and commercialism have stripped all the great cities of Europe of a great deal of quaintness and romance, and many parts of London which were once highly picturesque are now merely commonplace. St. Paul's Churchyard, for instance, once full of hostelries where lingered the devout pilgrims on their way to Canterbury, is now entirely mercantile in character, the locality being full of linen-drapers' shops. In many districts merely a name recalls usages of other days. Vine Street, the site which is said to have once been a vineyard attached to the grounds of a country house, has long ceased to be connected with the grape except through the involuntary visits of individuals who have sampled its products not wisely but too well. There are many evidences that native-grown wine was quite common in old London, Hammersmith and Fulham in particular having produced a good deal of it. In the latter place still stands an attractive old house called the Vineyard (now belonging to Lord Beaverbrook), which at one time seems to have been in the centre of fields filled with vines,

the grapes from which were pressed in its spacious cellars.

London of the not so very remote past was almost semi-rural in character. Two hundred years ago the ground on which Nash built his Regent Street was a country district bisected by a lane. As late as a hundred and fifty years ago woodcock were shot in localities which are now in the very heart of the town, and up to comparatively recent years old gentlemen survived who were wont to declare that they had shot snipe and other game on the site now covered by Belgrave Square. Such statements were probably untrue, but their fathers may have done so, the Square in question having been built upon part of the Five Fields where the Life Guards used to exercise about 1811. At this period this district, then a dismal tract of marshy land, was reclaimed and laid out for building. The Five Fields had at one time been a sort of Alsatia frequented by various disreputable characters—so much so, indeed, that when the King went to Chelsea, by the still existing King's Road, then the only regular thoroughfare in that neighbourhood, His Majesty was always protected by an escort of mounted guards.

A curious thing about London, as about all great cities, is the way in which certain parts of it become fashionable and vice versa. Soho and Bloomsbury have both had their aristocratic days, while the locality most favoured by the nobility in earlier times was the bank of the Thames—the Strand as we still call it. Here once stood a number of palatial man-

sions, with exquisitely laid-out gardens sloping down to the river-bank, embellished with princely water-gates, of which only one now remains. This is York Gate, at the bottom of Essex Street, where it stands in the Embankment Gardens, the Thames, which once lapped its time-worn steps, having been pushed a good distance away.

By the time the eighteenth century had dawned the glory of the historic mansions which had once lined the Strand had long departed; their names, however, were kept alive by a number of streets most of which still exist. Gray, who was a real lover of the romance of the past, lamented the disappearance of so many palatial buildings from the river-side and wrote:

> "There Essex's stately pile adorned the shore,
> There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers'—now no more."

By the middle of the nineteenth century the site once covered by dignified and princely palaces had degenerated to such an extent that various proposals were made to give this part of London a more worthy frontage. Eventually a definite scheme was adopted, and on July 20, 1864, was laid the first stone of the great Thames Embankment, which now forms a sort of rather gloomy boulevard from Blackfriars to Westminster. When the foundation-stone was laid a couple of flags fluttered lazily in the breeze as a straggling procession of the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works moved down to the wooden causeway leading to the river. For two years about

a thousand men worked at the reclamation of the mud-flats night and day. Iron caissons were sunk right down into the gravel, and within ten feet of the clay which is the real foundation of London, and the Victoria Embankment was ready to be opened by Royalty in the summer of 1870. This scheme, originally in a sort of way sketched out by Wren, had been designed by Colonel Trench, M.P., and also by Martin, the painter; it was, however, never carried out until the days of Lord Palmerston and the now defunct Board of Works.

Though undoubtedly a great metropolitan improvement, the construction of the Embankment indirectly entailed the loss of much that was picturesque, including Northumberland House, with its beautiful gardens, which ought never to have been destroyed. Though not particularly ornate, this mansion had an interesting façade, with huge double doors, always kept closed. The lion which crowned the front, its tail pointing as if in contempt towards the City, was quite a feature of this part of London and was a never-failing object of interest to country visitors. A favourite joke of mischievous boys was to tell any rustic who looked "green" that if this lion were watched long enough it would certainly be observed to wag its tail. So great is the power of imagination that quite a number of people returned to their homes firmly convinced that they had actually seen this occur! When the destruction of the fine old mansion was arranged, half a million was paid for the house and about three acres of land—the ducal descendant

of the original builder being able to console himself with the idea that he had not disposed of his inheritance at a sacrifice. It is only fair to add that in 1873, when the purchase was concluded, there was considerable opposition to the demolition of the fine old edifice which had for so long been a London landmark.

"If there were no other way of getting from Charing Cross to the Embankment than by the destruction of Northumberland House, with its associations, its art collections, and most interesting Jacobean façade," said a critic, "we should feel that resistance would be useless, although we will not admit that even then it should not be attempted. We believe that an association, a touch of sentiment, a reminder of the past may, under circumstances, be of more value in the education of a nation than a short cut. But we are strongly of opinion, with all respect for the professional advisers of the Board, that an equally good approach might be obtained without this very costly sacrifice."

A reason why no great fight was made against the demolition of Northumberland House was that its gardens had never been accessible to the public, which was therefore ignorant of the open-air amenities ruthlessly sacrificed to the mania for so-called progress.

When deploring the destruction of old buildings and the lack of interest taken in their fate, it is but fair to the present age to remember that only within comparatively recent times has any solicitude whatever been shown towards the work of generations which

have passed away. The men of the Renaissance were quite ruthless as regards the finest specimens of Gothic architecture, and scarcely anyone in the eighteenth century hesitated to destroy where his comfort was concerned.

A splendid river-side mansion was Durham House, which Sir Walter Raleigh held on lease from the Queen. From the windows he must have been able to enjoy a fine view of the Thames, with the gay streamers and flags of Paris Garden and the Globe Theatre in the distance. Beneath lay a pleasant garden from which gallants and their richly-clad ladies could step into the gaily caparisoned barges which at that period thronged the river.

Considering the number of monuments—some of them of a not too artistic kind—which adorn (?) the Embankment, it seems a pity that room has not been found for a memorial to the gallant and picturesque Raleigh who, after having had what must have been an almost unique experience of the whims of Royalty, was finally condemned to death for having been unsuccessful in finding a gold-mine, while violating an agreement with the Spaniards, whose Ambassador Gondomar had a good deal to do in getting James I to carry out an old sentence which had been passed upon the founder of Virginia, but held over, some fifteen years before.

Raleigh's first detention in the Tower, which can scarcely be called an imprisonment, was caused by his affair with Bessie Throgmorton, one of the stars of Queen Elizabeth's Court. The latter was very

much incensed at this illicit amour and word was soon sent to Raleigh, who was then at Chatham, making ready for a voyage, that he would have to stay at home and wed a wife. Raleigh laughed over this message, which he received as an idle threat. "Marry," cried he, "there is none on the face of the earth that I will be fastened unto." But the Queen was not a woman to forgive him such a deed; and when he slipt away to sea in the good ship *Garland*, hoping to fall in with the Spanish silver fleet, and come home crowned with glory and rich with spoil, she sent Sir Martin Frobisher in her swift pinnace, the *Disdain*, to fetch him back. Given in charge to his cousin, Sir George Carew, Master of the Ordnance, he lived in the spacious Brick Tower, Carew's official residence, until he married the maid of honour, when all went well.

The accession of James I to the throne of England was fatal to Raleigh, a tragedy which was not unforeseen. Several people in high places, indeed, openly gave out that the event in question meant Sir Walter's doom. James I, who adopted a policy of friendship with Spain, soon found that he could only have peace with Philip III on one condition, which was the ruin of the man who had sworn undying enmity to that country, and to all that she then represented in the world. As a first step towards peace, he was told that Raleigh must be thrown into the Tower. In his second term of imprisonment the latter was not lodged in a kinsman's house, but in the more ominous Bloody Tower, under the immediate eyes of Sir John

Peyton, the Lieutenant, a man whose zeal in the new King's service was quickened by hints that in case of Raleigh's ruin he might receive, as his share of the spoil, the governorship of Jersey, one of the many high offices which his prisoner held.

The confinement was close and the treatment mean. Cecil spread abroad a report that Raleigh's lodgings in the Tower were as pleasant as the rooms in Durham House; but the Lieutenant-Governor's accounts tell a different tale. He had only two small rooms and two servants to wait upon him; meanwhile, the charge for diet, coals and candles, for his household, was four pounds a week.

From the upper chamber of the Bloody Tower a back passage leads out by a door to the terrace, now known as "Raleigh's Walk." From here Sir Walter could look down, on one side over the wharf and river, on the other side over the Lieutenant's garden and Tower green; the prospect, however, must have eventually become rather wearisome as during his daily promenades it met his eyes for fourteen years! As has before been said, the demands of the Spanish Ambassador eventually induced the King to decree the death of his gallant and picturesque subject, and Raleigh was executed on the 29th of October (old style), 1618, in Old Palace Yard, at eight in the morning of Lord Mayor's Day, "so that the pageants and fine shewes might draw away the people from beholding the tregedie of one of the gallantest worthies that ever England bred." Early in the morning his keeper brought a cup of sack to

the condemned man, and enquired how he was pleased with it. "As well as he who drank of St. Giles's bowl as he rode to Tyburn," answered Sir Walter, adding that it was good drink, if a man might but tarry by it. "Prithee, never fear, Ceeston," cried he to his old friend Sir Hugh, who was pushed away from the scaffold by the sheriff, "I shall have a place!" A man bald from extreme age pressed forward "to see him," said he, "and pray God for him." Raleigh took a richly-embroidered cap from his own head, and placing it on that of the old man, said, "Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need on it than I." "Farewell, my lords," was his cheerful parting to a courtly group who affectionately took their leave of him, "I have a long journey before me, and I must e'en say good-bye." As he mounted the scaffold, he said, "Now I am going to God," and gently touching the axe, added, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The very headsman shrank from beheading one so illustrious and brave. "What dost thou fear?" said Raleigh. "Strike, man!" A moment later this gallant Englishman was dead.

An historical writer, describing the execution, said:

"The head, after being shown on either side of the scaffold, was put into a leather bag, over which Sir Walter's gown was thrown, and the whole conveyed away in a mourning-coach by Lady Raleigh. It was preserved by her in a case during the twenty-nine

years which she survived her husband, and afterwards with no less piety by their affectionate son Carew, with whom it is supposed to have been buried at West Horsley, in Surrey. The body was interred in the chancel near the altar of St. Margaret's, Westminster."

In the Pepys Collection at Cambridge is a ballad with the following title: "Sir Walter Rauleigh his Lamentation, who was beheaded in the Old Pallace of Westminster the 29th of October, 1618. To the tune of Welladay."

The river-bank is closely associated with the memory of Pepys, for in Buckingham Street, Strand, built in 1675, the diarist went to live in 1684. His house, since rebuilt, was the last on the west side, and looked on the Thames. It had been his friend Hewer's before him. A view of the library shows the tall plain bookcases, and a central window looking on the river. Pepys's house (No. 14) became, in the summer of 1824, the home of Etty, the painter, and remained so till within a few months of his death in 1849. Etty first took the ground-floor (afterwards occupied by another painter, Stanfield), then the top-floor, his special delight having been to watch sunsets over the river, which he loved as much as Turner did, who frequently said, "There is finer scenery on the banks of the Thames than on those of any river in Italy." Its ebb and flow, Etty used to declare, was like life, and "the view from Lambeth to the Abbey not unlike Venice."

In the case of one spot on the river-bank a modern palace may be said to have taken the place of an old one, for the Savoy Hotel, so well known to pleasure-seekers all the world over, stands on ground full of romantic memories. John of Gaunt lived in the palace which once stood here; and John King of France, brought to England after the victory of Poitiers, was an honoured prisoner within its walls before he was removed to Windsor. To the Savoy this King later on returned, when his son, the Duke of Anjou, broke his parole and fled to Paris, desirous to clear himself of this dishonour, and to arrange for a crusade to recover Cyprus from the Turk. To his council, which tried to dissuade him from returning, like a second Regulus, to captivity and perhaps death, the king addressed these memorable words: "If honour were banished from every other place, it should at least find an asylum in the breast of kings."

John was affectionately received by the chivalrous English King Edward III, and again returned to his old quarters in the Savoy, with his hostages of the blood royal—"the three lords of the fleur-de-lys." Here he spent several weeks in giving and receiving entertainments; but before he could proceed to business, he was attacked with a dangerous illness, and expired in 1364. His obsequies were performed with regal magnificence, and his corpse sent with a splendid retinue to be interred at St. Denis.

The Savoy derives its foreign name from a certain Peter, Earl of Richmond and Savoy, uncle of Eleanor, the daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence, and

Queen of the good but weak King Henry III. This Earl was the leader of the rapacious and insolent train of Frenchmen and Savoyards which followed Queen Eleanor to England, and drove Simon de Montfort and his impetuous barons to rebellion by their hunger for titles, lands, and benefices. Henry III granted Peter all the houses in the Strand, adjoining the river, which had formerly belonged to Brian de Lisle, in consideration of which a tribute of three barbed arrows had to be paid yearly to the King's exchequer, at the Feast of St. Michael.

In John of Gaunt's day his Palace of the Savoy was destroyed during the rebellion headed by Wat Tyler, which began by a riot at Fobbing in Essex in connection with a poll-tax which the people considered to be oppressive. From Fobbing the flame of revolt spread all over the county, the populace rising, led by a priest named Jack Straw. At Dartford, a tiler bravely beat out the brains of a tax-collector who had insulted his daughter. Kent instantly rose, took Rochester Castle, and massed together at Maidstone, under Wat, a tiler, and Ball, a preacher. In a few days a hundred thousand men, hurriedly armed with clubs, bills and bows, poured over Blackheath and hurried on to London. In Southwark they demolished the Marshalsea, the King's Bench and other buildings, and then sacked Lambeth Palace, destroyed Newgate, fired the house of the Knights Hospitallers at Clerkenwell, and that of the Knights of St. John at Highbury—they also seized the Tower, beheaded an Archbishop and several

Knights. Hating the Flemings, they dragged out all those who were hidden in churches and put them to death. The demands of these Kentish rioters have been declared simple and just. They called for—the abolition of slavery—the reduction of rent to fourpence an acre—the free liberty of buying and selling in all fairs and markets—and, lastly, a general pardon. On the whole there seems to have been some reason on their side!

At great meetings at Mile End and on Tower Hill, Wat Tyler's men required all recruits to swear to be true to King Richard and the Commons, and to admit no monarch of the name of John. This last clause of the oath was aimed at John of Gaunt, to whom the people attributed all their misery. On June 13, 1381, a deluge of billmen, bowmen, ploughmen and artisans swept down upon the Savoy. Its noble owner was at the time negotiating with the Scots on the Border, while his castles of Leicester and Tutbury were being plundered. The attack was sudden and unlooked for, and there was no defence. A proclamation had previously been made by Wat Tyler, that, as the common object was justice and not plunder, anyone found stealing would be put to death.

"For beauty and stateliness of building, as well as all manner of princely furniture, there was," says Holinshed, "no palace in the realm comparable to the Duke's house that the Kentish and Essex men burnt and marred. They tore the silken and velvet hang-

from Visscher's View of London, 1616.

VIEW OF LONDON BRIDGE FROM THE SURREY SIDE.

ings; they beat up the gold and silver plate, and threw it into the Thames; they crushed the jewels in mortars, and poured the dust into the river. One of the men—unfortunate rogue!—being seen to slip a silver cup into the breast of his doublet, was tossed into the fire and burnt to death, amid shouts and fell cries."

The cellars were ruthlessly plundered, probably in spite of Wat Tyler, and thirty-two of the poor wretches, buried under beams and stones, were either starved or suffocated. In the midst of the turmoil, some barrels were at last found which were supposed to contain money; these the rioters flung into the huge bonfire, upon which they immediately exploded, blew up the great hall, shook down several houses, killed many men, and reduced the Palace to a complete ruin. Two days later, the men of Essex had dispersed; and Wat Tyler, the impetuous reformer, during a conference with the young King in Smithfield, was slain by a sudden blow from the dagger of the Lord Mayor—Sir William Walworth, of which tragic incident mention will be found elsewhere.

In course of time the Savoy dwindled down into a few semi-ruinous buildings, one of which in the eighteenth century was used as a soldiers' prison. The chapel, however, though burnt out in the 'sixties, has been restored and still survives, with its little churchyard—an oasis of ancient peace in one of the busiest districts of modern London.

Very curious survivals from another age are the

little red plates of the Duchy of Lancaster which mark the boundaries of the Savoy owned by the Duchy since the thirteenth century. In May, 1922, thirteen jurymen, selected at the Easter Court Leet of the Manor, perambulated its boundaries and the liberty of the Savoy to see that the little red plates were in their proper places. A picturesque touch was given to the procession by a couple of beadles bearing staves tipped with silver emblems—in one case the silver anchor of the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the other the figure of St. John the Baptist.

Up to 1697, it may be added, the Savoy enjoyed the "privilege of Sanctuary," malefactors who were able to get inside its precincts being exempt from arrest. This privilege, which was very rightly suppressed as it greatly promoted crime, existed till the date mentioned above at various other places besides the Savoy, including Salisbury and Mitre Courts, Ram Alley in Fleet Street; Fulwood's Rents and Baldwin's Gardens, the Minories, the Clink, the Mint, and other places, some in Southwark. All these were suppressed except the Mint, which lasted until the reign of George I—an extraordinary state of affairs according to the ideas of to-day!

In connection with the Savoy Hotel I cannot help re-telling an experience of the late Mr. G. R. Sims, the clever writer and unrivalled authority on London life, who, while strolling along the Thames Embankment one summer's evening, stopped to listen to the strains of a Hungarian band, which could be heard through the open windows of the brightly lit Savoy.

On a seat near him, he saw a dishevelled hag—one of the ragged, homeless outcasts, whose wretched existence seems to be an insoluble problem of great modern cities.

The woman was mumbling and moaning and Mr. Sims offered to relieve her hunger or distress.

"Oh, it ain't 'unger nor yet pain," was her reply. "It's that beastly band up there what plays like this every night up to all hours and prevents a body getting a wink of sleep!

"You can't do nothink to stop it, it's the *lore* what's at fault!" And the angry old hag, drawing her rags around her peevishly, turned on her seat as a Park Lane millionaire might turn in his luxurious bed when disturbed by a barrel-organ.

No mention of the bank of the Thames can omit a reference to the Adelphi, the fate of which seems at present to be hanging in the balance. The ground on which this fine building stands was purchased from the Earl of Pembroke, about 1760, by the four brothers Adam, the famous sons of an architect at Kirkcaldy. Robert, the ablest of the four, had visited Palmyra, and was supposed to have borrowed from those gigantic ruins much of the spirit which animated his work. When the Brothers Adam began to build, Durham Yard—the courtyard of Raleigh's old Palace—was a tangle of small sheds, coal-stores, wine-vaults, and other buildings. These they removed, and constructing huge arches with vaults beneath, erected a fine Terrace of houses containing well-decorated rooms, where many well-known people came to live.

"The Adelphi arches, many of which were at one time used for cellars and coal-wharfs, remind one in their grim vastness," wrote a Victorian student of London, "of the Etruscan Cloaca of old Rome." Beneath the "dry arches" the most abandoned characters used to lurk; outcasts and vagrants came there to sleep, and many a street thief escaped from his pursuers in those subterranean haunts before the introduction of gas-light and a vigilant police.

In July, 1768, when the Adelphi Buildings were commenced, the Court and the City were at war, and the citizens, wishing to vex Lord Bute, applied to Parliament to prevent the Brothers Adam encroaching on the river.

The Adams sent to Scotland for workmen, whose labours they stimulated by countless bagpipes; but the canny men, finding the bagpipes played their tunes rather too quick, threw up the work, and Irishmen were then employed. The joke of the day was, that the Scotchmen took their bagpipes away with them, but left their *fiddles!*

The Adelphi at once became fashionable. Garrick, then getting old, left his house in Southampton Street to occupy No. 5, the centre building of the Terrace, and lived there till his death in 1779. Singularly enough, this great and versatile actor had, on first coming to London with his friend Johnson, started as a wine merchant below in Durham Yard. At Garrick's rooms many of the celebrities of his time must have met. He died at No. 5, in the "first floor back," and his widow died in the same house

as long after as 1822. The ceiling in the front drawing-room was painted by Antonio Zucchi, and a white marble chimney-piece in the same room was said to have cost £300. At the present day, though changes have occurred in the houses of the Adelphi, some of the Adam decorations, ceilings and mantelpieces still survive. The façade of the Terrace was unfortunately altered in the 'seventies by a Victorian architect who seems to have thought that he could do better than the original builders! Instead of pulling the Adelphi down, it would surely be better to restore the front and bring the interior of the houses up to date? The Adelphi should be preserved for another age!

CHAPTER VII

MEMORIES OF THE PAST

PART of the charm of Old London consisted in the number of quaint characters in humble life who are not to be found in the present age. Dickens and other writers of the Victorian Era have immortalized some of these picturesque and original types whose charm was appreciated by vanished generations of Londoners. A proof of this is the beautiful set of prints known as Wheatley's Cries of London—cries which have now practically all ceased to be heard. The itinerant flower-vendor's "all a-growing and a-blowing"—about the last—continued to be heard in the streets of Mayfair up to the end of Queen Victoria's reign. To-day, however, I suppose that anything of that sort would at once be silenced by the police. Gone the lavender girl, with her pretty chant; silent the bell of the muffin man, and hushed the cry of "Scissors to mend." A number of the old cries were sung, after a traditional fashion which must have been handed down from the remote past—so-called Progress, not considering them "genteel," has killed the lot and given us the roar of the motor-bus in their place!

"*Buy my images!*" or "Pye m'imaitches," was a well-known "London cry" of Italian lads carrying boards on their heads, with plaster figures for sale. One of these "images," which usually occupied a corner of the board, was a "Polly."

This very popular bird, which rather resembled an owl, had green wings and back, a breast with yellow streaks, and a red beak, any colour serving for its eyes, which were usually larger than life. There was also an "image" of a "fine bow pot," consisting of half a dozen green spear-shaped leaves, spreading out like a half-opened fan, from a tawny-coloured ball called an orange, which seemed to rest on a clumsy plaster base as on the mouth of a jar—the whole thing looking as unlike a nosegay in water as possible. Another figure was a sort of obelisk with irregular projections and curves; the top, being smaller than the bottom, marked out with paint into a sort of face, tricked out in various colours, it was bonneted, armed, waisted, and petticoated—and went by the name of a "fine lady." A monstrous sort of dog usually stood near cats of two shapes and three sizes; the middle one when shaken moved its chalk head, to the wonder and delight of all urchins, until they discovered its "springs of action," at the price of "only a penny," and, by breaking it, realised that the nodding head achieved its un-cat-like motion by being hung with a piece of wire to a lump in the interior of its hollow body. The lesser cat was fairly large, considering that it cost only a farthing.

The show pieces on the board of the "image-

man" were two figures some specimens of which probably still stand on a few mantelpieces. These images, which were about eighteen inches high, representing the "human form divine," were always painted black, a scroll attached to a kind of altar by which they stood, being, however, left white.

Itinerant vendors of the past played a much greater part in the life of the people than is the case to-day. About 1826 a remarkable character in the streets of London was a man called Levy. Singular in appearance and dress, simple in manner and highly industrious, for eighty years he had trudged the streets, followed, latterly, by a dirty lame Jew boy, carrying a huge mahogany closed-up box, containing watches manufactured by makers of all degrees and jewellery of the most costly kind, as well as trinkets of Birmingham manufacture: Levy was an honest man and gave general satisfaction.

An observer of London life, speaking of this character, wrote:

"As one evening I was smoking my accustomed 'every-day cigar,' at a respectable house in Jewin-street, and looking quietly at the different sorts of persons forming the company assembled, a violent thumping upon the floor of the passage leading to the parlour, which was continued at an interval of every third second, announced the approach of some one who clearly imagined himself of no little importance, and thoroughly disturbed the quaker-like atmosphere of calm which then prevailed in the room. 'How is

my dear good lady, and all her little ones? and her respectable husband?' enquired the stranger from without. Without waiting for a reply to the two questions, the door was suddenly thrown wide open, and in came a tall thin figure of a man, with a face plainly denoting that it had seen at least ninety winters, and bearing a beard of a dirty gray colour, some inches in length, and divided in the centre, but coming from under and above the ears, over which was tied a gaudy red and yellow silk handkerchief, and a huge pair of heavy costly-looking silver spectacles, which 'ever and anon' he raised from his nose. He wore a coat which had once been blue, the skirts whereof almost hung to the ground, and were greatly in the fashion of a Greenwich pensioner's; a velvet waistcoat with a double row of pearl buttons, to which was appended, through one of the buttonholes, a blue spotted handkerchief, reaching down to his knees, a pair of tight pantaloons, which evidently had been intended for some one else, as they scarcely reached the calf of his leg, and from the fobs whereof were suspended two watch-chains with a profusion of seals. On his head was a hat projecting almost to points in the centre and back, but narrow in the sides. In his right hand a huge but well-made stick, which rapped upon the ground by a powerful effort had been the noisy herald of his approach.

"On entering the room, he cast an enquiring look upon his astonished and quiet auditors, and stood for a moment to see the effect of his appearance: then, after a pause, lifting his spectacles to his nose, and

almost thrusting his old but piercing eyes over his glasses, he came up to a quiet, inoffensive sort of man who was smoking a pipe. Throwing his stick under his left arm, old Levy took off his huge hat, thereby discovering a small velvet cap on the top of his head, and holding out his right hand, exclaimed, 'Well, my good friend, how are you? my eyes are weak, but I can always, yes, always, discern a good friend: how are you? how is your good lady? I hope she is in good health, and all the little ones?' The astonished 'Christian' looked as if he could have swallowed the pipe from which he was smoking, on being thus addressed by the bearded descendant of Moses, and being absolutely deprived of speech, cast an enquiring look of dismay around on his neighbours, who so far from sympathizing, actually expressed by smiling countenances, the pleasure they took in his confusion. Suddenly looking full in the face of the Jew, who still held out his hand for a friendly shrug, the man angrily exclaimed, ' My wife knows thee not! I know thee not! My children know thee not! Leave me! go!' The Jew's hand was quickly withdrawn, and saying not a word, he quietly took his seat in the further corner of the room, and thence cast his eyes on a clock which was affixed to the wall, as if afraid of looking on a living object. He remained some minutes in this pitiable situation. At last, he took from his pocket, three or four watches, which he regularly applied to his ear, and afterwards wound up; then laying them upon the table, he triumphantly looked at the company, and—by his eyes—boldly challenged them to produce

anything as valuable as what he exposed to their view. Apparently satisfied, in his own mind, of his superiority as to wealth, over the man who had so cruelly repudiated all knowledge of him, he called in a kind, but suppressed voice to the servant in attendance,—'Well, my dear! bring me a glass of good gin and water, sweet with sugar, mind, little girl, and I will gratefully thank you; it will comfort my poor old heart.' 'You shall have it, sir,' said the admiring girl, directing her attention to the exposed jewellery. They were the first kind words heard in that room by poor Levy, and they seemed to draw tears from his eyes; for, from his pocket, he brought forth as many handkerchiefs, of the most opposite and glowing colours, as the grave digger in Hamlet casts off waistcoats, all of which he successively applied to his eyes. The girl quickly returned with the required gin and water, and, after repeated stirring and tasting, he, with the most marked courtesy, begged for 'one little, *little* bit more sugar,' which was of course brought, and the girl being more liberally rewarded by the poor insulted Hebrew, than by any other person in the room. Feeling sorry for a seemingly poor, and venerable man, whose religion and singularity of manner were his only crime, I spoke to him, and was highly delighted to find him infinitely superior to anyone else in the room; that is to say, so far as I could judge.

"Upon Levy leaving the room, I was told that he had lived in one house, in the neighbourhood, for upwards of sixty years, and bore an irreproachable

character; that no man has ever called on him a second time for money due; that from goodness of heart, he had often gave away the fruits of his industry, and deprived himself of personal luxuries, to add to the comforts of others, without considering whether they were Jews or Gentiles; that in his own house, he was liberal of his wine, and most attentive to his guests; and that he did not deny, though far from being boastful, that he has acquired wealth."

Modern developments, of course, have rendered obsolete various little trades which, in old days, yielded a modest livelihood to those who carried them on. Perambulating knife-grinders and glaziers are no longer seen in the West End, and though flowers are still sold in the streets, apple women have ceased to exist. The silk-hat polishing establishments have, with the wane of the "topper," decreased in number, while crossing-sweepers and the cab runners who ran after the old horse cabs on the chance of being allowed to take off people's luggage are now obsolete. Only a very few of these cabs still exist, though from time to time a hansom or two makes its appearance, being now regarded as a quaint survival of a vanished age. One of the most picturesque sights of London used to be a fire-engine dashing through the streets with its horses at a gallop. It must, however, be confessed that the modern motor-engine with its clanging bell is not such a bad substitute, never failing, as it does, to arouse some excitement in the thoroughfares through which it wends its way.

A quaint old-world calling which has been killed by the advent of mechanical locomotives, was that of "whip-minder"; a number of people formerly making a living by looking after the whips of drivers of vehicles, while the latter were engaged on pleasure or business. This little industry seems mainly to have flourished in the districts frequented by traders and others who drove into London. Covent Garden, as the goal of a large number of market carts, was naturally an excellent pitch for this kind of thing. A few horse-drawn wagons, carrying fruit and vegetables, still wend their leisurely way to the Market, and in consequence there exists one elderly woman who, carrying on the traditional employment of "whip-minder," ministers to the comfort of their drivers.

A spruce figure who has disappeared from London streets is the individual in a frock-coat with leather-covered shoulders, and a top-hat, who used to look after the water pipes, which he kept in order by the use of an iron instrument resembling a huge piano-tuner or watch-key. He disappeared, I fancy, with the old Metropolitan Board of Works, which, adhering to the traditions of a stately past, employed a good many top-hatted functionaries. The County Council, more democratic in its ways, favours the modern naval cap. Another vanished London type is the lamplighter who on winter evenings perambulated the streets, lighting the gas-lamps, which were wiped out of existence by the coming of the electric light. The "linkman"[1] who originally carried flambeaux to

[1] See page 21.

light guests to a party or ball still survives, though his functions have now been whittled down to calling motors or cabs. The old iron extinguishers, which may still be seen in certain parts of the West End, notably in Berkeley Square, were intimately connected with this individual who, in the days when London streets were scarcely lit at all, played quite an important part in social life.

From an artistic point of view London has had to pay rather a high price for "Progress," though it must be admitted that certain picturesque, but insanitary, districts badly needed sweeping away. Perhaps most harm has been done, not by wilful and necessary destruction, but by well-meant if devastating attempts to put old buildings back in what has been assumed to be their original condition.

Ancient churches in particular have suffered terribly from so-called "restoration." As a matter of fact, the Victorians did not hesitate to destroy fine old work in order to make room for their own productions, much real Gothic having been obliterated by architects who thought they could do better in the same style or who failed to realize that what they were pulling down had really been erected by mediæval builders. Westminster Abbey has suffered much at the hands of restorers, the front of the North Transept as left by Wren, which remained intact up to the end of the nineteenth century, having been then completely restored and, in spite of assurances to the contrary, "beautified"—that is, in the eyes of the architects, who, as was wittily said, kept

their work as dark as possible on the principle that dead buildings tell no tales. Blore, Scott, and others have each contributed to rob the Abbey of interest and charm, while the tracery filling the north gable was effectually destroyed by Mr. Pearson. The tracery in question, it has been said, was probably the most remarkable example in England, while the modern work substituted for it has no outstanding merit.

As to the interior of the Abbey, a gifted sculptor —Sir Francis Chantrey—did more to spoil it than anyone else since Henry VIII. Amongst others of his misdeeds he deliberately destroyed and carted away the greater part of a magnificent old stone screen in order to make room to introduce his abominable monument to James Watt! Not content with this, he scraped off all the inlaid and painted work upon the monument over the remains of the Standard Bearer at Agincourt in order to prevent these clashing with the dead white marble of his outrageous statue! Something has since been done to put this right. A so-called Committee of Taste in 1858 recommended that the lions of Trafalgar Square should be of stone, painted red, which, as some one suggested, would make the place a real "Red Lion Square." As a matter of fact, it was only through the efforts of Disraeli that the £6,000 necessary for the completion of the Square in its present form was voted at all!

I often wonder what became of the decorative iron and stonework which adorned many fine old buildings pulled down during the last hundred years or so,

for, after all, nothing really disappears. From time to time one reads of strange relics turning up. An old stone house on Streatham Hill, demolished in September, 1927, built by Mr. Malcott, who erected the National Gallery, was said to have been constructed with stones taken from the Royal Mews, dating from the reign of James II, which were cleared away to make room for the new buildings. The frieze round the top had been taken from Carlton House, the palatial residence of the Prince Regent, demolished at the beginning of the last century, and the stone walls in the forecourt had formed part of old London Bridge. According to tradition, a ghost guarded a miser's hoard hidden in the massive walls of this old house, and the workmen engaged in pulling it down expected that each stroke of a pick might reveal the secret gold.

Some wonderful old houses were still in existence during the early nineteenth century. One of the most curious, which has now long been demolished but was standing as late as 1828, belonged to Powell, a colourman. This house, then numbered 96 on the west side of St. Martin's Lane, had a most picturesque Queen Anne door-frame, with spread eagle and carved foliage and flowers, like the houses which used to stand in Carey Street and Great Ormond Street, and a shutter sliding in grooves in the old-fashioned way. Mr. Powell's mother made for many years a pipe of wine from the produce of a vine nearly a hundred feet long. Inside was a large staircase, painted with a procession of figures, by a French

artist named Clermont, who had originally claimed one thousand guineas for his work, and had been paid five hundred. Inside the house was the room which Hogarth has painted in *Mariage à la Mode*, where the quack represents Dr. Misaubin, the fat woman being his Irish wife. Dr. Misaubin, who lived in this house, was the son of a pastor of the Spitalfields French Church. He realized a great fortune by a famous pill, but it availed his family little. His son was murdered and his grandson squandered his money, and died in St. Martin's Workhouse. At No. 60 in the same street once lived Chippendale. Altogether St. Martin's Lane has many interesting memories.

From time to time curious and beautiful examples of ancient craftsmanship which have been lost or forgotten reappear. For years a set of tapestries hung in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey attracted little attention; the chamber in question, it may be added, is seldom seen by the public, though an application to visit it is rarely refused. The tapestries, it was announced in September, 1927, having undergone thorough cleaning and renovation under the superintendence of the authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum, have turned out to be of the very finest quality, the original colours having reappeared in all their splendour, the set as it now is being declared to be a revelation of unsuspected beauty not to be surpassed anywhere in the world. These tapestries form a portion of what is known as the "Abraham series," having been made by

Bernard Van Orley of Brussels during the middle of the sixteenth century. A print representing the east end of Westminster Abbey during the coronation of James II shows one of these tapestries suspended from the north side of the Sanctuary, but since that time the set underwent considerable mutilation, having been cut about in order to fit the walls of the Jerusalem Chamber. The damage done by this adjustment has now been very skilfully repaired, owing to the restoration so happily carried out on the initiative of the Dean and Chapter.

A number of relics of the past which have outlived their use still survive on the sites where they have stood for a great number of years. One of these, which may be seen on the Green Park side of Piccadilly, is a sort of shelf standing breast-high on two iron supports. This is what used to be known as a "porters' rest," and was used by people coming into London who could take a few moments' relief by placing any load they might be carrying upon it. During certain alterations in the roadway some years ago this interesting survival nearly disappeared; when, however, its ancient use was realized, the idea of removal was abandoned.

A more ornamental relic of the past not far away is a leaden cistern in the area of No. 106 Piccadilly (the St. James' Club). This, in addition to a certain amount of scroll-work, has the date 1764 and H.H. upon it. The latter are the initials of Sir Henry Hunloke, who built the house, but sold it to Lord Coventry before it was finished.

In Jermyn Street may be seen a locked gate in the railings of St. James's Church. This marks the site of the original doorway, long since shifted to the other side, Jermyn Street at the time when the Church was built having been a much more important thoroughfare than Piccadilly. A survival which attracts little attention is the wooden post in Colour Court, St. James's Palace, with a hole in the top in which, during the mounting of the guard, the pole of the standard used to be inserted by the ensign. The ceremony in question, it must be realized, took place here up to the 'sixties, when Colour Court being under repair, the guard was mounted in Ambassadors Court, which has been used for that purpose ever since.

The signboards which at one time let passers-by know what tradesmen had to sell have long disappeared, though plenty of inartistic signs with the name of some special article upon them are to be seen suspended outside shops. Some years ago (I fancy it was during one of Queen Victoria's Jubilees) a street in the City was decorated with replicas of the old signboards of the eighteenth century. Being, however, pronounced dangerous by the authorities, they did not remain up long. One can have too much of a good thing, and by the reign of George II the extravagant use of enormous signs had become a great evil. They hung across the streets or over the footways, and, together with their posts and iron scroll-works, in narrow streets impeded the circulation of the air as well as the progress of the passenger.

Early in the eighteenth century, various traders are described as having large and grotesque signs, gilded and carved in a style at once fine and absurd:—golden periwigs, gilt hair, half moons, razors, blacks' heads with gilt hair, gold sugar loaves, and golden Westphalian hams, were repeated without mercy, from the Borough to Clerkenwell, and from Whitechapel to the Haymarket in Westminster. Practically all these signs, some of which must have been highly picturesque, were removed during the reign of George III, though an extremely drastic Act of Parliament for sweeping them away was not passed till nine years later.

In 1762, Bonnel Thornton (aided by Hogarth) opened an exhibition of street signs in Bow Street in ridicule of the Spring Gardens Exhibition; but as early as 1761 the street signs seem to have been partially removed as dangerous obstructions. A correspondent in a contemporary paper wrote:

"My master yesterday sent me to take a place in the Canterbury stage; he said that when I came to Charing Cross I should see which was the proper inn by the words on the sign. I rambled about, but could see no sign at all. At last I was told that there used to be such a sign under a little golden cross which I saw at a two pair of stairs window. I entered and found the waiter swearing about innovations. He said that the members of Parliament were unaccountable enemies to signs which used to show trades; that, for his master's part, he might put on

sackcloth, for nobody came to buy sack. 'If,' said he, 'any of the signs were too large, could they not have limited their size without pulling down the sign-posts and destroying the painted ornaments of the Strand?' On my return I saw some men pulling with ropes at a curious sign-iron, which seemed to have cost a good deal: along with the iron down came the leaden cover to the pent-house, which will cost at least some pounds to repair."

This was written in the year of the first Act (2nd George III), and was probably a groan from some one interested in the existence of the abuse. The inferior artists gained much money from this source. Mr. Wale, one of the first Academicians, painted a Shakespeare five feet high for a public-house at the north-west corner of Little Russell Street, Covent Garden. The picture was enclosed in a sumptuous carved gilt frame, and was suspended by rich foliated ironwork.

The picturesque custom of tradesmen hanging out emblems of the particular line of goods in which they dealt lasted long after the abolition of signboards. During the last century there were many gaily painted wooden Highlanders standing at tobacconists' doors, while certain shops, like the grocers', which had a huge golden canister outside, no doubt gained customers from keeping up the old usage. Up to quite recent times Barrett's in Piccadilly used to have a number of boxes and portmanteaux affixed to their façade, while a shop in St. James's Street which caters

for anglers still has two huge fish-hooks over its bow window.

In addition to the Highlander mentioned above, who in full regimentals was usually represented taking a pinch of snuff, other quaint and sometimes well-carved figures were formerly to be seen standing outside certain shops. Such was the little wooden midshipman who used to stand outside Messrs. Norie and Wilson's in Leadenhall Street. Here, as Dickens said, this figure "thrust itself out above the pavement right leg (actually the left) foremost, with a suavity the least endurable, and had the shoe buckles and flapped waistcoat the least reconcilable to human reason, and bore at its right the most offensively disproportionate piece of machinery."

In 1878 the midshipman's owners, Norie and Wilson, who were not instrument makers, but publishers of charts and nautical books, moved to the Minories, where the midshipman was given a perch indoors. Henceforth he ceased to be "so far the creature of circumstances that a dry day covered him with dust and a misty day peppered him with little bits of soot, and a wet day brightened up his tarnished uniform for the moment, and a very hot day blistered him."

Those fond of the carved wooden effigies of the past should pay a visit to Castle's Yard at Millbank, which, since its foundation in 1838, has broken up rather more than a thousand ships, all objects of interest being brought up-river from the wharves at Woolwich, where the actual work of destruction takes

place. At Millbank are giant figure-heads, from the *Hood*, *Cressy*, *Bristol*, *Impérieuse*, *Collingwood*, and *Prince Albert*.

In the hall a great bell hangs, while upstairs the walls are thick with prints and paintings of naval actions and fine ships, many of which have been broken up at the Woolwich wharves. Among these is a painting of the *Duke of Wellington*, by Wyllie, which was Sir Charles Napier's flag-ship in the Baltic in 1854. From her deck a famous message was delivered:

"Lads, sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own!"

Elsewhere is the gigantic figure-head of the *Duke of Wellington*, nearly four feet from forehead to chin. The ship which this adorned, was launched on the very day the Duke died. Originally she was to have been called *Windsor Castle*, but the name was changed at the last moment to *Duke of Wellington*. When she was broken up an amusing incident occurred, a stranger telephoning to Castle's announcing himself as "some one in the City" and asking if he could be told when the ship might be expected to pass under London Bridge? The reply sent to him was that if he took his lunch to London Bridge, the plates would about be on a level with the ship's deck. The ship, indeed, was as high as the old Bank of England—and was anything but a penny steamer.

In breaking up old vessels, everything of real interest is carefully preserved, the finest oak and teak being converted into garden furniture. Entire

houses have been built of ships' timber, twelve thousand pieces, from Castle's Yard, having gone to make Liberty's shop in Regent Street. A certain amount of wood is sawn into firewood, much of which is burned at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House. Ships' timber, indeed, makes the finest logs in the world.

In a room at Castle's are two beautifully carved figures of Atlas supporting a mantelpiece. These were from the Admiral's walk in H.M.S. *Téméraire* —the "Fighting" *Téméraire*, immortalized by Turner in the picture which hangs in the Tate Gallery, not far away from the Yard. Other treasures are the bow-plate of the *Serapis*, that took the late King Edward, as Prince of Wales, to visit the Dominions—"Heaven's light our Guide" reads the scroll; the figure-head of *Galatea*, in which the Duke of Edinburgh served his time as a midshipman; and the side-whiskered figure-head of the *Royal Albert*, launched in 1854.

Downstairs, in his office, Mr. Castle has a drawing of a sea-serpent. One of his staff, it is said, is perfectly certain that he saw this beast when the *Gramplin* was being towed from Belfast Lough to be broken up, in 1907. Here, too, is a photograph showing figure-heads of two famous Dukes, Wellington and Marlborough, staring at each other.

One of the most interesting relics at Castle's is on the stairs in the shape of a huge gong, battered about by storms—this was taken from an old lightship, where, year in, year out, it was hammered all

night, a vigilant and incessant warning to those that go down to the sea in ships.

The coming of spring was enlivened by a number of pretty customs in old London, the print-sellers having their own special way of welcoming that season. As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, at Laurie and Whittle's print-shop, nearly opposite St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, the guiding spirit of which was Jemmy Whittle, there was always a change of prints in springtime. Jemmy liked, as he said, to "give the public something alive, fresh and clever, classical and correct!" One print, however, was never changed; this was "St. Dunstan and the Devil." To any who enquired why he always had "that old thing" in the window, and thought it better out, Jemmy answered, "No, no, my boy! That's my sign—no change—Church and State, —you know!—no politics, you know!—I hate politics! There's the church, you know (pointing to St. Dunstan's), and here am I, my boy!—it's my sign, you know!—no change, my boy!"

Jemmy was a character, and after his memory failed, he dared no longer to flash his merriment at the "Cock," at Temple Bar, and the "Black Jack," in Portugal Street, but stood, like a sign of himself, at his own door, unable to remember the names of his old friends.

A feature of spring celebrations used to be the Jacks-o'-the-Green who with a number of quaintly dressed followers were wont to perambulate the streets where they reaped a fair harvest of coin from passers-

by. Though shoddy representatives of this traditional figure lingered on till comparatively recent years, the last real Jacks-o'-the-Green were to be seen at the Paddington May-dance, near the "Yorkshire Stingo," about 1817, whence they diverged to Bayswater, Kentish Town, and adjoining neighbourhoods. A Jack-o'-the-Green always carried a long walking-stick with floral wreaths; he whisked it about in the dance, and afterwards walked with it in high estate like a Lord Mayor's footman.

May Day without its Maypole and milkmaids dancing round it would have seemed an outrage to Londoners of the past; nevertheless, the very existence of this pleasant symbol of jollity has now, together with a number of other joyous customs, long been forgotten.

The last Maypole stood near Kensington Green, at the back of the houses, at the south corner of the Workhouse Lane, leading from the Vauxhall Road to Elizabeth Place. The site was then nearly vacant, and the Maypole for years stood amid semi-rural surroundings on ground nearly opposite to the Black Prince public-house. It survived till about the year 1795, and was much frequented, particularly by milkmaids.

The Maypole which once stood close to St. Mary's Church, Strand, is said to have been the first place in London where hackney coaches were allowed to stand. Coaches were first introduced into England from Hungary in 1580 by Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel; but for a time they were thought effeminate. The

Thames watermen especially railed against them, as might be expected. In the year 1634, a Captain Baily, who had accompanied Raleigh in his famous expedition to Guiana, started four hackney coaches, with drivers in liveries, at the Maypole; but as, in the year 1613, sixty hackney coaches from London plied at Stourbridge fair, perhaps there had been coach-stands in the streets before Baily's time. In 1625 there were only twenty coaches in London; in 1666, under Charles II, the number had so increased that the King issued a proclamation complaining of the coaches blocking up the narrow streets and breaking up the pavement, and forbade coach-stands altogether.

The original Strand Maypole stood on the site of the present church of St. Mary-le-Strand, or a little northward towards Maypole Alley, behind the Olympic Theatre. In the thirteenth century a cross had stood on this spot, and there the itinerant justices had sat to administer justice outside the walls. A Maypole stood here as early as 1634. Tradition says it was set up by John Clarges, the Drury Lane blacksmith, and father of General Monk's wife.

The Maypole being Satan's flag-staff in the eyes of stern Puritans, who also dreaded Christmas pies, cards, and dances, it came down when Cromwell went up. The Strand Maypole, however, arose again with great ceremony on the first May Day after the Restoration, when the parishioners procured a pole 134 feet high, and the Duke of York, the Lord High Admiral, lent them twelve seamen to help put it up. Brought from Scotland Yard

with drums, music, and the shouts of the multitude, the two halves of the Maypole were joined together with iron bands, and the gilt crown and vane and King's arms placed on the top. Flags flew and drums beat as it was raised to an erect position after four hours' work with tackle and pulleys. Meanwhile the Strand rang with the people's shouts, for to them the Maypole was an emblem of the good old times. A morris dance, with tabor and pipe, followed, the dancers wearing purple scarfs and "half-shirts." The children laughed and the old people clapped their hands, for there was not a taller Maypole in all Europe. From its summit floated a royal purple streamer; and half-way down was a sort of cross-trees or balcony adorned with four crowns with the King's arms. It also bore a garland of vari-coloured favours, and beneath three great lanterns in honour of the three Admirals and all seamen, to give light on dark nights. On this spot, a year before, the butchers of Clare Market had rung a peal with their knives as they burnt an emblematical Rump.

In the year 1667 a fatal duel was fought under the Maypole, which had been snapped by a severe storm. One morning at dawn Mr. Robert Percival, a notorious duellist, though only nineteen years of age, was found dead under the Maypole, with a deep sword wound in his left breast, while his own bloody sword lay beside him. His antagonist was never discovered, though great rewards were offered, the only clue having been a hat with a bunch of ribbons in it, suspected to belong to the celebrated

Beau Fielding, but it was never traced home to him. The dead man's elder brother, Sir Philip Percival, long afterwards, violently attacked a total stranger whom he met in the streets of Dublin, passers-by, however, stopping a fight. Sir Philip could only account for his strange conduct by saying he had been prompted by an irresistible conviction that the man he had struck at was his brother's murderer.

The Maypole, disused and decaying, was pulled down in 1713, when a new one, adorned with two gilt balls and a vane, was erected in its stead. In 1718 this pole, being found in the way of the new church, was given to Sir Isaac Newton as a stand for a large French telescope that belonged to his friend Mr. Pound, the rector of Wanstead.

A famous Maypole was the one in Gerard's Hall, Basing Lane. This was fabled to have been the jousting staff of Gerard, a giant. Gerard's Hall had, in the early part of the nineteenth century, become an inn from which coaches and other conveyances set out for the West of England, but in Stow's time it was quite a celebrated place. He says:

"On the south side of this (Basing) lane is one great house, of old time builded upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone, brought from Caen in Normandie; the same is now a common ostrey for receit of travelers, commonly and corruptly called Gerard's-Hall, of a gyant said to have dwelled there. In the high roofed hall of this house, sometime stood a large Firre-Pole, which reached to the roofe thereof

and was said to be one of the staves that Gerard the gyant used in the warres, to runne withall. There stood also a ladder of the same length, which (as they said) served to ascend to the top of the staffe. Of later yeeres this hall is altered in building, and divers roomes are made in it. Notwithstanding, the pole is removed to one corner of the hall, and the ladder hanged broken upon a wall in the yard. The hosteler of that house said to mee, the pole lacked half a foote of forty in length. I measured the compasse thereof, and found it fifteene inches. Reason of the pole could the master of the hostery give me none, but bade mee reade the Chronicles, for there he heard of it. Which answer," says Stow, "seemed to me insufficient: for he meant the description of Britaine, for the most part drawne out of John Leyland, his commentaries (borrowed of myselfe) and placed before Reynes Wolfe's Chronicle, as the labours of another."

It seems that this chronicle has "a chapter of gyants or monstrous men—of a man with his mouth sixteene foote wide, and so to Gerard the gyant and his staffe," which Stow speaks of as "these fables," and then he derives the house called Gerard's Hall, from the owner thereof, "John Gisors, maior of London, in the yeere 1245," and says :

"The pole in the hall might bee used of old time (as then the custome was in every parish) to bee set up in the summer, a Maypole, before the principall house in the parish or streete, and to stand in the hall before the scrine, decked with hollie and ivie at the feast of

Christmas. The ladder served for the decking of the Maypole, and reached to the roof of the hall."

To this is added, that "every mans house of old time was decked with holly and ivie in the winter, especially at Christmas"; whereof, gentle reader, be pleased to notice, and do "as they did in the old time."

Up to about the middle of the last century some attempt was annually made to celebrate the 1st of May, small parties of men and boys in tawdry costumes perambulating the London streets where they were given money. Prominent among such masqueraders were a number of chimney-sweeps and "climbing boys" black with soot and grime. The lot of these lads was admittedly a hard one, and the practice of sending poor little urchins up the inside of a tall chimney where they were liable to be suffocated by soot or meet with dangerous falls was, as the nineteenth century reached its twenties, violently denounced. The "master chimney-sweeps," who lived by the labour of these boys, not perhaps unnaturally, made out the best case for themselves they could. Forming a sort of Union, they tried to convince the public not only that they (the employers) were philanthropists, but that it would be impossible to sweep chimneys by any other method than by "boy-labour."

On Monday, the 1st of May, 1826, the first dinner of the "United Society of Master Chimney-sweepers" took place at the Eyre Arms Tavern, St. John's Wood. In the morning of that day two hundred

boys—apprentice chimney-sweepers—proceeded in good order through the principal Streets and Squares at the west end of the town, accompanied by an excellent band of music. The clean and wholesome appearance of the lads (says a contemporary report of the proceedings) certainly reflected much credit on their masters, and attracted crowds of persons to the above tavern, where the boys were regaled with a substantial repast of roast beef and plum-pudding; after which the masters themselves sat down to a very excellent dinner provided for the occasion.

On the cloth bèing removed, and the usual routine of loyal toasts drunk, the Chairman addressed his brother tradesmen, congratulating them on the formation of a Society which was calculated to do such essential service to the trade in general. It would, said he, be the means of promoting the welfare of their apprentices,—which was a feeling he was convinced every one of them had at heart,—who, instead of being permitted to loiter and dance about the streets on the 1st of May, dressed up in tawdry apparel, and soliciting money, should in future be regaled with substantial fare on each forthcoming day of the anniversary of the Society, in order to put an end to the degrading attacks which had for such a length of time stigmatized the trade. (Applause.)

"Success to the United Society of Chimney-sweepers" having been drunk with thunders of applause, Mr. Bennett, of Welbeck Street, addressed the company on the subject of cleaning chimneys by the new machine, the introduction of which he

was confident would never answer the intended purposes. He pointed out the absolute necessity of employing climbing boys in their trade; and instanced several cases in which the machines were rendered perfectly useless: most of the chimneys in the great houses at the west end of the town were constructed in such a manner that it was utterly impossible to clear them of soot, unless a human being was sent up for that purpose. He admitted that some houses had chimneys which were built in a perpendicular way; but even these often contained what the trade called "cores," which were large pieces of mortar that projected out from the brickwork, and collected vast quantities of soot on their surface, so that no machine could get over the difficulty. When the subject of the climbing boys was before the House of Lords, he (Mr. Bennett) had been sent for by the Earl of Hardwicke, who was desirous of personally ascertaining whether the practice of allowing boys to ascend chimneys could be dispensed with entirely. He (Mr. Bennett) had attended at his Lordship's residence with the machine, which was tried in most of the chimneys in the house, but the experiment failed; one of his apprentices having been ultimately obliged to ascend for the purpose of extricating the machine from impediments which were only to be surmounted by the activity of climbing boys. The result was that his Lordship subsequently expressed his opinion that the machines could never answer the purposes for which they were originally intended, and therefore had his chimneys swept by the old method.

Mr. Bennett concluded by making some observations on the harsh manner in which the trade had been aspersed. He said it had been insinuated that their apprentices, in consequence of being permitted to ascend chimneys, were often maimed for the remainder of their lives. There were, he admitted, a few solitary instances of accidents happening in their trade as well as in every other, but he only wished that their opponents might have an opportunity of witnessing the healthy and cheerful state in which their apprentices were.

Another master chimney-sweeper, with great vehemence of action and manner, said: "I am convinced, Mr. Chairman, that it is a thing impossible to do away with our climbing boys. For instance, look at the Duke of York's fifty-one new chimneys! Let me ask any one of you here, is it possible a machine could be poked up any one of them? I say, no; and for this reason—that most of them run in a horizontal line, and then turn abruptly up, so that, you see, a machine would be of no more use than if you were to thrust up an old broomstick; and I mean to stick to it, that our opponents may as well try to put down chimney-sweepers in the old way, as the Equitable Loan Bank Company endeavoured to cut up the business of the pawnbrokers. (Applause.) When I look round this table (said the speaker), and see such respectable gentlemen on my right and on my left, and in front of me, who dares to say that the United Society of Master Chimney-sweepers are not as respectable a body of tradesmen as any in London?

and although, if I may be excused the expression, there is not a gentleman now present that has not made his way in the 'profession,' by climbing up chimneys. (There was was a universal nod of assent at this allusion.) Therefore," continued the speaker, "the more praise is due to us, and I now conclude by wishing every success to our new Society."

Though these speeches were received with the greatest enthusiasm, the efforts of the "master chimney-sweeps" to maintain the old state of affairs did not prevent Parliament from passing a Bill prohibiting "climbing boys," whose work has since been done as well or better by the machine, which swept not only chimneys but a cruel and barbarous practice away.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CITY OF LONDON

THOUGH details as to the origin of the Corporation of the City of London are naturally rather vague, it would appear that it was originally modelled upon the lines of the civic government of Rouen, there being historical evidence that a number of *échevins* took part in it, though certain officials retained Saxon titles which had probably been used in connection with an earlier body previous to the Conquest. Sheriff, of course, is pure Saxon, being really Shire Reeve, while the term Alderman comes in the same category. As a matter of fact, the *échevins* did not last very long, the tendency in the City, as elsewhere in England, having been towards the deletion of Norman-French titles and a return to Anglo-Saxon ways. The City seems always to have been able to retain certain privileges such as exemption from paying Danegeld and similar obligations, while the special rights of which it has ever been tenacious conferred upon London a peculiar and unique position in respect of municipal government. Its charters, indeed, have always defied the attacks of hasty and ill-considered reform, though within recent

times the Corporation have been ready enough to listen to the voice of real Progress. Till 1855 the City was governed by old charters confirmed by a special Act passed in the reign of William and Mary. In that year, however, the Metropolis Local Management Act, though not directly affecting the functions and constitution of the City Corporation, implied a certain limitation of an authority which had in no way been curbed since very early times. Nevertheless, the Corporation retains certain exceptional prerogatives, the Lord Mayor, for instance, being entitled to exercise the functions of Judge in the Central Criminal Court, which superseded that of "Oyer and Terminer" in 1834 and extends beyond the radius of the Metropolitan area. Though during part of the Victorian Era the Corporation of the City of London was at times bitterly attacked, its public-spirited and progressive policy has long placed it outside the range of hostile criticism, while its adherence to ancient forms invests it with a dignity to which the government of no other city can aspire.

Up to comparatively recent times the Lord Mayor, according to immemorial custom, had to go in a barge from one of the City bridges to Westminster. Fair weather or foul, take the water he must; and the broad river presented a spectacle on such occasions as was never seen in any town of Europe since the days when the Venetian Doges celebrated their nuptials with the Adriatic in stately splendour.

Splendid barges, richly gilt, glass-covered, and bedecked with a variety of flags and streamers, bore the

Lord Mayor and his suite. Previous to starting, according to old custom, a supply of water was taken on board. The Lord Mayor's barge was either rowed by his own bargemen, or taken in tow by a steam-tug. Round the barges there were boats innumerable with brass bands. The bridges and the river-banks were covered with spectators, and the river was more full of life, gladness, and colour than on any other day of the year.

Though the river pageant has gone, the Lord Mayor's Show still enlivens the City on the 9th of November, and its abolition, in spite of being occasionally mooted on the grounds of its interference with business, would undoubtedly evoke strong protests. From time to time various picturesque little ceremonies—survivals of old civic life—take place in the City. In July, 1917, for instance, a curious rite dating from 1208 was carried out.

Wearing short white smocks and silk hats, two wine porters preceded their masters, the Company of Vintners, to St. James's Church, Garlickhithe, E.C., and swept the way with birch brooms in accordance with a picturesque old custom. Each of the Company carried with him a "bouquet" of sweet herbs, "that his nostrils might not be offended by any evil smell." The ceremony is observed each year on the installation of the new master, a position in 1927 occupied by Mr. B. I'Anson Breach.

The sword-rests in some of the churches happily remain, and here and there in the City venerable relics connect the present with the past.

After D. Roberts.

LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION, WESTMINSTER, 1844.

In the wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, for instance, is set London Stone, one of the oldest antiquities in the metropolis, which is said to have existed before the time of William I. It was formerly much larger, and stood on the opposite side of the way, but the time and purpose of its erection are alike unknown. Some have supposed it to have been the spot whence the Romans measured the distance of their several stations. Against this ancient stone Jack Cade struck his sword, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer lord of London!"

It is to be lamented that all the City Gates are gone: Temple Bar, the last of them, having been removed in 1872 and subsequently set up at the entrance to Theobald's Park, though why the Corporation ever allowed it to leave London it is difficult to imagine.

The other gates went long before, in the eighteenth century, at which period the civic authorities do not seem to have had any reverence or affection for relics of the past. The chronicles of that day set forth that on the 30th of July, 1760, the materials of the three following city gates were sold before the committee of city lands to Mr. Blagden, a carpenter in Coleman Street, viz.:

Aldgate, for	£177 10s.
Cripplegate, ...	91 0
Ludgate, ...	148 0

Though during the nineteenth century a different spirit as to the preservation of ancient buildings prevailed, the mania for restoration did not fail to affect the City, and some of the fine old churches suffered

from injudicious alterations and repairs. Among these must be classed St. Olave's, Hart Street, which in 1877 was deprived of an old gallery in which special pews were set aside for the Admiralty. Here Pepys had sat and many a time must his eyes have rested upon the bust of his wife on the opposite wall (where it still remains), set up in such a position that he could easily see it while attending service. It might have been imagined that this memory of the latter days of the famous diarist's life would have saved his old pew. No sentimental considerations, however, prevailed with the restorers, who swept all the old woodwork away. It is true that Sir Reginald Blomfield, who, I think, was responsible for this very strange "restoration," designed a memorial to Pepys in the Renaissance style, which may be seen on the wall against which the gallery used to rest, but the interest of a modern tablet cannot be said to be any real compensation for the associations which have been irrevocably swept away.

The demolition of a number of City Churches, though to be deplored, has been almost without exception inevitable, and to the credit of the authorities most of the old monuments and interesting memorials which such Churches contained have found a refuge elsewhere.

Owing to the destruction wrought by the Great Fire, the City of London is comparatively poor in buildings in the pure Gothic style. The Guildhall, with its modern high-pitched roof, has some pretensions to being a stately building. Nevertheless, though presenting a fine appearance when State func-

tions are held within its walls, it cannot be considered a very interesting structure from an antiquarian point of view. At the same time, one should realize that, though rebuilt by Dance in 1789, it contains the greater part of the old walls of 1411, in addition to the original crypt. The Guildhall was much damaged by the fire of 1666, and what with Dance's reconstruction and later restorations in the so-called Gothic style, there is little about it which has not been restored or rebuilt. Nevertheless, the atmosphere of a dignified past still clings about its walls, while the stately pomp of the Middle Ages is revived by the magnificent functions of which in these days the City of London alone retains a monopoly. No other capital in Europe has anything to show like a State banquet in the Guildhall.

No mention of this building is complete without some reference to Gog and Magog, effigies of which similar to the present ones are known to have existed in London as long ago as the time of Henry V. According to ancient chronicles, Gog and Magog were two survivors of a race of giants descended from the thirty-three wicked daughters of Diocletian. Their brethren having been slain by Brute and his companions, Gog and Magog were brought to London and compelled to officiate as porters at the royal palace.

The early history of London is one of turmoil and strife—of raids and attacks which must have caused the citizens to lead anxious lives. In 1013 the City, abandoned by the incapable Ethelred II, was obliged to open its gates to Sweyn, King of Denmark, who

assumed the crown, which he left to his son, Canute, next year. The Londoners joined in a general rebellion against Canute, which caused him to retire; but he soon returned, and finally obtained the sovereignty on the base assassination of Edmund Ironside. The importance of London, even in those times of vicissitude, was made manifest; for out of an enormous impost of £83,000, levied upon the English in this reign, London supplied £11,000, and in the subsequent reign of Edward the Confessor it had become exceedingly wealthy. On the defeat and death of Harold by William Duke of Normandy, 1066, the latter advanced towards London, but the majority of citizens having declared for Edgar Atheling, he was denied admittance, until the clergy, headed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, declared in his favour. On the Christmas Day following, anno 1066, he was crowned King of England in Westminster Abbey, after which he granted a charter to the citizens of London, which still exists.

The charter in question consists of only five lines on a slip of parchment, six inches long and one broad, the English of which is simply as follows:

"William the King greeteth William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the burgesses within London, friendly. And I acquaint you, that I will that ye be all there law-worthy, as ye were in King Edward's days. And I will that every child be his father's heir, after his father's days. And I will not suffer that any man do you any wrong. God preserve you."

The close of the thirteenth century was a remarkable era in the commercial history of London. In the year 1296, the Company of "Merchant Adventurers" was first incorporated by Edward I. The Hanseatic merchants also received privileges of a very advantageous kind.

In 1504, all the ancient privileges of these merchants were confirmed to them by statute; and all the previous Acts, which had been made in derogation of them, were annulled. In 1553, a great geographical and mercantile discovery was made by a company, instituted for the purpose of commercial adventure, under the direction of Sebastian Cabot, a merchant of Bristol. One of the ships fitted out by this company accidentally coming across the bay of St. Nicholas, in the White Sea, and landing at Archangel, obtained from the Czar of Russia peculiar privileges of trade with his subjects. These Muscovy merchants, as they were called, were incorporated in the reign of Mary, and had their charter subsequently confirmed in the eighth year of Elizabeth. The latter sovereign also obtained an exclusive grant to the English of the whole foreign commerce of Russia, which they continued to enjoy for a long period. In the reign of Elizabeth, indeed, England began to feel her real strength as a commercial power, some adventurous spirits settling in America, particularly in Virginia. About this period, the civil dissensions in Flanders caused multitudes of families to flock to London, and to bring with them their trades and their riches. This great addition to the population of the City, and the

consequent increase of its commerce, led to the erection of the Royal Exchange, by Sir Thomas Gresham. In 1579, the *Levant or Turkey* company was established. On the 31st December, 1600, the Queen granted the first patent to the *East India* company. Assurance and insurance companies were now begun to be established in London; and the company of Spanish merchants was likewise incorporated. The reign of Elizabeth, indeed, may be justly considered as an important era in the commercial history of London.

During the reign of James I the progress of the foreign trade rapidly increased, while tonnage and number of ships in the port of London was greatly augmented. Many of the patents granted by Elizabeth were then annulled, and greater facilities for trading granted. Among the circumstances which occasioned the vast increase of commerce during this reign may be cited the colonization of America and the West India Islands. The new discoveries, likewise, which were every day made in different parts of the world, had a powerful effect in stimulating speculative individuals to carry the flag of England further afield.

During the early and peaceful part of Charles I's reign the commerce of the metropolis continued to make much real progress. The increase in the commerce of its port may be estimated by the amount of *ship-money* which this injudicious and ill-fated monarch imposed on the City of London in 1634. About this time *Prices-current* were first printed; and in 1635 an order was issued by the King in council to "the

post-master of England for foreign parts," requiring him to open a regular communication, by running post, between the metropolis and Edinburgh, Ireland, and a variety of other places.

London has been long celebrated for its manufactures, as well as its commerce. In 1327, the skinners were a very numerous and wealthy class of citizens, manufacturing "sables, lucerns, and other rich furs." Clothworkers of different kinds were also noted for the excellence of their goods. In 1556, a manufactory of the finer sort of glasses was established in Crutched Friars; and flint glass, not inferior in quality to that of Venice, was made at the same time at the Savoy. About five years after, the manufacture of knitted stockings was introduced, in consequence of the ingenuity of an apprentice, who, happening to see a pair from Mantua at the house of an Italian, made another exactly similar to them, which he presented to William Earl of Pembroke. A manufacture of knives was shortly after begun by Thomas Matthews in Fleet Street. Silk stockings were first made in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They were introduced in 1564, and in less than twenty years they became an article of extensive manufacture. In the following year the manufacture of pins was established; and soon after, that of needles. The making of "earthen furnaces, earthen fire-pots, and earthen ovens, transportable," began about the tenth year of Queen Elizabeth; an Englishman, of the name of Richard Dyer, having brought the art from Spain. In 1577, pocket watches were brought from Nurem-

berg in Germany, and the manufacture of them almost immediately commenced. In the reign of Charles I saltpetre was made in such quantities, as not only to supply the whole of England, but the greater part of the continent. The manufacture of silk, as well as of various articles in silver, had also become extremely prevalent. The printing of calicoes commenced in 1676, and about the same time, looms for weaving were brought from Holland.

That cruel measure (so disastrous to France), the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, having in 1685 expelled many industrious Frenchmen from their native country, a considerable number came over to England, and settled in Spitalfields, where, though the silk-weaving industry is practically dead, some of their descendants still reside. The latter, however, are now pure Cockneys who, I believe, have forgotten all about their ancestors and the religious persecution which caused them to leave France.

The City of London was always ready to furnish funds to its Kings wherewith to carry on their "French wars," some of them really "brigand raids." Henry V probably pocketed a good deal of ready cash out of the sums advanced to him by wealthy merchants for his expeditions across the Channel. Apart, however, from commercial speculation, the City of London has always shown itself highly patriotic when the defence of England has been concerned.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, 1596, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the lord mayor and aldermen of London received the royal command to

raise a thousand men with the utmost expedition; wherefore they repaired with their deputies, constables, and other officers, to the churches, and having caused the doors to be shut, took the people during divine service from their worship, till the number was completed, and having armed them, the men, so raised and equipped, were marched the same night for Dover, in order to their embarkation for France; but in the meantime, Elizabeth, having received advice of the reduction of Calais by the Spaniards, they were countermanded, and returned to the city in about a week after their departure.

The old English aristocracy, unlike that which for several centuries did as it pleased across the Channel, never openly despised trade—on the contrary, its members were for the most part only too ready to marry rich merchants' daughters. The Peerage, indeed, owes much to the City of London which in old days restored the fortunes of many an ancient family. Besides this, not a few wealthy traders of humble origin ended their days with seats in the House of Lords. Of all the families which figure in the Peerage of to-day only about eleven date from a period anterior to the Wars of the Roses, and even these have at some time or other been rejuvenated by some infusion of mercantile blood. The families of Cornwallis and Coventry, the Earls of Radnor, Essex, Dartmouth, Craven, Warwick, Tankerville, Pomfret, are respectively descended from a City merchant, a London mercer, a silk manufacturer, a City alderman, a member of the Skinners' Company, a merchant tailor (the "Flower

of wool-staplers" Greville was called, from whom the Earl of Warwick is lineally descended), a mercer, and a Calais merchant, for such was Fermour, the ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret. He it was who had Will Somers in his service before the latter became fool to Henry VIII. This list might be enlarged to a very large extent, for good plain London citizens have been the ancestors of many peers of comparatively ancient creation.

In connection with the "Wool-staplers" mentioned above, their Hall, now Staple Inn, still exists in High Holborn, with a timbered frontage which, erected about 1560, is the oldest example of domestic architecture within the City's jurisdiction. The Staple was originally the name given to the King's dues upon exported material such as wool and hides. In what is now Staple Inn, the merchants and officers of the Staplers' Company met, while lawyers connected with their business lived close by, in consequence of which Staple Inn became an Inn of Chancery. It should be added that it is owing to the public spirit of the Prudential Assurance Company, who own Staple Inn, that its ancient buildings have been so carefully preserved.

A curious chapter in the history of London was Wat Tyler's revolt,[1] which at one time assumed a very serious aspect. The dagger in the Arms of the Corporation has, quite erroneously, I believe, been said to owe its place there to the action of Sir William Walworth, who as Mayor confronted the rioters and

[1] See pages 129–131.

stabbed Wat Tyler to death. The dagger in question, which is really a sort of short sword, may still be seen in the Hall of the Fishmongers' Company where it is preserved.

One of the main causes of Wat Tyler's hold upon the band of rioters who came near capturing London seems to have been Puritanism and resentment against certain foreigners, who were making a good thing out of the disorderly houses which then abounded in Southwark. Owing to the atmosphere of hypocrisy which surrounds this subject in modern England, little has been written about the history of these "Public Stews"—places which played a great part in the social life of the Middle Ages. In 1161, indeed, Henry II issued a code of regulations for the government of such resorts containing a number of provisions of a very salutary kind. According to a French historical writer of some repute, the Mayors of London possessed a monopoly of houses of this kind in Southwark which they farmed out to Flemings. Owing to the unpopularity of the latter and the large sums supposed to have been accumulated by Sir William Walworth, through their management of "Stews" owned by him, public indignation became aroused. For this reason it is highly probable that some outspoken allusion on the part of Wat Tyler to the source of Sir William's wealth caused the latter to stab the rebel leader to death.

Sir William Walworth may or may not have been unpopular with the people—one thing is certain, that a successor of his, Sir Richard Whittington, was univer-

sally respected. This Mayor, who has come down to us as "Dick Whittington," appears to have been the third son of Sir William Whittington of Pauntley in Gloucestershire, a knight of good family. A mercer by trade, Richard Whittington went into the City under favourable auspices, married Alice, daughter of Sir Ivo Fitzwarren, a wealthy knight, and was elected Mayor of London in 1398. Becoming also Mayor of the Staple at London and Calais, he lent large sums to Henry IV and Henry V. According to a legend, probably based upon some foundation of truth, in 1421, Whittington, after having given a banquet to the latter King and his Queen, finished the evening by burning Bonds to the tune of £60,000. No wonder Henry V employed his generous subject to superintend the expenditure of money in the completion of Westminster Abbey! Whittington, it may be added, was not only three but four times Mayor of London (1397, 1398, 1406 and 1419). When he died in March, 1423, having no children, he bequeathed the whole of his great fortune to charitable and public purposes. It will thus be seen that the real Dick Whittington was a very different person from the hero of legend and of pantomime.

The spot at Highgate Hill whereon the legend states Whittington stopped when he heard the sound of Bow Bells, which he imagined prophesied his becoming Lord Mayor, is believed to have been originally the site of a wayside cross, belonging to the formerly adjacent lazar-house, or hospital, and Chapel of St. Anthony; this memorial was removed, and

Whittington is stated to have placed there an obelisk, surmounted by a cross, which remained until 1795, when was erected another stone, since several times renewed.

Whittington is always known as Sir Richard Whittington, nevertheless he does not appear ever to have been knighted, and if he was ever called Sir Richard, it was from reasons of courtesy alone.

The present Lord Mayor of London (1927), I believe, recently declared that Whittington's cat was a myth and never really existed! "Whittington never possessed any such mascot and therefore could never have laid the foundation of fame and fortune by selling it for a nice sum." In the records he had searched, the Lord Mayor went on to say, he found no reference to Whittington's cat.

There are, however, plenty of champions to defend the probability that this famous cat was not at all a myth, the story of the country boy who went to London as a humble apprentice, married the daughter of his employer, piled up great wealth and became three times (really four times) Lord Mayor, being firmly fixed in the popular imagination. Many years ago the cat legend was believed to be completely discredited, but eventually it was revived in full force and has flourished ever since.

According to an ancient story, Dick Whittington gave a cat to a sailor to be sold in some far port where a good mouse-hunter would be appreciated, and from this transaction the 'prentice lad realized a sum beyond his dreams. It was his start on

the road to riches. From that date on his rise was assured.

In Mercers' Hall, London, there once hung a portrait of Sir Richard Whittington, dated 1536, which showed him in the gown and cap of a London livery company, holding a black and white cat. The portrait of the former apprentice boy as Lord Mayor, painted by Reginald Elstrack toward the close of the sixteenth century, shows Whittington resting one hand on a cat. It is related of this portrait that it originally showed the Lord Mayor with his hand on a skull, but that the public demanded a cat and got it.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* and in other early English dramas there are references to Whittington's cat. When Newgate Prison was rebuilt according to the provisions of Sir Richard's will, a statue of Whittington was placed in a niche above the gate. At the foot of this statue lay a cat. In 1862 the ancient house of the Whittington family in Gloucester was being repaired and the workmen, in excavating the cellar, unearthed a chimney stone that had upon it in bas-relief the figure of a boy with a cat in his arms.

The authenticity of the cat story was credited by the Rev. Samuel Lysons, the antiquarian, who rescued the early history of Dick Whittington from a mass of obscure legends and succeeded in tracing his family home and a great part of his career. Dr. Lysons admitted that a dozen nations have the same cat story in their folk-lore, but staunchly defended the English version.

"The very fact of the story being so widely spread," said he, "goes to prove that it has some foundation of reality."

In connection with the cat story a student of history many years ago pointed out that tales of a similar nature were current both before and at Whittington's date, in several other countries—in South America, in Denmark, in Tuscany, in Venice, and in Persia. During the Middle Ages, and, doubtless, at other periods, there were current a multitude of tales and stories belonging to no individual, but perfectly fabulous, but which the popular mind was continually attaching to persons who had rendered themselves remarkable, as a manner of expressing the popular appreciation of their character, or explanation of the means by which they had prospered. The same story is told of different persons, at different periods, and in different countries. Carping critics declare that the above reason originated the story of Whittington and his Cat, the incidents of which were not possible in Whittington's time, though they are exactly in accordance with the sentiments and state of things in the reign of Elizabeth, when it seems first to have become popular. Richard Gough, the antiquary, believed that the *cat*, if not a rebus for some ship by which Whittington made his fortune, was the companion of his arm-chair, like Montaigne's. Be this as it may, it is a curious fact that when Whittington was yet a boy, the burning of coal was considered such a public nuisance that it was prohibited by Act of Parliament under pain of death; singularly enough,

by the time he had been thrice Lord Mayor of London, 1418, the importation of coal formed a considerable branch of the commerce of the Thames; and although a person was once executed for a breach of this law, it is supposed that a dispensation was made in Whittington's favour; for from the first opening of the coal trade in England, and for ages after, it had a reputation for making fortunes only exceeded by that of the mines of Golconda and Peru. The *catta*, or collier, is to this day called a *cat*.

A pretty story of a cat is connected with Sir Henry Wyat of Allington Castle, Kent, a Lancastrian in politics, imprisoned in the Tower during the Wars of the Roses. The Wyat papers say:

"He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent this his and his country's martyr a cat both to feed and warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and as it were offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and, by making much of her, won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times, and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not better it.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?'

The true portraicture of RICHARD WHITINGTON *thrise Lord Maior of London a vertuous and godly man full of good Works and those famous he builded the Gate of London called Newegate which before was a miserable dongeon He builded Whitingdon Colledge & made it an Almose house for poore people Also he builded a greate parte of ye hospitall of S. Bartholomewes in westsmithfield in London He also builded the beautifull Library at ye Gray Friers in Londō called Christes Hospitall: Also he builded the Guildē Halle Chappell and encreased a greate parte of the East ende of the said halle, beside many other good workes*

R. Elstrack *sculpsit*.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

'I may well enough,' said he, the keeper, 'you are safe for that matter'; and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, and dressed for him, from time to time, such pigeons as his accator the cat provided for him. Sir Henry Wyat in his prosperity for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him."

CHAPTER IX

MEDIÆVAL LONDON

FROISSART, speaking of the English of his day, declared that they amused themselves sadly after the fashion of their country. In the eighteenth century, however, this criticism hardly held good, for, as can be gathered from the chronicles of that day, a certain robust jollity pervaded all classes. The drawings of many contemporary artists—especially those of Rowlandson—also show that Anglo-Saxon prudery, which is so nearly allied to cant, then exercised little sway. Owing possibly to the climate, the English seem always to have shown a partiality for alcohol. The Normans, who are pictured to us by historians as having originally been more staid than the Saxons whom they overcame at Hastings, once they had obtained a firm foothold in England, soon fell into the convivial habits which the Danes had imported into the country. Though at this period wine was made in great abundance from vineyards in various parts of England, the trade of the taverns was principally supplied from France. The traffic from Bordeaux and the neighbouring provinces is said to have commenced about 1154, through the

marriage of Henry II with Eleanor of Aquitaine. From Guienne came most of the wines in this reign which were sold in the ships and in the wine-cellars on the banks of the Thames. A survival of this usage seems to have been the public wine-cellar, known in the nineteenth century as the "Shades," adjoining old London Bridge.

English wine merchants were originally of two kinds: "vintners," or importers; and "taverners," who kept taverns for them, and sold the wine by retail to such as came to the tavern to drink it, or fetched it to their own homes. In a document of the reign of Edward II is mentioned a tenement called "Pin Tavern," situated in the Vintry, where the Bordeaux merchants "craned" their wines out of lighters and other vessels on the Thames; near by was a famous old Inn with the sign of the Three Cranes. One of the last of the old taverns which preserved the convivial ways of the eighteenth century was the Cider Cellar, a popular drinking resort with rough fittings, about the only ornament in the place having been a framed mezzotint portrait of Porson over the mantelpiece. This recalled a curious incident in the great classical scholar's career. Professor Porson was a great lover of cider, for which the cellar was once famed, and wherever he spent the evening he finished the night at this hostelry. Sitting there, in 1795, smoking his pipe, with his friend George Gordon, he abruptly said, "Friend George, do you think the widow Lunan an agreeable sort of personage, as times go?" Gordon assented. "In that case," replied Porson, "you must meet me

to-morrow morning at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, at eight o'clock"; and without saying more, Porson paid his reckoning and went home. Next morning, Gordon went to the church, and there found the professor with Mrs. Lunan and a female friend, with the parson waiting to begin the ceremony. After the service was over, the bride and her friend retired by one door of the church and Porson and Gordon by another. The bride and bridegroom dined together with a few others, but after dinner Porson contrived to slip away and passed the rest of the day with a learned friend, and did not leave till the family were about to retire for the night, when he adjourned to the Cider Cellar, and stayed there till eight o'clock next morning!

Covent Garden used to be a great resort for revellers and people who liked sitting up all night. Here on the south side of the market-sheds was the noted "Finish," originally the "Queen's Head," kept by Mrs. Butler, open all night, the last of the Garden taverns, and only cleared away in 1829. At another hostelry —the Bedford—was a picture of the Hazard Club, painted by Hogarth, which filled a panel of the coffee-room.

The memory of an old Etonian is connected with a celebrated night-house which stood in Covent Garden. This was "Tom King's Coffee-house," he having left Eton as a scholar because he was afraid he would not get a fellowship. The establishment he founded seems to have been originally merely a sort of shed below the portico of St. Paul's Church, and was a resort described as "well known to all gentlemen to

whom beds are unknown." Fielding in one of his Prologues says: "What rake is ignorant of King's Coffee-house?"

This place figures in the background of Hogarth's print of "Morning," where the prim maiden lady, walking to church, is shocked by seeing two fuddled beaux from the King's Coffee-house caressing two frail women. At the door there is a drunken row, in which swords and cudgels are being used. Moll King was landlady after Tom's death: she was witty, and her establishment was much frequented, though it was still little better than a shed. "Noblemen and the first beaux," said Stacie, "after leaving Court would go to her house in full dress, with swords and bags, and in rich brocaded silk coats, and walked and conversed with persons of every description. She would serve chimney-sweepers, gardeners, and the market-people in common with her lords of the highest rank. Mr. Apreece, a tall thin man in rich dress, was her constant customer. He was called Cadwallader by the frequenters of Moll's." It is not surprising that Moll was often fined for keeping a disorderly house. Eventually, she retired from business—and the pillory—to Hampstead, where she lived on her ill-earned gains, paying for a pew in church. A charitable woman, she died in peace in 1747.

In addition to such disorderly resorts as have been mentioned above, there were, of course, a number of respectable hostelries and taverns which were frequented by a higher clientele than that which patronizes the modern public-house. Of these comfortable

old places, where a good old English meal could be obtained, but a very few survive, one of the last, if not the last, being the "Cheshire Cheese," which still retains its ancient appearance. This well-known house halfway up Fleet Street, on the northern side, remains, I believe, substantially as it was when, seven years after the Restoration, it was rebuilt on the site of that older "Cheshire Cheese" where Shakespeare and many other Elizabethan wits were wont to meet.

At some of the old Taverns curious Clubs used to hold periodical meetings, occasionally ending in riotous scenes.

On the 30th of January, 1735, certain young noblemen and gentlemen met at a French Tavern in Suffolk Street (Charing Cross), under the denomination of the "Calves'-head Club." They had an entertainment of calves' heads, some of which they showed to the mob outside, whom they treated with strong beer. In the evening, they caused a bonfire to be made before the door, and threw into it with loud huzzas a calf's head dressed up in a napkin. They also dipped their napkins in red wine, and waved them from the windows, at the same time drinking toasts publicly. The mob cheered as well as "their betters,"—but at length broke the windows, and became so mischievous that the Guards were called in to prevent further disturbance.

The Calves'-head Club was merely one of a number of convivial societies which meeting at taverns indulged in various pranks. The story of a number of them has been told by an individual named Ned Ward,

whose works are rather scarce, in a "Secret History of the Clubs" of his time. Little is known of this man, who, it is said, had early in life visited the West Indies. Some time before 1669, he kept a tavern and punch house, next door to Gray's Inn. His doggerel secured him a place in the *Dunciad*, where not only is the ordeal he underwent in the pillory mentioned, but also the fact that his productions were extensively shipped to the Plantation or Colonies of his time.

> "Nor sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes,
> Where vile mundungus trucks for viler rhymes."

In return for the doubtful celebrity thus conferred upon his poetic efforts, he attacked Pope in a wretched production, entitled "Apollo's Maggot in his Cups"; an expiring effort, probably, for he died on the 22nd of June, 1731. His remains were buried in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras, his body being followed to the grave solely by his wife and daughter, as directed by him in a poetical will, written some six years before. According to Noble, there were no less than four engraved portraits of Ned Ward. The scheme of the "London Spy," a curious work of his, is simple enough. The author is self-personified as a countryman who, tired with his "tedious confinement to a country hutt," comes up to London; where he fortunately meets with a quondam schoolfellow,—a "man-about-town," in modern phrase,—who undertakes to introduce him to the various scenes, sights, and mysteries of the even then "great metropolis." Possibly Pierce Egan got the idea of his famous "Life in

London" from this book. Be this as it may, Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorn and Bob Logic, the Oxonian, are cleverly drawn characters, while Pierce Egan's description of Day and Night Scenes in the Metropolis during the early nineteenth century gives us an interesting picture of the doings of men-about-town a hundred years ago. Those were rough days when "going to see a man hung" was considered quite a good joke—a state of affairs which lasted for some thirty years longer.

"To see Londoners enjoying themselves," said a cynic in the fifties, "you must go to Newgate on a hanging day, or to Horsemonger Lane, or to any other place in front of a prison; there you will find shouting, and joking, and junketing, from early dawn until the hangman has made his appearance and performed his office. The windows are let out, stands are erected, eating and drinking booths surround the scaffold; there is an enormous consumption of beer and brandy. They come on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, from a distance of many miles, to see a spectacle which is a disgrace to humanity; and foremost are the women —my countrywomen—not only the females of low degree, but also ladies, 'by birth and education.' It is a shame; but, nevertheless, it is true. And our newspapers are afterwards compelled to chronicle the last death-struggles of the wretched criminal!"

An earlier form of amusement than seeing people hung was going to have a look at unfortunate women being flogged in Bridewell.

Ned Ward, in his "London Spy," gives this account of these Whippings in 1699:

"We turned into the gate of a stately edifice my friend told me was Bridewell, which to me seemed rather a prince's palace than a house of correction; still gazing round me, I saw in a room a parcel of ill-looking mortals, stripped to their shirts like haymakers, pounding a pernicious weed, which I thought, from their unlucky aspects, seemed to threaten their destruction. From thence we turned into another court, the buildings being, like the former, magnificently noble; where straight before us was another gate, which proved the women's apartment. We followed our noses, and walked up to take a view of the ladies, who we found were shut up as close as nuns; but, like so many slaves, were under the care and direction of an overseer, who walked about with a very flexible weapon of offence, to correct such hempen-journey-women as were unhappily troubled with the spirit of idleness. My friend now reconducted me into the first quadrangle, and led me up a pair of stairs into a spacious chamber, where the court was sat in great grandeur and order. A grave gentleman was mounted in the judgment-seat, armed with a hammer, like a change-broker at Lloyd's Coffee-house, and a woman under the lash in the next room, where folding-doors were opened, that the whole court might view the punishment. At last down went the hammer, and the scourging ceased; so that, I protest, till I was undeceived I thought they had sold their lashes by auction.

The honourable court, I observed, was chiefly attended by fellows in blue coats and women in blue aprons. Another accusation being then delivered by a flat-cap, against a poor wench, who having no friend to speak in her behalf, proclamation was made, viz., 'All you who are willing E—th T—ll should have present punishment, pray hold up your hands'; which was done accordingly, and she was ordered the civility of the house."

Hogarth has left a picture of Bridewell in the 4th Plate of *The Harlot's Progress*. Though a good deal of licence seems to have prevailed in London during the reign of Charles II, the persecution of unfortunate women (inaugurated by Puritans, whose successors are still engaged in hounding poor prostitutes about the streets) seems to have been in full swing, for Madam Cresswell—a notorious light-of-love—died a prisoner in Bridewell.

Though Newgate was associated with malefactors of the lowest class, it was, like the Bastille in Paris, originally used as a prison for persons of rank, as early as 1218. It was rebuilt, about two centuries after that date, by the executors of Sir R. Whittington, whose statue with a cat stood in a niche till the time of its demolition by the great fire of London in 1666.

During the last century some curious crimes were committed, accounts of which in the newspaper aroused even more excitement than do the Press reports of to-day. In July, 1861, a sensational attempt at murder

occurred at No. 16 Northumberland Street, then an old-fashioned, dingy-looking house, with narrow windows, which had been divided into chambers. Here, in July, 1861, took place a fight for life and death between Major Murray and Mr. Roberts, a solicitor and bill-discounter; the latter attempting the life of the former for the sake of getting possession of his mistress, to whom he had lent money. Under pretext of advancing a loan to the Grosvenor Hotel Company, of which the major was a promoter, he decoyed him into a back room on the first floor of No. 16, then shot him in the back of the neck, and immediately after in the right temple. The major, feigning to be dead, waited till Roberts's back was turned, then springing to his feet, attacked him with a pair of tongs, which he broke to pieces over his assailant's head. He then knocked him down with a bottle which lay near, and escaped through the window, and from thence by a water-pipe to the ground. Roberts died soon afterwards, but Major Murray recovered, and the jury returning a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide," he was released.

Though of recent years several houses associated with the memory of famous men have been preserved, a few interesting buildings—possibly because their history has escaped notice—have met with a fate which they did not deserve. In 1914, for instance, the Burneys' well-known residence in St. Martin's Street, near Leicester Square, with its observatory erected by Sir Isaac Newton, was ruthlessly dismantled and still remains in a state of ruin.

On the other hand, many old houses (or new houses on the same site) have had tablets affixed by the County Council to their façades, marking the dwelling-places of the illustrious dead.

London's roll of fame is a long one and a large number of streets are connected with the memory of celebrated people. To take a few at random—

Byron lived in Piccadilly, Bennett Street and St. James's Street; Lord Lytton (who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii," etc.) in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; Napoleon III in King Street; Charles Kingsley in the King's Road, Chelsea; Pitt and Gladstone in the same house in St. James's Square; Gainsborough in Pall Mall; Sir Robert Walpole in Albemarle Street; Disraeli (among other places) in Upper Grosvenor Street and Curzon Street.

Lord Bacon in Gray's Inn; Barry, the painter, in Castle Street, Oxford Street; Beaumont and Fletcher at Bankside; Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, in Rose Street, Covent Garden; Cibber, the elder, in Holborn, near St. Andrew's Church; Sir Edward Coke in Hatton Garden; John Foxe in Grub Street, where he compiled the greater part of his "Book of Martyrs"; Garrick in Southampton Street, as well as in the Adelphi; Gibbon in Bentinck Street; Handel in Brook Street; Hans Holbein in Duke's Place, as well as on Old London Bridge; Dr. Johnson in Temple Lane, and in Bolt Court, Fleet Street; Ben Jonson in Bartholomew Close; Milton in St. Bride's Churchyard, Aldersgate Street, Jewin Street, Barbican, Bartholomew Close, and Scotland Yard; Prior in Duke Street, Westminster; Sir Joshua

Reynolds in Newport Street, St. Martin's Lane, and Leicester Square; Sir Richard Steele in Bury Street; Voltaire while in London lived at Maiden Lane, but a good deal of his time in England was passed at Wandsworth with one of the Fawkener family, who was an ancestor of the present writer.

Blackstone was born in Cheapside; Camden, the antiquary, in the Old Bailey; Colley Cibber in Southampton Street, Strand; Cowley in Fleet Street, at the corner of Chancery Lane; Gray in Cornhill; Hogarth in Ship Court, Old Bailey; Holcroft, the dramatic writer, in Orange Court, Leicester Square; Ben Jonson in Hartshorne Lane, which was near Charing Cross; Milton in Bread Street, where his father was a scrivener; Lord Chancellor More in Milk Street; Pope in Lombard Street; Spencer in East Smithfield; Stow, the historian, in Cornhill.

Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, died in Great Portland Street; Chatterton in Brook Street, Hatton Garden; Congreve in Surrey Street; Dryden in Gerrard Street; Garrick in the Adelphi; Gibbon in St. James's Street; Holcroft in Clipstone Street; Hoyle, the whist-player, in Welbeck Street; Archbishop Leighton at the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane; Milton in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields; Sir Joshua Reynolds in Leicester Square; Richardson, the novelist, in a passage leading from Water Lane to Salisbury Court; Spenser, at an inn in King Street, Westminster; Sterne in Old Bond Street; Horace Walpole in Berkeley Square.

Blake, who had been born on November 28, 1757,

at 28, Broad Street, Golden Square, died in 1828, at No. 3 Fountain Court, after five years' residence there. In these dim rooms he believed he saw the ghost of a flea, Satan himself looking through the bars of the staircase window, to say nothing of hosts of saints, angels, evil spirits, and fairies. Here also he wrote verse passionate as Shelley's and pure and simple-hearted as Wordsworth's. Here he engraved, and tinted his wonderful drawings, railed at Woollett, and raved over his own Dante illustrations; for though poor and unknown, he was yet regal in his exulting self-confidence. Here, just before his death, the old man sat up in bed painting, singing, and rejoicing. Poor and neglected in his lifetime, Blake has now long come into his own and is regarded as a great imaginative artist and poetic genius.

A few names of streets and places recalling the picturesque ways and customs of the Middle Ages still survive in London. The "Tilt Guard" was a memory of the Tilting Ground situated not far from the present Horse Guards where tournaments once took place. A note in some old records connected with St. James's Park makes mention that "to George Johnson, keeper of the Spring Gardens, a payment was made for a scaffold which he had erected against the Park Wall, in the Tilt Yard, for the 'Count Egmond' to see the tilters."

Twelfth Day was celebrated by "Justings" as late as the reign of James I. According to a chronicler of the period, when that King's son Prince Henry was in the sixteenth year of his age, and therefore arrived

to the period for claiming the principality of Wales and the Duchy of Cornwall, it was granted to him by the King and the High Court of Parliament, and the 4th of June following appointed for his investiture: "the Christmas before which," Sir Charles Cornwallis says, "his Highnesse, not onely for his owne recreation, but also that the world might know what a brave prince they were likely to enjoy, under the name of Meliades, lord of the isles (an ancient title due to the first-borne of Scotland), did, in his name, by some appointed for the same purpose, strangely attired, accompanied with drummes and trumpets, in the presence, before the king and queene, and in the presence of the whole court, deliver a challenge to all knights of Great Britaine." The challenge was to this effect, "That Meliades, their noble master, burning with an earnest desire to trie the valour of his young yeares in foraigne countryes, and to know where vertue triumphed most, had sent them abroad to espy the same, who, after their long travailes in all countreyes, and returne," had nowhere discovered it, "save in the fortunate isle of Great Britaine: which ministring matter of exceeding joy to their young Meliades, who (as they said) could lineally derive his pedegree from the famous knights of this isle, was the cause that he now sent to present the first fruits of his chivalrie at his majesties' feete; then after returning with a short speech to her majestie, next to the earles, lords, and knights, excusing their lord in this their so sudden and short warning, and lastly, to the ladies; they, after humble delivery of their chartle concerning

time, place, conditions, number of weapons and assailants, tooke their leave, departing solemnly as they entered."

Then preparations began to be made for this great fight, and each was happy who found himself admitted for a defendant, much more an assailant. "At last to encounter his highness, six assailants, and fifty-eight defendants, consisting of earles, barons, knights, and esquires, were appointed and chosen; eight defendants to one assailant, every assailant being to fight by turnes eight severall times fighting, two every time with push and pike of sword, twelve strokes at a time; after which, the barre for separation was to be let downe until a fresh onset." The summons ran in these words:

"To our verie loving good fireind sir Gilbert Houghton, knight, geave theis with speed:

"After our hartie commendacions unto you. The prince his highnes, hath comanded us to signifie to you that whereas he doth intend to make a challenge in his owne person at the Barriers, with sixe other assistants, to bee performed some tyme this Christmas; and that he hath made choice of you for one of the defendants (whereof wee have comandement to give you knowledge), that theruppon you may so repaire hither to prepare yourselfe, as you may bee fitt to attend him. Hereunto expecting your speedie answer wee rest, from Whitehall this 25th of December, 1609. Your very loving freindes, NOTINGHAM. T. SUFFOLKE. E. WORCESTER."

On New Year's Day, 1610, or the day after, the Prince's challenge was proclaimed at Court, and "his Highnesse, in his own lodging, in the Christmas, did feast the earles, barons, and knights, assailants and defendants, untill the great Twelfth appointed night, on which this great fight was to be performed."

On the 6th of January, in the evening, "the barriers" were held at the palace of the King and Queen, the ambassadors of Spain and Venice, and the peers and ladies of the land, with a multitude of others assembled in the banqueting-house; at the upper end whereof was the King's chair of state, and on the right a sumptuous pavilion for the prince and his associates, from whence, "with great bravery and ingenious devices, they descended into the middell of the roome, and there the prince performed his first feats of armes, that is to say, at *Barriers*, against all commers, being assisted onlie with six others, viz. the duke of Lenox, the earle of Arundell, the earle of Southampton, the lord Hay, sir Thomas Somerset, and sir Richard Preston, who was shortly after created lord Dingwell."

To answer these challengers came "fifty-six earles, barons, knights, and esquiers." They were at the lower end of the room, where was erected "a very delicat and pleasant place, where in privat manner they and their traine remained, which was so very great that no man imagined that the place could have concealed halfe so many." From thence they issued, "in comely order, to the middell of the roome, where sate the king and the queene, and the court, to behold the barriers, with the several showes and devices of

each combatant." Every challenger fought with eight several defendants two several combats at two several weapons, viz. at push of pike, and with single sword. "The prince performed this challenge with wondrous skill and courage, to the great joy and admiration of the beholders," he "not being full sixteene yeeres of age untill the 19th of February." These feats, and other "triumphant shewes," began before ten o'clock at night, and continued until three o'clock the next morning, "being Sonday." The speeches at "the barriers" were written by Ben Jonson. The next day (Sunday) the Prince rode in great pomp to convey the King to St. James's, whither he had invited him and all the Court to supper, whereof the Queen alone was absent; and then the Prince bestowed prizes to the three combatants best deserving; namely, the Earl of Montgomery, Sir Thomas Darey (son to Lord Darey), and Sir Robert Gourdon. In this way the Court spent Twelfth-night in 1610.

A stately survival of feudal days is Westminster Hall, which escaped the fate of the adjoining palace, destroyed by fire in 1834. Within recent times its exterior has been freed from a mass of incongruous buildings which had arisen around part of it in the course of ages. Various restorations have not appreciably impaired the dignity of the interior, while the roof, recently saved from the destructive activities of the "Death Watch Beetle" by the Office of Works, remains substantially the same as when Kings and their Courts banqueted beneath its ample expanse of roof.

A modern building where one can recover the spirit

and romance of the past is the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane. Here can be seen the two vellum volumes of the Conqueror's Domesday Book, the Bull of Pope Clement VII confirming Henry VIII as Defender of the Faith (Fidei Defensor), Lord Monteagle's anonymous warning as to the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, the signature of Shakespeare to some legal evidence that great writer gave in a lawsuit, and that of Guy Fawkes (Guido Fawkes), probably forcibly extracted from him by torture.

At this interesting office are many documents giving an insight into the domestic and daily life of a past era. Such are the accounts for the household receipts of King Henry VII, amounting to £126,346 18*s.* 5½*d.*, with every item countersigned by the King himself. On the two pages are some ten or eleven signatures of the King, rather awkwardly scrawled, like a child making pot-hooks. The autographs have faded, while the text is black. Another interesting exhibit is an indenture between the same King and the abbot of Westminster. This runs like any common indenture, between the King on one part and the abbot on the other. This indenture is very beautifully illuminated with the old Royal Arms of England, in which lions and unicorns did not exist. The ancient supporters were a red dragon or griffin and a white salamander, while a slinky greyhound figures in the illumination, with a pink collar round his neck.

These old Arms of England with the fleur-de-lis in the second and fourth quarters, denoting the claim to the French throne, also appear in the superb ratifica-

tion of the treaty made between Francis I of France and Cardinal Wolsey on behalf of King Henry VIII, dealing with the project of marrying Princess Mary to the Duke of Orleans. It is a French royal manuscript; nevertheless the illuminator has introduced the English Arms with the French quartering, showing his detached attitude towards foreign claims! A more business-like document is a very curious valuation made for Henry VIII of the bishoprics and monasteries and ecclesiastical benefices of the country. This has a brightly coloured picture of the King on his throne, and below, with a sort of flourish, at the head of an index, the words Valet, Valent, "It is worth," "They are worth," several times.

In the Record Office are preserved a number of the old wooden tally sticks, cut from hazel, by which royal and other expenditure was kept without writing. Notches of different characters were cut into the wood, according to the value to be recorded, twice over. Half of the sticks bearing these notches were slit off and kept by the interested person as his counterfoil, while the State or Corporation kept the main portion of the stick, called the stock. It has been suggested that the word "stock" thus gained its monetary sense. This system of keeping accounts lasted till comparatively recent times, a tally in the Record Office testifying to an account of £22,000, owed by George IV when Prince of Wales. The thousand-pound notches are very long, regular little scoops in the wood.

Coming to modern times, there are in the Record Office two documents signed by Nelson—one before

he lost his right arm at Santa Cruz and another signed soon afterwards, the log of the *Victory* as to the battle of Trafalgar. A curious letter is one from Washington to George III beginning, "To my great and good friend."

The most modern exhibit of all is the Treaty which produced a tremendous historical event—the famous "Scrap of Paper" which led to England's participation in the "Great War."

An architectural relic of the past hallowed by the spirit of romance is the Tower, which, though much visited by country cousins, is scarcely appreciated at its true worth by the people of London.

The outstanding feature here is, of course, the White Tower, built by Gundulf, who, originally a Benedictine monk of Bec, became Bishop of Rochester. Though William the Conqueror must have seen Gundulf's masons at work, this Keep, which is the heart of the old fortress, remains to-day substantially an untouched monument of Norman might.

The cost of building the Tower was great and the discontent caused by its erection considerable. Ralph, Bishop of Durham (of whom more anon), the able and rapacious minister who had to raise the money, was hated and reviled in consequence of his exactions. Nicknamed "Flambard," or Firebrand, he was represented as a devouring lion. Gradually the fortress rose from the ground and Gundulf, who died at the age of fourscore, lived to see his great Keep completed from basement to battlement. The name White Tower, or la Tour Blanche, it may be added,

was only given to it some two hundred years later when Henry III covered its exterior with a coat of whitewash. Gundulf erected other portions of the Tower, notably the ancient Hall Tower, now the Jewel House, in which Henry III in course of time arranged a tiny chapel for his private devotions. This monarch added much to the original fortress of the Conqueror's time, Traitor's Gate having been his work. The latter, with its noble arch and waterway, by which prisoners were formerly brought into the Tower in a boat from the Thames, now stands high and dry, water flowing no more up to the steps trodden by so many distinguished people wending their way to imprisonment or death. The gate itself is, now, practically new, it having been "restored" or rather rebuilt by Salvin in the middle of the last century. It is to be hoped that this architect respected the ancient plan, though judging from the monstrous and totally incongruous top which he substituted for the ancient bell-turret on the Curfew Tower at Windsor, his reverence for relics of the past did not equal his confidence in his own creative powers.

Writing of the Tower, a Victorian writer has well said modern Europe can show nothing to compare with this old stronghold, which makes other palaces and prisons appear like things of an hour.

The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's Palace in Venice, are of the fourteenth century—the Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mohammed II—the oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by the Borgia whose name it bears. The old Louvre was com-

VIEW OF THE TOWER OF LONDON, 1819.

menced in the reign of Henry VIII; the Tuileries in that of Elizabeth, while in the time of our Civil War Versailles was yet little more than a swamp. Sans Souci and the Escurial belong to the eighteenth century—the Palaces in other great cities are all of comparatively modern date.

Neither can the prisons which survive—with the exception of the Castle of St. Angelo—compare in antiquity with the Tower. The Bastille is gone, and Vincennes, Spandau, and other fortress jails, are all modern in comparison with the Norman Keep from which Ralph Flambard escaped so long ago as the year 1100, the date of the First Crusade.

The White Tower built by Gundulf had only one door, and that so narrow, that a man passing through the corridor filled it up. The vaults had no entrance from without; and no means of communication with the upper floors except by one well-stair. The main floor had no way either up or down except by the same well-stair, which could only be approached through a passage built in the wall. The upper floors had other stairs, so that people could pass from the banqueting-hall to the council-chamber and the parapets with comparative ease; but the communications of those lower floors could be stopped by the halberds of three or four men-at-arms.

In spite of all this, Flambard, the first offender ever lodged within the Tower, contrived to escape, letting himself down from a window, slipping through the postern to a boat. Flambard, otherwise Ralph of Durham, called the Firebrand and the Lion, had for

many years been Treasurer and Justiciar to the Norman Kings. On the death of Rufus he was seized by the Commons until the new King's pleasure should be known about him; and Henry I, known as the Scholar, who had good deeds rather than good rights to justify him in his contest with Robert for the crown, sent the unpopular prelate to the Tower. Henry was leniently inclined; and Flambard, though lodged in the Keep which he had helped to build, was treated like a guest. He lived in some upper rooms, since known as the banqueting-floor, and enjoyed plenty of space and light, a good fireplace, a private closet, and free access to St. John's Chapel. William de Mandeville, Constable of the Tower, was appointed his keeper, and two shillings a day were allowed out of the King's exchequer for his food. He was allowed to have his own servants and chaplains in his rooms, and to send out for such wines and meats as he might want to buy. One of the richest men in England, he was able to obtain all he wished, as well as to intrigue, for he was a great schemer. Before, however, resorting to his money or his wits to gain his freedom, Flambard first tested the worth of his pastoral staff. A Bishop was then not only a Baron of the realm, but a Prince of the universal Church. Though he had exercised lay functions, acted as a financier, and sat as a judge, he was still a priest, on whom secular laws were held to have no binding force. On this ground he appealed to Anselm, then Lord Primate, as a brother and chief. The latter, however, who had just returned from a period of exile into which he had been driven by Flambard and

his master, was in no saintly humour. "Out on this caitiff," cried the Lord Primate, "I know him not, neither as brother nor as priest." Anselm took the part of Henry, whom his flock was beginning to call Gaffer Godric, and to love with exceeding warmth on account of Matilda, the young Saxon princess whom he had taken from a convent to make his wife.

Failing in his appeal, Flambard then resorted to stratagem. The stout Norman Knights who kept guard in his chamber were jolly fellows, fond of wine and good cheer, weaknesses which gave the captive his chance. Sending for strong wine, and giving orders to his cook, he invited to his table a company of rollicking Knights. That evening those in the Tower who hated Flambard, looking up at the Keep, in which their enemy was caged, saw lights in the windows rather late, a presage, they thought, that their bad Bishop was quickly to meet his doom. The latter's moment had, however, come, for in due time his guests the Knights lay asleep on bench and floor. That winter's night, when all his guards were drunk, the wily Flambard, rising from the table, drew a long coil of rope from a wine jar, passed into the South corridor, tied his cord to the window shaft, and taking his crozier with him, let himself down to the ground. He was a fat, heavy man; the cord was rather short, and he fell some feet before touching earth, but trusty servants in waiting, picked him up, and hurried him away to a boat, by which he escaped, with his staff and his money, into France. The window from which he escaped is sixty-five feet from the ground.

Years later another captive attempted the same manœuvre, but not with the same success.

Griffin, Prince of Wales, a man who had been delivered up into Henry III's power by his own brother, Prince David, was lodged in the upper room from which Flambard was known to have escaped. Griffin, who was a fat man, like Flambard, thought that a soldier should be able to do what a prelate had done before him. Tearing his bed-clothes into shreds, he twisted them into a rope, by means of which he hoped to lower himself to the ground; but the clothes would not bear his weight and the coil snapped as he was slipping down. So the Welsh Prince broke his neck, and was killed on the spot. He seems to have found no means of getting from Flambard's window, and to have tried his chance of dropping some ninety feet from the leads. In the margin of Matthew Paris's beautiful copy of his own "Historia Anglorum," there is a drawing of Griffin's fall, the coil of bed-linen being shown fastened to the parapet on the roof. Griffin's son, who was then a mere child, was left a prisoner in the Tower and a few years later got away. He returned to Wales, regained his principality, and fought with desperate valour against his English foes. Slain in the reign of Edward Longshanks, his head was brought to London, and set up upon the turret from which his father had fallen.

A captive whose natural courtesy was in no way impaired by misfortune was Cardinal Fisher. Eighty years of age, he was seized as a plotter, tried for his offence, thrust into a barge, and pulled down the

Thames. When his boat slid under the archway of the Water-gate, he toddled on shore, and turning to the crowd of guards and oarsmen about him, said, "As they have left me nothing else to give you, I bestow on you my hearty thanks." Some of his rough guards laughed at this, though they must have felt that hearty thanks from a good old man who was about to die could do them no harm. Lodged in the Strong Room in the Belfry Tower, the Cardinal suffered much from chill and damp. His prison not only was close to the ditch, but was exposed to the east wind and to the river fog. In vain Fisher complained, in piteous letters, that he was left without clothing to keep his body warm! Yet the fine old man never lost either his stoutness of heart or his quick sense of humour. One day, when it was bruited about the Tower that he was to suffer death, his cook brought up no dinner to the Strong Room. "How is this?" asked the Cardinal, when he saw the man.—"Sir," said the cook, "it was common talk all over the town that you should die, and therefore I thought it vain to dress anything for you."—"Well," said the bishop, "for all that report thou seest me still alive; therefore, whatever news thou shalt hear of me, make ready my dinner, and if thou see me dead when thou comest, eat it thyself."

Previous to the year 1640, it was usual for the merchants to deposit their money in the Tower Mint. But this deposit lost all its credit by the ill-advised measure of a forced loan, which the King thought proper to make. The merchants, in consequence,

were obliged to trust their money to their apprentices and clerks. The circumstances of the times and opportunity holding forth great inducements to frauds, many masters lost at once both their servants and their money. Some remedy became necessary. Merchants now began to lodge cash in the hands of the goldsmiths, whom they commissioned also to receive and pay for them. Thus originated the practice of Banking; for the goldsmiths soon perceived the advantage that might be derived from possessing disposable capital, and began to allow a regular interest for all sums committed to their care; and at the same time they commenced the discounting of merchants' bills, thus laying the foundation of the modern commercial system now of such great national importance.

Thanks to Shakespeare, no name is associated so darkly with the Tower as that of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, whose shade seems to haunt certain parts of the old fortress which are still shown. He is said to have himself stabbed Henry VI in the Hall Tower, now the Jewel House—he accused Lord Hastings in the Council Chamber, and struck off his head on the terrace below the Keep—he drowned his brother in the Bowyer Tower. Brackenbury is supposed to have been kneeling in St. John's Chapel, when he received King Richard's order to kill the little Princes who had been lodged in the rooms over the entrance gate, then known as the Garden Tower. The bones of these royal youths were in after-times dug out from behind a stair in the Keep.

A more pleasant and romantic memory connected

with the Tower is that of the young French Prince and unhappy Troubadour, Charles of Orleans,—soldier, poet, and politician,—who, one of the bright stars of the French chivalry, fell, together with a host of princes and nobles, into the hands of Harry of Monmouth, on the field of Agincourt.

Charles's life has been described as an epic of love and war—of glory and defeat—of suffering and resignation! Fate conspired to throw our Henry V and the captive Charles into opposing camps, for not only were they enemies in the field, but rivals in love. The Prince's father, Louis of Orleans, and the King's father, Henry of Lancaster, had each claimed to consider himself heir to the crown of France; which claim, naturally, was sustained by their sons. Louis of Orleans, having constituted himself the champion of a royal and unhappy lady, Isabella of Valois, Queen of England, widow of Richard II, sent a challenge to Henry of Lancaster, as he contemptuously called the King of England, which Henry declined with a proud disdain. Each of the two princes when young men had been in love with the "fair woman," as Shakespeare calls her—and Charles had carried away the prize. On the Dauphin's death, Henry was promised the crown of France; a promise which could never be kept, unless Charles of Orleans should die without having male issue. After his capture at Agincourt, while his ransom was unpaid, the latter stood a very poor chance of regaining his freedom, Henry not being likely to imperil his chance of obtaining the French crown. No wonder that Charles remained a prisoner

five-and-twenty years! During this period the latter spent his time in writing verses in French and English, both of which languages he spoke and wrote with ease. The most beautiful and tender of his verses were addressed to his lost love Isabella, and to his wife across the sea.

Henry, the victor of Agincourt, had been dead many years, and the French, thanks to Joan of Arc, and to the poet's natural brother, the famous Bastard of Orleans, had recovered nearly all the country they had lost before Charles's day of liberation had come. Meanwhile every year his life had become more precious to France, for the sons of Charles VI had passed away one by one, leaving no heirs to his crown. At length the Duke of Burgundy, as an act of expiation for the past and of reconciliation for the future, paid the enormous ransom fixed upon Charles's head, and set the poet free.

When Charles arrived in Paris, he found the Duchess Bona dead, and his daughter, whom he had left a baby of five, a woman thirty years old. Reasons of State compelling him to begin life again, he married as his third wife, Mary of Cleves, by whom he had a son, called Louis in remembrance of his father; and this child of the ransomed poet lived to become the politic and successful prince so well known in history as Louis XII.

In a Royal Book of Verse, now in the British Museum (an exquisite volume, highly illuminated), which appears to have been given as a bridal present from Henry of Richmond to Elizabeth of York, there

is an excellent picture of the French Prince's life in the White Tower. One drawing is of peculiar interest; in the first place, as being the oldest view of the Tower extant; in the second place, as fixing the chamber in which the poet lived; and in the third place, as showing, in a series of pictures, the life which Charles led in his captivity. First of all he is in the Banqueting Hall, seated at his desk, composing his poems, with gentlemen in attendance, and guards on duty; then leaning on a window-sill, gazing outwards into space. Finally he appears at the foot of the White Tower, embracing the messenger who brings the ransom,—he mounts his horse and with the messenger rides away. His captivity is over and, seated in a barge, which lusty rowers pull down the Thames, he is on his way to the ship which is to bear him to his beloved France.

The memory of Henry VI, the studious son of a picturesque and impetuous father, was recently commemorated in the Tower.

On the night of Saturday, May 21, 1927, Sir George Younghusband, Keeper of the Jewel House, laid a wreath of white lilies on the floor of the Oratory in the Wakefield Tower, in memory of Henry VI, who, legend says, was murdered there, while kneeling in prayer on May 21, 1471. On the wall of the Oratory now hangs the following statement, in a framed document:

"We, the Society of Blessed Mary of Eton, give to Sir George Younghusband, the present Keeper of the Jewel House, and to his successors in that office, the

sum of £10 sterling, asking him and his successors each year on the 21st day of May, at six o'clock in the evening, either with his own hand or by the hand of another chosen by him, to lay some white flowers on the floor of the Oratory in the Wakefield Tower, the present Jewel House, it being the place where our Royal Founder, King Henry VI, of holy memory, is believed to have been kneeling at the close of his life here upon earth in the year of our Lord 1471."

This tribute of Etonians to their Royal Founder should have the date of its origin in the text. On the eve of the Feast of St. Nicholas two of the King's scholars pay a similar tribute to him at his grave in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. In spite of all this, the death of Henry VI is still involved in obscurity, though it may be that the second Ghost which rose between those two tents and spoke to Richard—

> "When I was mortal, my anointed body
> By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
> Think on the Tower and me, despair and die!
> Henry the Sixth bids thee despair and die,"—

is something more than a Tudor legend.

Henry VI crowned on a winter's day in Notre Dame was really the last English sovereign who could, with some reason, claim to have been King of France. Though most of the French nobles absented themselves from his coronation, as was only natural, outside Paris, certain parts of the country were quite ready to recognize his rule. Bordeaux in particular was warmly attached to their King from beyond the sea,

for its citizens possessed the same commercial rights as those of London—a very valuable concession in those days! As an English royal city Bordeaux was also entitled to close its gates on all, including its English monarch who had his own special entry to the Cathedral. La Porte Royale, a beautiful Gothic door, has remained closed ever since 1453, when, much to the disgust of the wine merchants who had found such a priceless market in England, Bordeaux passed into the possession of the French King. A highly picturesque incident marked the passing of English rule. Before the city found itself obliged to surrender to Dunois, the herald of the city went out on the quay and ceremonially blew three trumpet-calls summoning the English lords to come to its rescue. Then, and only then, when no ships from across the sea appeared in answer to the call, were the negotiations for surrender completed and Dunois and his Frenchmen allowed to march in!

CHAPTER X

SOME THEATRICAL FAVOURITES

THE passing of Earl's Court closed a chapter of outdoor amusements which the citizens of London had long enjoyed, about the most ambitious attempt in this direction having been Ranelagh, opened as a place of entertainment in 1742. Its grounds, where belles and beaux once flirted and danced, still survive in the pleasant gardens belonging to Chelsea Hospital. The Rotunda, a building in which balls, masquerades and concerts were given, was closed in 1803, when Ranelagh had long ceased to attract the fashionable world. Vauxhall, which in its day had enjoyed a European reputation for somewhat unrestricted delights, lingered on till 1855. Though but a poor shadow of what the place had been in the past, romantic memories clung about the old parterres and walks where the rank and fashion of a vanished age had strolled.

Here Horace Walpole sometimes came for an evening's distraction: what lover of the eighteenth century can forget his description of going there by water with some ladies, one of whom, charming Miss Ash,—"little Ash," as he calls her,—sang as the boat glided

along the Thames? His picture of what happened once the gardens had been reached shows how different an idea of amusement prevailed in those far-off days. Anyone conducting himself in the same manner as did certain noble gallants, whose rollicking and enterprising behaviour he describes, would now be handed over to the police! The modern English respect for "order," though an admirable thing in its way, does not conduce to the spontaneous gaiety and delight in living which were characteristics of that careless, rather brutal, but certainly joyous age!

When Vauxhall shut its doors for ever the decorative paintings (some of them said to have been painted by Hogarth) were, to a great extent, spoilt by time and weather. So much so was this the case that when they came to be sold ridiculously small prices were realized.

A succession of rainy summers probably conduced to the closing of Vauxhall—so bad indeed was the weather one season that the management with grim humour sent out men carrying huge umbrellas, upon which the attractions of the gardens as an open-air pleasure resort were set forth in vivid colours!

From time to time rival pleasure resorts sprang up in outlying districts of London, and at White Conduit House a "Minor Vauxhall" arose in the 'thirties. The chief attraction here for a time was the celebrated Mrs. Bland, who, getting on in years, was glad enough to sing there. Though these gardens did not then bear a particularly good reputation, they had once been well patronized on summer afternoons, but in their

last days, when balloon ascents and skittle playing formed the main attractions of this Minor Vauxhall, an indifferent orchestra, dancing and fireworks were only able to attract a public of a somewhat dubious kind.

White Conduit House and its grounds have long been covered with streets and their memory forgotten, like that of the once popular Copenhagen Fields, now only preserved by the signal-box called "Copenhagen Box" on the Great Northern Railway. This stands on part of the site of the open space where in the early days of the French Revolution Radical mobs used to inspire law-abiding people with a good deal of alarm. Not far away once stood Copenhagen House, with tea gardens, originally opened by some enterprising Dane who had come in the train of King James I's brother-in-law, the King of Denmark. The tea gardens in question lasted well into the nineteenth century, but disappeared before 1855, when the Metropolitan Cattle Market, covering thirty-two acres and costing over £400,000, took the place of Copenhagen Fields.

Though the frequenters of places like Vauxhall and Ranelagh remained there till late at night, the London theatres in the early eighteenth century began at six in the evening. Ladies of fashion, whose afternoons had been passed in various frivolous ways, what with dining and dressing, in consequence, found it rather difficult to be in their seats at the beginning of the play; and, as no places could be procured beforehand, they had to be early if they wished to obtain a good view. For convenience footmen used to be sent

early, to take places, and keep them by the simple but effectual plan of sitting in them till their masters and mistresses arrived. Such a thing would now scarcely be tolerated, but people in those days were much less particular, and appear to have thought nothing of sitting out an act or two cheek by jowl with a flunkey, or with some vagabond or other next to them! At last, in January, 1766, a gentleman more particular than other people, realizing the inconvenience of this custom, complained about it in the papers, with the result that the present system of booking places was introduced.

All the old theatres of London, with the exception of Sadler's Wells, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden, the two latter several times rebuilt, are now things of the past.

The very sites of the "Globe" (erected on part of Lyons Inn) and of the little underground "Olympic" are now forgotten. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the new Gaiety stands on ground formerly covered by Angel Court and Helmet Court, in the latter of which Henry Condell, one of Shakespeare's fellow-actors, held property.

The old Olympic, in Wych Street, was built in 1805 by Philip Astley, a light horseman, who founded the first amphitheatre in London on the garden ground of old Craven House. This was opened on September 18, 1806, as the Olympic Pavilion, and burnt to the ground March 29, 1849. Constructed in great part out of the timbers of the captured French man-of-war, *La Ville de Paris*, in which William IV went out as

midshipman, the masts of the vessel, which formed the flies, were seen still standing amidst the flames after the roof had fallen in. The theatres of other days were rather risky places to go to, the audience often standing a fair chance of being burnt to death when the inevitable barn took fire in the melodrama.

Especially dangerous in this respect was the old Adelphi, a favourite haunt of lovers of the drama, finally closed on Wednesday, May 22, 1858, preparatory to the erection of a larger and more commodious building. Originally called the "Sanspareil," and built by an artists' colourman of the name of Scott, whose daughter had a fondness for melodramatic acting, and for the tight-rope, the Adelphi was first known under that name when it became the property of Messrs. Rodwell. In course of time the theatre came under the management of Charles Mathews, the elder, by whom, after severe losses, it was eventually sub-let to Mr. Bond, a "gentleman connected with the turf." At this time it was rapidly losing its prestige, but later on Mr. Yates produced pieces there which have never been equalled in their peculiar line. At the old Adelphi the latter and his wife, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Messrs. John Reeve, Buckstone, and others, appeared in melodramas, some of which, such as *Victorine*, *The Wreck Ashore*, *Isabella*, *The Rake and His Pupil*, *Henrietta*, and the like, were among the very best pieces of their class. A dramatized version of Mr. Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* ran here for upwards of one hundred nights; and dramatic renderings of *The Old Curiosity Shop*,

with Mr. Yates as Quilp and Mr. Wright as Dick Swiveller, and of *Nicholas Nickleby*, with Mrs. Keeley as Smike, met with great success. After some further vicissitudes the management of the theatre was taken by Mr. Webster, to whose benefit the last night in the old house was devoted, on which occasion, in addition to the latter's own company, many old favourites appeared, including the famous Mr. T. P. Cooke, who threw his seventy-three years to the winds, danced his hornpipe, and shivered his timbers in *Black Eyed Susan* with a truly youthful vigour!

The original Haymarket Theatre, or "The Little Theatre in the Haymarket," as it was called, was a curious little place, built by John Potter, a carpenter, and opened in 1721 just north of the present theatre bearing the same name, the main exterior feature of which is its effective classic portico. At the new Haymarket, which had been opened in 1821, an amateur aspirant for dramatic honours created quite a sensation in the late 'fifties. This was Sir William Don, to whom the critics were not kind, one of them declaring "that Sir William was no more of an actor than Ben Caunt, or the Tipton Slasher—both of whom he surpasses in bodily dimensions—but he is a real belted knight; and to behold so prodigious a member of the upper classes play in a very small farce, without the slightest histrionic talent, is, it must be allowed, a rare attraction; for which reason, or reasons, the famous Sir Don excites great curiosity, and brings crowds to the theatre."

Drury Lane, first opened by Killigrew in 1663, has

several times suffered from fire. According to Pepys, the conflagration which destroyed it nine years later was no bad thing, as the original theatre was so uncomfortable and ill-arranged. Reopened, after a rebuilding by Wren, in 1674, it was again burnt down in February, 1809, when the flames reached such a pitch that their glow is said to have illuminated the interior of the House of Commons where Sheridan, the principal shareholder in Drury Lane, happened to be taking part in a debate!

The structure, as we see it to-day, though internally much altered, remains, as to its exterior, more or less as it was rebuilt in 1812: the portico and colonnade, however, only date from 1831.

Drury Lane theatre, up to comparatively recent times, enjoyed the especial distinction of having two sentries mounting guard at its door, while according to tradition "Her Majesty's Servants," as its company used to be described, had some curious privileges which they were entitled to claim. Eight of its members were said to have a right to a table at the Royal palace,—a right to wear Windsor uniform,—a right of attending His or Her Majesty on State occasions, and a right to shoot on Crown land without a licence! It would be curious to know whether such claims could be sustained at the present day, the last time anything of the sort occurred having apparently been at the end of the eighteenth century.

At Drury Lane Mrs. Oldfield, Pope's "Narcissa" and "la charmante Oldfield" of the great Voltaire, made her first appearance, though her success as an

actress was not achieved till ten years later when she played as Lady Betty Modish in Cibber's *Careless Husband* (1704–5). As a girl she had been overheard by Farquhar reading *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher to her aunt, who kept the Mitre Tavern in St. James's Market. Farquhar introduced her to Vanbrugh, and Vanbrugh to Rich. Once launched upon a theatrical career "she excelled all actresses," says Davies, "in sprightliness of wit and elegance of manner, and was greatly superior in the clear, sonorous, and harmonious tones of her voice." Her eyes were large and speaking, and when intended to give special archness to some brilliant or gay thought, she kept them mischievously half shut. Cibber praised Mrs. Oldfield for her unpresuming modesty, and her intelligence in not rejecting advice—"A mark of good sense," said the shrewd old manager, "rarely known in any actor of either sex but herself. Yet it was a hard matter to give her any hint that she was not able to take or improve." With all her gifts, she was tractable and less presuming in her station than several that had not half her pretensions to be troublesome. Rather averse to acting in tragedy, she nevertheless played Marcia in *Cato*. Though she had many friends, Swift, who attended the rehearsals of some of the pieces in which she acted, criticized her for her good-humoured carelessness and indifference; and Pope, as is well known, wrote some rather scathing verse concerning her vanity in her last moments.

Mrs. Oldfield was never married, but lived first with a Mr. Maynwaring, a rough, hard-drinking

Whig writer, to whom Addison dedicated one of the volumes of the *Spectator*, and, after his death, with General Churchill, a brother of the great Duke of Marlborough. Nevertheless, she went to Court and habitually associated with ladies of the highest rank. She was undoubtedly much "caressed" by the exclusive West End society of her day, and, in spite of some rather cynical comments of Pope, inspired affection and respect while occupying a position immeasurably superior to that held by any other actress of her day. She allowed Richard Savage, whom she is said to have saved from a death penalty, a pension of £50 a year, was neither arrogant nor exacting, and was that rarest of combinations, a beautiful woman with plenty of good sound common sense.

Mrs. Oldfield died on October 23, 1730, in her own house at 59, afterwards 60, Grosvenor Street. After lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, her body was buried near the monument to Congreve at the west end of the nave in Westminster Abbey, where, however, the Dean would not allow any memorial to be erected to her memory. As has been said, her irregular unions do not seem to have interfered with her great social success. Now and then, however, reports as to her marriage to her second lover were bruited about. Princess, afterwards Queen Caroline, once telling the actress that she had heard that the latter was married to Churchill, received the reply:

"So it is said, your Royal Highness; but we have not owned it yet."

Mrs. Oldfield has a number of descendants alive

to-day, some of whom, I fear, have forgotten, or have never heard, of their clever and charming ancestress's existence!

In May, 1777, the third Baron and first Earl Cadogan married her granddaughter Mary, daughter of Charles Churchill: the present Earl Cadogan, therefore, is her direct descendant.

In July, 1781, the second Earl of Orford married Mary's sister, Sophia Churchill, in consequence of which the present writer is Mrs. Oldfield's great-great-great-grandson. His mother, the late Lady Dorothy Nevill, was very proud of her descent from the great actress, some of whose agreeable vivacity she inherited and retained up to a very advanced age.

While Mrs. Oldfield lies in Westminster Abbey, Mrs. Bracegirdle, the rival whom she displaced by popular acclamation in the part of Mrs. Brittle in *The Amorous Widow* at the Haymarket in 1705, is buried in the cloisters not so very far away. Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose private life was a subject of much discussion, was in her day the toast of the town, every young gallant being, or pretending to be, in love with her. Wits wrote verses upon her beauty, and Congreve says that it was the fashion to avow a partiality for her charms. Rowe, in an imitation of an ode of Horace, urged Lord Scarsdale to marry her, though that nobleman had a wife alive, and set public opinion at defiance!

Among this lady's admirers was a Captain Hill, a half-crazy man-about-town, a drunken, profligate bully, of low character, and boon companion of the

infamous duellist, Lord Mohun. One of Mrs. Bracegirdle's favourite parts was Statira, her lover "Alexander" being her friend and neighbour, the eminent actor Mountfort. Cibber describes him in this character as "great, tender, persistent, despairing, transported and amiable." Hill, "that dark-souled fellow in the pit," as Leigh Hunt calls him, going to see the play, mistook the frantic extravagance of stage-passion for real love, and in a fit of mad jealousy swore to be revenged on Mountfort, and to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle by force, Lord Mohun, who was ever ready for any wild piece of mischief, agreeing to help him in his plan. One night the two friends, having dined together, went to Drury Lane Theatre at six o'clock, but finding Mrs. Bracegirdle out of the bill that evening, they took a coach and drove to her lodgings in Howard Street, where they discovered that she had gone to supper with a Mr. Page, outside whose house in Princes Street, Drury Lane, they waited till she appeared at the door, with her mother and brother, Mr. Page lighting his guests out.

Captain Hill at once seized the object of his affection, and tried, with the aid of some hired ruffians, to drag her into the coach, in which sat Lord Mohun with a loaded pistol in each hand. Mrs. Bracegirdle's brother and Mr. Page, however, rushed to the rescue, and an angry crowd gathering, Hill was forced to let go his hold and run away. The lady and her escort then proceeded to her lodgings in Howard Street; meanwhile Hill and Lord Mohun followed on foot. On knocking at the door, avowedly to beg Mrs. Brace-

girdle's pardon, they were refused admittance, after which, sending for a bottle of wine to a neighbouring tavern, they drank it in the street, and, with drawn swords in their hands, declared that they would be revenged on Mountfort the actor. Messengers were at once despatched to warn the latter, but he could not be found. The "Watch" was also sent for, and begged the two ruffians to depart in peace. Lord Mohun's reply to this was that "he was a peer of the realm, who had been drinking wine, but that he was ready to put up his sword if they particularly desired it: but as for his friend, he had lost his scabbard." The "Watch," who seem to have been either bribed or frightened, then went away.

Shortly afterwards the unlucky Mountfort, suspecting no evil, passed down the street on his way home, heedless of his warnings, and, meeting Lord Mohun and Hill, was eventually killed by the latter after an altercation.

Though Mrs. Bracegirdle was quite innocent of having given any cause for this tragedy, Macaulay declared that she was "a cold, vain and interested coquette, who perfectly understood how much the influence of her charms was increased by the fame of a severity which cost her nothing." In any case, she was very charitable, and, as Tony Ashton said, "was in the habit of frequently going into Clare market and giving money to the poor unemployed basketwomen, insomuch that she could not pass that neighbourhood without thankful acclamations from people of all degrees."

An eighteenth-century actress who gained fame as a dramatic writer was Mrs. Centlivre, who first appeared on the stage at Bath in her own comedy *Love at a Venture*. She does not, however, appear to have ever acted in London. This female playwright was the daughter of a Mr. Freeman, who, being a Nonconformist, had fled to Ireland at the Restoration to escape persecution. Left an orphan at the age of twelve, she travelled to London on foot to seek her fortune, and in her sixteenth year married a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox, who died twelve months later. Her next husband was an officer named Carrol, who was killed in a duel soon after his marriage. In order to support herself, she then took to writing plays for a living, and from 1700 to 1705 produced six comedies, to one of which—*The Gamester*—the poet Rowe contributed a prologue. While acting in *Alexander the Great* at Windsor, Mrs. Carrol, as she then was, won the heart of Mr. Centlivre, "a Yeoman of the Mouth," or principal cook to Queen Anne, who became her third husband. With him she lived happily for eighteen years, during which she wrote some amusing, ingenious but licentious plays.

Mrs. Centlivre appears to have been good-natured, for in May, 1716, while on a visit to her native town of Holbeach for her health, she invited on the King's birthday all the pauper widows of the place to a tavern supper. Great jollity prevailed, windows being lit up and church-bells rung. Musicians played while the old women danced, their loyalist hostess making them all fall on their knees and drink

the healths of the Royal Family, the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Walpole, the Duke of Argyll, General Cadogan, and other celebrities of the day. She ended the feast by sending the ringers a copy of stirring verses denouncing the Jacobites:

"Disdain the artifice they use
To bring in mass and wooden shoes
With transubstantiation:
Remember James the Second's reign,
When glorious William broke the chain
Rome had put on this nation."

This clever and original woman who was a friend of Rowe, Farquhar and Steele, died at her house in Buckingham Court, Spring Gardens, on December 1, 1723.

Alliances between the stage and the peerage have been pretty frequent in the past.

The Beggar's Opera, for instance, gave two coronets to two Pollys. Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly at Lincoln's Inn in 1728, having become Duchess of Bolton a few years later—this lady's portrait in character, by Hogarth, was purchased by the National Gallery at the sale of the Leigh Court pictures in June, 1884, for 800 guineas. In 1813 Lord Thurlow married Mary Catherine Bolton, who was scarcely an inferior Polly to the original one!

"Old Drury" has, in the course of its history, provided a number of brides for well-known men, it having been while acting there that the celebrated Miss Farren captured the heart and hand of the Earl of Derby. Incidentally it may be added that this lady's name

appears to have really been "Farran," at least it was spelt so in the register by Margaret Farren, a sister of the bride and a witness. The marriage took place at Lord Derby's house in Grosvenor Square, he having buried his first wife just six weeks before.

Miss Farren appeared at Drury Lane in 1778. The daughter of a poor vagabond strolling player, Walpole says she was the most perfect actress he had ever seen, while he praised her impersonations of her fine ladies, of whom he was a judge. Another critic, as a rule difficult to please, lauded her irresistible graces and "all the indescribable little charms which give fascination to the women of birth and fashion." She was gay as Lady Betty Modish, sentimental as Cecilia or Indiana, and playful as Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*. In 1797 the little girl who had been helped over the ice to the lock-up at Salisbury, to hand up a bowl of milk to her father when a prisoner there, took leave of the stage in the part of Lady Teazle, and married the "proudest Earl" in England.

The original Lady Teazle was Mrs. Frances Abington, an actress of considerable talent, who was celebrated for her exquisite taste in matters of dress. In early life she had been a flower-girl in the Mall, where, known as "Nosegay Nan," her pretty face and tasteful dress had won the hearts of all the gallants of the day. In course of time she became one of the actresses at Drury Lane, and soon created such a sensation by her tasteful costumes that the manager was glad to obtain her services by a contract of £500 a year for her wardrobe, besides £18 a week as an actress, with a benefit

night thrown in. Meanwhile her spare time was passed running about London to give advice to aristocratic ladies on the important subject of new dresses and new fashions. At one time no drawing-room, marriage, or entertainment took place without Mrs. Abington's assistance, and in this manner she made from fifteen hundred to two thousand a year.

Miss Charlotte Walpole, whose father belonged to an Irish branch of the Walpoles, before her marriage to Edward Atkyns of Ketteringham trod the boards at Drury Lane Theatre. In consequence of this she does not appear to have been very well received in Norfolk, which no doubt was the reason she and her husband betook themselves to France, where Mrs. Atkyns, it would seem, owing to the Duchesse de Polignac, who adored amateur theatricals, obtained an introduction to Marie Antoinette, with whom later on, in the days of the Terror, the Norfolk squire's wife, having disguised herself as a French soldier, contrived to obtain an interview in the "Temple." In later years Mrs. Atkyns devoted her energies and most of her fortune to the support of the Royalist cause, while remaining convinced to the day of her death that the Dauphin had escaped from prison and would one day reappear to claim the throne of France.

Associated with Drury Lane is the memory of charming Mrs. Nisbett, "that peach of a woman," as Douglas Jerrold used to call her. This actress had a great triumph at the Haymarket in 1837, when *The Love Chase* ran for nearly one hundred nights. The daughter of a drunken Irish officer who took to the

stage, this lady had married an officer in the Life Guards in 1831; but on the death of her husband by an accident, she returned to her first love in 1832, and reappeared at Drury Lane, where, about forty-five years later, another delightful actress—Miss Rosina Vokes—who, like Mrs. Nisbett, had a merry, ringing, silvery laugh, was to delight the public which at Christmas-time flocked to applaud the clever family to which she belonged. Miss Rosina Vokes married that most popular of men-about-town—the late Mr. Cecil Clay.

Mrs. Mardyn (the supposed mistress of Lord Byron) appeared on the Drury Lane stage in 1815. She was boisterous, but so full of girlish gaiety and reckless wildness that she became for a short time the favourite of the town. She failed, however, when she reappeared in 1833 in a tragic part.

Mrs. Jordan, the fascinating mistress of the Duke of Clarence, came out at Drury Lane in 1785 as the heroine of *The Country Girl.* Good-natured, and endowed with a sweet, clear voice, she played rakes with the airiest grace, and excelled in representing arch, buoyant girls, spirited, buxom, lovable women, and handsome hoydens. Late in life she retired to France, and died in 1815. "Her wealth," says Dr. Doran, "was lavished on the Duke of Clarence, who left her to die untended; but when he became king he ennobled all her children, the eldest being made Earl of Munster." Hazlitt, speaking of Mrs. Jordan, says her voice "was a cordial to the heart, because it came from it full, like the luscious juice of the rich grape. To

hear her laugh was to drink nectar. Her smile was sunshine; her talking far above singing; her singing was like the twanging of Cupid's bow. Her body was large, soft and generous like the rose. Miss Kelly, if we may accept the judgment of Hazlitt, was in comparison a mere dexterous, knowing chambermaid. Jordan was all exuberance and grace. It was her capacity for enjoyment, and the contrast she presented to everything sharp, angular, and peevish, that delighted the spectator. She was Cleopatra turned into an oyster wench." Charles Lamb praises Mrs. Jordan for her tenderness in such parts as Ophelia, Helena, and Viola, and for her "steady, melting eye."

At Drury Lane John Braham made his first appearance in 1796 in Storace's opera of *Mahmoud*. As a boy he had sold pencils, but later on was brought up by a singer at the Duke's Place Synagogue. The compass of his song, "Let Glory's Clarion," extended over seventeen notes. He died in 1856. Braham was the father of the celebrated Lady Waldegrave who lived at Strawberry Hill and was a leader of fashion during the mid-Victorian Era.

Drury Lane is associated with the memory of another Royal favourite—Nell Gwynne—who was born in Coal Yard, on the east side of that thoroughfare, not far from a street of ill repute named Lewknor Lane, the home of the orange-girls who attended the theatres in Charles II's reign. Here Jonathan Wild, the thief-taker, whom Fielding immortalized, afterwards lived. In a coarse and ruthless satire, written by Sir George Etherege after Nell Gwynne's death, he calls her a

"scoundrel lass, raised from a dunghill, born in a cellar, and brought up as a cinder-wench in a coal-yard."

According to contemporary evidence this attractive mistress of Charles II appears to have been the daughter of a poor cavalier officer who, after having failed in various callings, died in prison at Oxford. She began life by selling fish in the street, then having become an orange-girl at the theatres, was promoted to be an actress and finally attained to the position of Royal favourite. Though better natured than some of the other ladies who enjoyed King Charles's favour, she seems to have been wildly extravagant, obtaining from him £60,000 in four years and buying a pearl necklace at Prince Rupert's sale for £4,000.

In 1667 Nell Gwynne was living in Drury Lane, for on May Day of that year Pepys says: "To Westminster, in the way meeting many milkmaids with garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler between them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging's door in Drury Lane, in her smock-sleeves and bodice, looking upon one. She seemed a mighty pretty creature." Nelly had not then been long on the stage, and Pepys had hissed her a few months before being introduced to her by dangerous Mrs. Knipp. In 1671 Evelyn saw Nelly, then living in Pall Mall, "looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall," and talking too familiarly to the King, who stood on the green walk in the park below.

Nell Gwynne was small, with a good-humoured face, and "eyes that winked when she laughed" or made

others laugh, for she had a pretty wit. The portrait of her by Lely, with the lamb under her arm, shows us a very arch, pretty, dimpled little actress. She probably belonged to the type of beauty which is still to be seen in the poorer quarters of London and possessed that quickness of repartee often to be found in girls brought up amidst rough surroundings.

She died comparatively young of apoplexy and was interred in the burying-ground of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and according to an old story, left a sum of money to afford a weekly entertainment and a leg of mutton to the ringers of that Church. Owing to the Admiralty being in the parish of St. Martin, it used to be customary for naval victories to be first announced by the bells of this Church, which was completed in 1726: the expense of its erection having amounted to nearly £37,000. When completed the King gave one hundred guineas to be distributed among the workmen.

A relic connected with Nell Gwynne is, or was, in Dartmouth House, Charles Street, Berkeley Square —not that she ever lived there, the street in question having been built after her day. The late Lord Revelstoke, however, when he owned the mansion in question, built out a room on the first floor with a rounded end, in which he installed an organ, and this room was adorned with wood panelling which had come from one of the houses in which Nell Gwynne had lived. Though the organ has long since been removed to Bowood, the panelling appears not to have been moved. Over the fireplace of the outer smoking-room of the

Army and Navy Club in Pall Mall is preserved Nell Gwynne's mirror—this was originally in Lord de Mauley's house, which was demolished when the present Club was built. Another relic of this lady is a silver fruit-knife dated 1680. There are also prints of Nell Gwynne, but a portrait which is supposed to represent her is in reality another flame of Charles II, Louise de Quérouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, who, having eventually returned to France, died in Paris at a very advanced age.

A curious coincidence was discovered when the National Portrait Gallery at Trafalgar Square was first opened. The pictures had then been removed from their temporary home at Bethnal Green to the new galleries, but were not yet hung; some of them having to be cleaned. In one of the rooms were placed the portraits of the Duchess of Cleveland, Nell Gwynne, and other beauties of the Court of Charles II. By mere chance the only portrait of a man that happened to be put with them was that of Chiffinge, valet to Charles II, who, as history records, frequently admitted these same ladies to the Royal presence when in charge of the Palace backstairs.

Covent Garden, like Drury Lane, has been several times burnt to the ground. The first theatre was built in 1733 by Rich: shown entering into possession of it in an eighteenth-century print called "Rich's Glory." Destroyed by fire in 1808, the famous O.P. (old price) riots occurred at this theatre on its reopening during the next year. The present building, it may be added, is a structure dating from 1858, erected

on the ruins of the former house, also burnt down in 1856. The Corinthian portico and figures let into niches in the wall are survivals from this fire. Covent Garden among many interesting associations is closely connected with the memory of Peg Woffington. The latter, who was the daughter of a small huckster in Dublin, having been a pupil of Madame Violante, a rope-dancer, appeared at this theatre in 1740, where she had a great success as Sir Harry Wildair. She played Lady Townley and Lady Betty Modish with "happy ease and gaiety," capturing the town by her bright face and charming vivacity of expression. This witty and enchanting actress, generous and charitable as Nell Gwynne, with most of the latter's faults, was struck down by paralysis while acting Rosalind at Covent Garden, and died in 1760. Like many beautiful women, Peg Woffington was rather quarrelsome and had differences with Kitty Clive, described by a contemporary as "one of the best-natured, wittiest, happiest, and most versatile of actresses, whether as roguish chambermaid, fierce virago, chuckling hoyden, brazen romp, stolid country girl, affected fine lady, or thoroughly natural old woman." Fielding, Garrick, and Walpole delighted in this actress. Retiring from the stage in 1769, Miss Clive lived at Teddington in a villa lent by Horace Walpole, where she died suddenly in 1785.

At Covent Garden Theatre acted from 1830 to 1843, Miss Louisa Fairbrother, who captured the heart and hand of the late Duke of Cambridge. Though possibly not one of those brilliant constellations of the

theatrical firmament, the announcement of whose appearance ensures crowded houses, she possessed a graceful and winning personality, which lingered pleasantly in the recollection of those who had seen her on the stage from which she retired in 1848. After many years of happy married life with the Duke, she died in January, 1890.

INDEX

Abington, Mrs. Frances, actress, 232–3
Adam brothers, the, 83, 133–5
Adelphi Theatre (formerly Sansparеil), 222 *et seq.*
Aldgate, sale of, 169
Anselm, Archbishop, and Flambard, 208–9
Apsley House, Piccadilly, 82–3
Army, British, the Purchase system, 44
Arthur's Club, St. James's Street, 36
Ashton, Walter, Lord, 99
Astley, Philip, founds first London amphitheatre, 221

Ball, John, and Tyler's rebellion, 129
Banking, origin of, 212
Baring, Henry, 7
Baring, Maurice, 45
Barraud, William, 55
Basevi, George, 38
Basing Lane, a Maypole in Gerard's Hall, 159–60
Bath Hotel, St. James's Street, demolition of, 27
Beaconsfield, Lord, 55
Beauclerk, Lady Diana, 90
Beaumont, Thomas Wentworth, 67
Beaumont and Fletcher, references to Whittington's cat by, 182
Bedford, Duchess of, her riding costume as origin of naval uniform, 89
Bedford, Duke of, 87
Bedford Square, prior to Victorian era, 1
Belgrave Square, site on which built, 119
Bennet Street, St. James's, 45
Bennett, Mr., and "United Society of Chimney-sweepers," 162–4
Berkeley Chapel, 18
Berkeley House (afterwards Devonshire House), 14
Berkeley of Stratton, Lord, 2
Berkeley Square, after whom named, 2; a "haunted house" in, 2 *et seq.*; famous residents of, 7 *et seq.*; an old-established confectioner's shop, 18
Berkeley Street, changes in, 8; builder of, 9
Berry's, St. James's Street, 29
Besant, Sir Walter, 76
Blades, Sir Rowland, and Whittington's cat, 181
Blake, William, poet, painter and engraver, 197–8
Bland, Mrs., vocalist, 219
Blomfield, Sir Reginald, 170
Bloomsbury, changes in Victorian era, 1
Blount, Sir Christopher, 51
Blücher, Marshal, 30, 76
Bolton, Mary Catherine, actress, becomes a peeress, 231
Bond Street, popularity of, 25; survivals of the past in, 26
Boodle's Club, St. James's Street, 28 *et seq.*
Borthwick, Algernon (*see* Glenesk, Lord)
Bourke, Algernon, 34
Bouverie, Edward, 2
Boyle, Lady Doreen, 19
Bracegirdle, Mrs., actress, and her admirers, 227 *et seq.*
Braham, John, vocalist, voice-compass of, 235
Brick Street (formerly "Engine Street"), Piccadilly, 72
Bridewell, women flogged in, 192–3
Brock, medallion of James Christie by, 47
Brompton, as resort for consumptives, 111
Brooks's Club, 29; original site of, 36–7
Brummell, Beau, 21
Buckingham, Duke of, fights a duel, 86

Bulkeley, General, 9
Burdett, Sir Francis, 88
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, 64
Burlington Arcade, past and present, 56–7; completion of, 58
Byron, Lord, 45; association with Piccadilly, 80–1; unhappy marriage of, 81–2
Byron, Lord (great-uncle of the poet), fights a duel, 9 *et seq.*

"Calves'-head Club," the, 190
Camberwell, an historic building demolished in, 110–11
Cambridge House (now Naval and Military Club), 67
Cardigan, Lord, career of, 44
Carnarvon, Lord, 2
Carrington Street, Mayfair, historical associations of, 73–4
Castle's Yard, Millbank, interesting relics at, 152 *et seq.*
Castlerosse, Lord, 89
Cavalry Club, war memorial in, 77
Cavendish, Lord George, and Burlington Arcade, 57
Centlivre, Mrs., actress and playwright, 230–1
Chantrey, Sir Francis, 145
Charles I opens Hyde Park to the public, 86, 87
Charles II, and his dogs, 94–5; remodels St. James's Park, 100; and Nell Gwynne, 236
Charles Street, origin of its name, 20; distinguished residents of, 20, 21; an old inn, 22
Chartist riots in London, 64
Chaworth, Mr., duel with Lord Byron, 9 *et seq.*
Chaworth, Mary, the poet Byron and, 14
Chelsea, past and present, 110
"Cheshire Cheese," the, Fleet Street, 190
Child's coffee-house, 42
Chimney-sweeps, May Day celebrations by, 161; prohibition of "climbing boys" as, 165
Chippendale, his residence in St. Martin's Lane, 147
Cholmondeley, Lord, 49
Christie, James, the "Prince of Auctioneers," 46
Christie's, famous sales at, 46 *et seq.*
Christmas, how observed in Stow's time, 160
Churches, how they have suffered from "restoration," 144 *et seq.*, 170
Cibber, Colley, tribute to Mrs. Oldfield, 225
Cider Cellar, the, 187–8
City Corporation, lines on which originally modelled, 166
City gates, removal of, 169
Clarges, John, and the Strand Maypole, 157
Clive, Kitty, actress, 239
Clubs, high play in eighteenth century at, 30 *et seq.*; in London (*see under* various headings); evolution from coffee-houses, 37, 40
Coaches of a century ago, 54
Coal, burning of, prohibited, 183
Cocoa Tree Club, high play at, 29, 37–8; the golden tree in, 37; as headquarters of Jacobite party, 37; famous frequenters, 38
Coffee-houses, their transition to clubs, 40; number in London before 1715, 42
Conservative Club, St. James's Street, architecture of, 38, 39
Constitution Hill, 93
Copenhagen Fields, 220
Copenhagen House and its tea gardens, 220
Cork, Lord, 6
Cosmopolitan Club, Charles Street, 19
Covent Garden, "Finish" tavern in, 188
Covent Garden Theatre, 221; destroyed by fire, 238–9
Coventry, 6th Lord, and the "May Fair," 72–3
Creevy, Mr., 88
Cripplegate, sale of, 169
Crockford, William, a tiff with a partner, 65
Crockford's gaming house and Club, 29 *et seq.*
Crunden, John, builder of Boodle's, 34
Curzon, Lady Georgina (afterwards Duchess of Beaufort), 91

Dalton, Richard, 46
Dartmouth House, 20
Dasent, Mr. Arthur, his book on Piccadilly, 66
Davies, Mary, marriage of, 16
Davies Street, why so named, 16
De Morny, Duc, a story of, 59, 60
Devonshire Club, 33
Devonshire House, garden of, 9; ironwork gates of, 63; iron knockers of entrance gates, 64
Dickens, reference to a wooden effigy by, 152
Dilettanti Society, the, ancient usages observed at functions of, 74–5
Dock Strike, a recollection of the, 65

"Dog and Duck" public-house, 73
Don, Sir William, as actor, 223
Donnersmarck, Count Henckel von, and "la Paiva," 74
D'Orsay, Count, 59, 90
Douglas, William (*see* Queensberry)
Drinking fountains in London, criticism of, 5
Drury Lane Theatre, 221; opening of, 223; thrice destroyed by fire, 224
Duck Island, St. James's Park, 100, 104, 105
Ducking pond, an old, 73
Ducking Pond Mews, Shepherd's Market, 73
Duelling, in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, 87, 88; under the Maypole, 158
Duncannon, Lord (afterwards Earl of Bessborough), 92
Durham House, 123
Durham Yard, Strand, 133, 134

Edward VII, King, instance of his kindliness, 104
Eglinton jewels, sale of, 48
Elgin, Lord, 77
Elizabeth, Queen, and the Earl of Essex, 49 *et seq.*; death of, 50; and Sir Walter Raleigh, 123 *et seq.*
Elliot, keeper of St. James's coffee-house, 43
Engagements, old-day romance connected with, 90
Essex, Earl of, Queen Elizabeth's ring, 48–9; suggested translation of a window scratching, 49; romantic missive to the queen, 50; rebellion of, 51; proclaimed traitor, 52; execution of, 53
Etherege, Sir George, and Nell Gwynne, 235–6
Etonians, and Henry VI, 216
Etty, William, 127
Evelyn, John, and building of Berkeley Street, 9

Fairbrother, Miss Louisa, marries Duke of Cambridge, 239–40
Farren, Elizabeth, actress, marries a peer, 231–2
Fawcett, Lieut.-Col., killed in a duel, 87
Fenton, Lavinia, actress, becomes a peeress, 231
Fielding, Beau, 159
Fisher, Cardinal, lodged in the Tower, 210–11
Fisher, Kitty, 74
Fishmongers' Hall, an historic relic in, 179
Flahaut, Count, 60
Flambard, Ralph, Bishop of Durham, 205; escapes from the Tower, 207–9
"Flask" Inn, Highgate, 115
Flock, Sir John, 100
Fox, Marie, and her parentage, 108
Frith, W. P., "Derby Day" picture of, 59
Froissart, criticism of the English by, 186
Fulham, as wine-producing centre, 118

Gainsborough, his portrait of James Christie, 46, 47
Gallows, a, in Hyde Park, 88
Gamblers and gaming, 29–31, 40, 65
Garraway's coffee-house, 42
Garrick, David, 134
Gentleman's Magazine (1812), on Burlington Arcade scheme, 57–8
George II, reviews troops in Green Park, 95
George IV, King, and a highwayman, 15
Gerard's Hall, Basing Lane, 159
Gerard's "Herbal," mention of Piccadilly in, 54
Gilbey, Sir Walter, 19
Gillray, James, 34
Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., and a Dilettanti Society custom, 75
Glenesk, Lord, 82
Globe Theatre, forgotten site of, 221
Gloucester, house of Whittington family in, 182
Gloucester House, one-time owners of, 77
Gloucester, Richard Duke of, 212
Gog and Magog, effigies of, 171
Goldsmid, Sir Julian, 70
Goldsmiths as bankers, 212
Gordon, George, and Porson, 188–9
Gordon riots, a link with the, 7
Goring, Lord George, 99
Gough, Richard, and Whittington's cat, 183
Grafton, 3rd Duke of, as sportsman, 62
Great Fire of London, havoc wrought by, 170
Great Ormond Street at beginning of nineteenth century, 1
Grecian coffee-house, 42
Green Park, the Ranger's Lodge, 75, 92; why originally enclosed by a wall, 91
Green Park Hotel, 69, 70

Gresham, Sir Thomas, founds Royal Exchange, 174
Griffin, Prince of Wales, attempted escape from the Tower, 210
Grosvenor, Sir Hugh, marriage of, 16–17
Guildhall, the, 170–1
Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, 205–6
Gunter's confectioner's shop, 18
Gwynne, Nell, at Old Drury, 235; burial-place of, 237; relics connected with, 237–8

Hamilton, Duke of, marriage of: an unconventional wedding-ring, 80
Hamilton, Lady, "Old Q" and, 78
Hamilton, Sir William, 66
Hammersmith, native-grown wine industry of, 118
Hampstead, a threatened landmark at, 116
Hangings, public, a cynic on, 192
Hardwicke, Earl of, 163
Harrison, Frederic, as clubman, 76
Hatchett's hotel, old and new, 27, 28
Hay Hill, why so called, 14; historical associations of, 15
Haymarket Theatre, the old and new, 223
Hazard-banks, vogue of, 29, 30
Hazlitt, tribute to Mrs. Jordan, 234–5
Henley, W. E., as clubman, 76
Henry I, and Flambard, 208
Henry VI, Etonians' tribute to memory of, 215–16; coronation of, 216
Henry VIII, builds palace on site of a leper hospital, 97
Hertford, 4th Lord, and the Wallace Collection, 71
Hertford House, Piccadilly, 70
Hexham Abbey Church, benefactors and restoration of, 68
Highgate, a quaint custom at, becomes obsolete, 111 *et seq.*; origin of name, 115
Highgate Hill, 180
Highwayman, a bold, 8
Highwaymen, precautions against attacks of, 110
Hill, Captain, murders Mountfort the actor, 227–9
Hogarth, William, famous paintings by, 17, 34, 147, 188, 194, 219, 231
Holbein, portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, 48
Holland, Lady, "salons" of, 108
Holland, Mr., architect of Brooks's Club, 36
Holland House, changes hands, 108
Hope, Henry Thomas, 76–7
Hopper, Mr., builder of Arthur's Club-house, 36
Horse Guards' Parade, military displays on, 107
Howard, Kenneth, 60
Hyde Park, riots in, 85; thrown open by Charles I, 86, 87; as duelling ground, 87, 88; attempt to limit amenities of, 88; summer evening scenes in, 89–90

Isthmian Club, closing of, 70

Jacks-o'-the-Green and their followers, 155–6
Jackson, Dame Martha, "Lady of the Crupper," 101–2
James I, silkworm culture by, 98; decrees imprisonment and death of Raleigh, 124–5
John of Gaunt, 128
Jonathan's coffee-house, 42
Jones, Evan, "Master of Vineyard, St. James's Park," 98
Jones, Mr., donor of collection at Victoria and Albert Museum, 47, 68
Jordan, Mrs., actress, 234–5
Junior Athenæum Club, 76–7
Junior Constitutional Club, Piccadilly, 66
Junior Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly, 66
"Justings" (*see* Twelfth Day)

Kensington Gardens, a duel in, 87
Kidgell, private chaplain of "Old Q," 80
Killigrew, opens Drury Lane Theatre, 223
King Street, St. James's, 45
King's Coffee-house, Covent Garden, 188–9

Lamb, Charles, and Mrs. Jordan, 235
"La Paiva," a story of, 74
Lansdowne Passage, 8
Larwood's "London Parks" cited, 96–7
Lawrence, Sir Thomas, 66
Leadenhall Street, the wooden midshipman of, 152
Leopold, Prince, 70
Leper Hospital of St. James, the, 97
Levison, Sir John, and the Essex conspiracy, 53
Levy, an old-time street vendor, 138–42
Leybourne, George, a popular music-hall ditty by, 55
Limmer's hotel, disappearance of, 28

Linkmen, old-time and modern, 21, 143
Lock's, the hatter's, 29
Loewenstein - Wertheim, Princess, fatal Atlantic air-flight by, 8
London, City of, 166 *et seq.*; survivals of old civic life in, 168; its early history, 171; charter of William the Conqueror, 172; commerce and manufactures, 173 *et seq.*; "brigand raids," 176; celebrated Lord Mayors of, 178 *et seq.*
London County Council, and dwelling-places of notabilities, 196–8
London, Old, charm of, 136 *et seq.*
London Stone, Cannon Street, 169
London's roll of fame, 196–8
Long's hotel in the 'eighties, 28
Lonsdale, Lord, 19
Lord Mayor's Show, 168
Lord Mayors of London, former river pageants, 167–8
Ludgate, sale of, 169
Lysons, Rev. Samuel, and a Whittington legend, 182
Lyttelton, Colonel, reputed author of "The Gamester's Address to the King," 32
Lytton, Lord, 20

Macaulay, stricture on Mrs. Bracegirdle, 229
Mardyn, Mrs., actress, 234
Marlborough, Duke of, and a running footman, 22–3
Mary Queen of Scots, her jewels sold at Christie's, 48
Master Chimney-sweepers, a union of, 161
May Day celebrations, 156
"May Fair," the, abolition of, 72–3
Mayfair, its associations, past and present, 2 *et seq.*, 20
Maypoles, famous, 156 *et seq.*
Mercers' Hall, a portrait of "Dick" Whittington in, 182
Merchant Adventurers, Company of, incorporated, 173
Metropolitan Cattle Market, erection of, 220
Mexborough House, 6, 7, 8
Michelham, Lord, purchases Essex ring, 49
Military executions in Hyde Park, 88
Millbank, figure-heads in a shipbreaker's yard at, 152 *et seq.*
Misaubin, Dr., immortalized by Hogarth, 147
Mitchell's library, Old Bond Street, 26
Mohun, Lord, and Mountfort the actor, 228–9
Moltke, von, and the Purchase system in the Army, 44
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, 7
Morland, print of St. James's Park by, 102
Morley, Lord, and Savile Club, 76
Morris, William, and the Jones Collection, 69
Mount Street, historical association of, 15
Mountfort, William, actor, murdered by Captain Hill, 229
Mulberry trees for silkworm culture, 98
Munro, Lieutenant, fights a duel, 87

Nando's coffee-house, 42
Napier, Sir Charles, and duelling, 87
Napoleon, his rooms in King Street, 45
National Gallery, builder of, 146
Naval uniform, origin of present, 89
Nelson, Admiral Lord, 66
Newgate Prison, rebuilt, and demolition of, 182, 194
Newton, Sir Isaac, 159, 195
Night-houses, old-time, 188
Nisbett, Mrs., actress, 233–4
Northumberland House, demolition of, 121–2
Norwood, as health resort, 111
Nottingham, Countess of, Queen Elizabeth and, 50

Old Man's coffee-house, 42
Old Palace Yard, Sir Walter Raleigh executed in, 125 *et seq.*
"Old Pulteney Hotel," Piccadilly, 69; rebuilt, 70
"Old Q" (*see* Queensberry)
"Old Times" coach and its driver, 28
Oldenburg, Grand Duchess of, 69
Oldfield, Mrs., actress, 224–6; death and burial of, 226; notable descendants of, 226–7
Olympic Pavilion, burning of, 221
Olympic Theatre, Wych Street, 221
Orange, Prince of, as suitor for hand of Princess Charlotte, 69
Orford, 3rd Earl of, as gamester, 7
Orleans, Charles of, imprisoned in the Tower, 213–14
Orleans, Louis of, 213
Otter-hunting in St. James's Park, 104
Ozenda's coffee-house, 40

Palmerston, Lord, as sportsman, 62, 67

Panton, Tom, 66
Papworth, John, 34
Paris, Matthew, 115, 210
Park Lane, old-fashioned balconies in, 77
Parks, London, as public property, 86
Peel, Sir Robert, tragic death of, 93
Peerage, the, alliances between the stage and, 231
Pepys, Samuel, 63, 127, 170, 224, 236
Percival, Robert, fatal duel under the Maypole, 158
Peyton, Sir John, Lieutenant of the Tower, 124–5
Phillips, Sir Richard, on changes in St. James's Park, 106
Piccadilly, first mention of, 54; in eighteenth century, 61; famous houses in, 65, 66, 72, 74
"Pickadilla Hall," and its owner, 55
Pierpoint, Colonel, erects a "refuge," 27
"Pin Tavern" in the Vintry, 187
Pope, and Mrs. Oldfield, 225, 226
Porson, Professor, a story of, 187–8
"Porters' rest," a surviving, 148
Print-sellers, how they welcomed springtime, 155
Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, 203–5
Punch, and Lord Palmerston, 67
Purchase system in the Army, 44
Puritans, how they regarded the Maypole, 157

Queen Square, old houses in, 1
Queen's Road, Bayswater (formerly Black Lion Lane), 109
Queensberry, 4th Duke of ("Old Q"), 23–4; reminiscences of, 45 78; as sportsman, 62, 79
Quérouaille, Louise de, Duchess of Portsmouth, a portrait of, 238

Radford, Jock, groom of "Old Q," 78
Raleigh, Sir Walter, intrigue with a Court beauty, 123 *et seq.*; imprisonment and execution of, 125–7
Ranelagh Gardens, closing of, 218
Ranger's Lodge, Green Park, 75, 92
Reform Bill riots (1832) in London, 83, 85
Regent Street, two centuries ago, 119
Revelstoke, Lord, 19
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 46, 74
Rich, builds Covent Garden Theatre, 238
Ritz Hotel, 27, 70
Robinson, Mrs., 7
Rosamond's Pond, 92–3, 104, 105
Rosebery, Lord, 62
Rothschild, Baron, 62, 76
Rowton, Lord, 55
Royal Academy, the, 58, 59
Royal Exchange, erection of, 174
Royal Thames Yacht Club, 66
"Running Footman" Inn, Charles Street, 22
Running footmen and their duties, 22 *et seq.*

Sadler's Wells Theatre, 221
St. Evremond, Chevalier de, 100–1
St. James's Church, Piccadilly, "Old Q's" grave in, 80
St. James' Club, 70, 72, 74; unconventional spelling of its name, 75; a relic of the past in, 148
St. James's coffee-house, 40, 42, 43
St. James's Palace, the Colour Court, 149
St. James's Park, historic romance of, 96–7; the Vineyard, 98; milk-sellers in, 102–3
St. James's Street, Crockford's gaming establishment in, 65
St. Martin-in-the-Fields, cost of building, 237
St. Martin's Lane, interesting memories of, 146
St. Martin's Street, the Burneys' residence in, 195
St. Olave's, Hart Street, 170
St. Paul's Churchyard, changed character of, 118
St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, 169
Salting, George, 40
Sanctuary, privilege of, 132
Sandys, Lord, 53
Sang, Mr., 39
Sassoon, Sir Philip, 63
Savile Club, traditions of, 76
Savoir Vivre Club, absorbed by Boodle's, 35
Savoy Chapel, 131
Savoy Hotel, Strand, romantic memories of site of, 128
Scarsdale, Lord, 17
Scharf, Sir George, 33
Scott, Sir Walter, 66
Scrope, Lady, and the Essex ring, 50
Selby, Jim, 28
Selkirk, Lady, 5
Seymour, Col. Leopold, 69
Shakespeare, and Tower of London, 212, 213, 216
"Shaver's Hall," a noted gaming resort, 55
Shepherd's Market, 66, 73
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 88, 224

Ships' figure-heads, a collection of, 152 *et seq.*
Sidney, Sir Robert, 53
Signboards of the eighteenth century, 149–50
Silkworm culture in royal gardens, 98
Sims, G. R., an experience of, 132
Smirke, Sir Robert, 69
Smirke, Sydney, 38
Smith, Sir Drummond, 67
Smith, Sydney, 21
Smyrna coffee-house, 40
Soho, old-time vogue of, 1
Southampton, Earl of, 53
South Kensington, open-air exhibitions at, 109; as residential district, 110
Spelman, Lady, legend regarding Essex ring originated by, 51
Spiers, Mr., and Boodle's, 34
Spitalfields, silk-weaving in, 176
Spring celebrations in old London, 155–6
Stage, the, alliances between the peerage and, 231
Staple Inn, High Holborn, 178
Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, a duel fought at, 9
Stavordale, Lord, as gamester, 38
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 76
Stewart's, Old Bond Street, 26
"Stews," public, their part in the Middle Ages, 179
Strand Maypole, the, 156 *et seq.*
Strand, the, former palatial mansions in, 119–20
Straw, Jack, rebellion of, 129
Street cries of London, old-time, 136–7
Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, 33–4
"Swearing on the horns," old usage of, 111 *et seq.*
Swift, Dean, as frequenter of St. James's coffee-house, 43; criticizes Mrs. Oldfield, 225
Swiss Cottage, Hampstead, 116

Talleyrand, and Palmerston, 67
Tally sticks, and their use, 204
Tate Gallery, 154
Taverners, definition of, 187
Taxicabs admitted to Hyde Park, 90
Taylor, Joshua, his hazard-bank, 65
Temple Bar, removal of, 169
Thames Embankment, construction and opening of, 120 *et seq.*; monuments on, 123
Thanet, Earl of, 30
Thatched House Club, St. James's, 39
Thatched House Tavern, demolition of, 39
Theatres, introduction of booking system in, 221
Theatrical favourites, 218 *et seq.*
Theobald's Park, a celebrated city gate at, 169
Thistlethwayte, Mrs., 57
Thornton, Bonnel, 150
Thurlow, Lord, and the Thatched House Tavern, 39
"Tilt Guard," the, tournaments on, 198 *et seq.*
Tom's coffee-house becomes a club, 40
Tower of London, the, 125, 205–15
Townshend, Thomas (1st Viscount Sydney), 36–7
Tradesmen, emblematic effigies, etc., of, 151 *et seq.*
Trafalgar Square and its lions, 145
Traitor's Gate, Tower of London, 206
Trebilcock, Richard ("Happy"), West End linkman, 21
Truby's coffee-house, 42
Turner, J. M. W., on Thames river scenery, 127; a famous picture by, 154
Twelfth Day, "Justings" on, 198 *et seq.*
Tyburn stream, and its course, 14, 72, 92
Tyler's rebellion, 129 *et seq.*, 178–9

Ude, M., chef at Crockford's, 30

Vane, Sir Harry, 38
Vauxhall gardens, 218–19
Victoria, Queen, 90; attempts on her life, 93–4; a traditional link with childhood of, 109–10
Victorian era, noted beauties of, 57
Vintners, distinction between taverners and, 187
Vintners, Company of, an old custom still observed, 168
Violante, Madame, rope-dancer, 239
Vokes, Miss Rosina, actress, 235
Voltaire, "Old Q's" admiration of, 80

Wakefield Tower (Tower of London), 215, 216
Waldegrave, Lady, bequest to, 7
Wallace Collection, first home of, 71
Walnut trees, an avenue of, formerly in Hyde Park, 88
Walpole, Miss Charlotte (Mrs. Atkyns), actress, 233
Walpole, Horace, 7, 14, 37, 38, 218, 232
Walpole, Sir Robert, 86
Walworth, Sir William, and Wat Tyler's revolt, 131, 178–9

Ward, Ned, his "London Spy" cited, 191–4
Ware, Samuel, builds Burlington Arcade, 57
Warton, Dr. Joseph, 43
Water-gate, a surviving (York Gate), 120
Watier, M., 65
Watney, Mr. and Lady Margaret, 7
Wellington, Duke of, 30, 64, 83
Westminster Abbey, and its "restorers," 144; tapestries in, 147
Westminster Hall, the death watch beetle's ravages in, 202
White Conduit House, a minor Vauxhall at, 219–20
White Horse Street, Piccadilly, 66
White Tower (the Keep), Tower of London, builder of, 205, 206
Whitehall Chapel, Waterloo relics in, 107
White's Club, 29, 31 *et seq.*
Whittington, "Dick," and his cat, 179 *et seq.*
Whittle, Jemmy, his print-shop, 155
Wild, Jonathan, 235
Wilkes, John, 34
Windham, Mr., 88
Woffington, Peg, actress, 239
Wooden effigies of the past, 151 *et seq.*
Wyat, Sir Henry, 184–5
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, execution of, 15

York, Duke of, 15, 157
York Gate, Essex Street, Strand, 120
Young Man's coffee-house, 42
Younghusband, Sir George, 215

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